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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. V.



LONDON:
WILLIAM PICKERING, CHANCERY LANE;
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M. DCCC. XXV.

S P E N S E R.

VOLUME V.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

M. DCCC. XXV.

LONDON:

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TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND MOST VERTUOUS LADIES,

THE LADIE MARGARET,

COUNTESSE OF CUMBERLAND;

AND THE LADIE MARIE,

COUNTESSE OF WARWICK.

HAVING, in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two Hymnes in the praise of love and beautie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which, being too vehemently carried with that kind of affection, do rather sucke out poyson to their strong passion, then honey to their honest delight, I was moved, by the one of you two most excellent Ladies, to call in the same; but, being unable so to do, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and, by way of retraction, to reforme them, making (instead of those two Hymnes of earthly or naturall love and beautie) two others of heavenly and celestiall; the which I doe dedicate joyntly unto you two honorable sisters, as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true

love and beautie, both in the one and the other kind; humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble service, in lieu of the great graces and honourable favours which ye dayly shew unto me, until such time as I may, by better meanes, yeeld you some more notable testimonie of my thankfull mind and dutifull devotion. And even so I pray for your happinesse. Greenwich this first of September, 1596. Your Honors most bounden ever,

In all humble service,

ED. SP.

Then forth he casts in his unquiet thought,
What he may do, her favour to obtaine;
What brave exploit, what perill hardly wrought, 220
What puissant conquest, what adventurous paine,
May please her best, and grace unto him gaine;
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,
His faith, his fortune, in his breast he beares.

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guyde, 225
Thou, being blind, letst him not see his feares,
But carriest him to that which he had eyde,
Through seas, through flames, through thousand swords
and speares;
Ne ought so strong that may his force withstand,
With which thou arimest his resistlesse hand. 230

Witnesse Leander in the Euxine waves,
And stout Æneas in the Troiane fyre,
Achilles preassing through the Phrygian glaives,
And Orpheus, daring to provoke the yre
Of damned fiends, to get his love retyre; 235
For both through heaven and hell thou makest way,
To win them worship which to thee obay.

And if by all these perils, and these paynes,
He may but purchase lyking in her eye,
What heavens of ioy then to himselfe he faynes! 240
Eftsoones he wypes quite out of memory
Whatever ill before he did aby:
Had it beene death, yet would he die againe,
To live thus happie as her grace to gaine.

Yet, when he hath found favour to his will, 245
He nathemore can so contented rest,
But forceth further on, and striveth still
T' approach more neare, till in her inmost brest
He may embosomd bee and loved best;
And yet not best, but to be lov'd alone; 250
For love cannot endure a paragone.

The fear whereof, O how doth it torment
His troubled mynd with more then hellish paine!
And to his fayning fansie represent
Sights never seene, and thousand shadowes vaine, 255
To breake his sleepe, and waste his ydle braine:
Thou that hast never lov'd canst not beleewe
Least part of th' evils which poore lovers greeve.

The gnawing envie, the hart-fretting feare,
The vaine surmizes, the distrustfull showes, 260
The false reports that flying tales doe beare,
The doubts, the daungers, the delayes, the woes,
The fayned friends, the unassured foes,
With thousands more then any tongue can tell,
Doe make a lovers life a wretches hell. 265

Yet is there one more cursed then they all,
That cancker-worme, that monster, Gelosie,
Which eates the heart and feedes upon the gall,
Turning all Loves delight to miserie,
Through feare of losing his felicitie. 270
Ah, Gods! that ever ye that monster placed
In gentle Love, that all his ioyes defaced!

AN HYMNE
IN HONOUR OF LOVE.

LOVE, that long since hast to thy mighty powre
Perforce subdude my poor captived hart,
And, raging now therein with restlesse stowre,
Doest tyrannize in everie weaker part,
Paine would I seeke to ease my bitter smart 5
By any service I might do to thee,
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing bee.

And now t'asswage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I meane to sing the praises of thy name, 10
And thy victorious conquests to areed,
By which thou madest many harts to bleed
Of mighty victors, with wide wounds embrewed,
And by thy cruell darts to thee subdewed.

Onely I fear my wits enfeeble late, 15
Through the sharp sorrowes which thou hast me bred,
Should faint, and words should faile me to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great god-hed :
But, if thou wouldst vouchsafe to overspred
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing, 20
I should enabled be thy actes to sing.

Come, then, O come, thou mightie God of Love !
Out of thy silver bowres and secret blisse,
Where thou dost sit in Venus lap above,
Bathing thy wings in her ambrosial kisse, 25
That sweeter farre than any nectar is ;
Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire
With gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

And ye, sweet Muses ! which have often proved
The piercing points of his avengefull darts ; 30
And ye, fair Nymphs ! which oftentimes have loved
The cruel worker of your kindly smarts,
Prepare yourselves, and open wide your harts
For to receive the triumph of your glorie,
That made you merie oft when ye were sorrie. 35

And ye, faire blossoms of youths wanton breed !
Which in the conquests of your beantie bost,
Wherewith your lovers feeble eyes you feed,
But sterve their harts that needeth nourture most,
Prepare your selves to march amongst his host, 40
And all the way this sacred Hymne do sing,
Made in the honor of your soveraigne king.

GREAT GOD OF MIGHT, that reignest in the mynd,
And all the bodie to thy hest doest frame,
Victor of gods, subduer of mankynd, 45
That doest the lions and fell tigers tame,
Making their cruell rage thy scornfull game,
And in their roring taking great delight ;
Who can expresse the glorie of thy might ?

Or who alive can perfectly declare 50
The wondrous cradle of thine infancy,
When thy great mother Venus first thee bare,
Begot of Plenty and of Penurie,
Though elder then thine own nativitie,
And yet a chyld, renewing still thy yeares, 55
And yet the eldest of the heavenly peares?

For ere this worlds still moving mightie masse
Out of great Chaos ugly prison crept,
In which his goodly face long hidden was
From heavens view, and in deep darknesse kept, 60
Love, that had now long time securely slept
In Venus lap, unarmed then and naked,
Gan reare his head, by Clotho being waked:

And taking to him wings of his own heat,
Kindled at first from heavens life-giving fyre, 65
He gan to move out of his idle seat;
Weakly at first, but after with desyre
Lifted aloft, he gan to mount up hyre,
And, like fresh eagle, made his hardy flight
Thro all that great wide vast, yet wanting light. 70

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,
His own faire mother, for all creatures sake,
Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray;
Then through the world his way he gan to take,
The world, that was not till he did it make, 75
Whose sundrie parts he from themselves did sever,
The which before had lyen confused ever.

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fyre,
Then gan to raunge themselves in huge array,
And with contráry forces to conspyre 80
Each against other by all meanes they may,
Threatning their owne confusion and decay:
Ayre hated earth, and water hated fyre,
Till Love relented their rebellious yre.

He then them tooke, and, tempering goodly well 85
Their contrary dislikes with loved meanes,
Did place them all in order, and compell
To keepe themselves within their sundrie raines,
Together linkt with adamantine chaines;
Yet so, as that in every living wight 90
They mix themselves, and shew their kindly might.

So ever since they firmly have remained,
And duly well observed his beheast;
Through which now all these things that are contained
Within this goodly cope, both most and least, 95
Their being have, and daily are increast
Through secret sparks of his infused fyre,
Which in the barraine cold he doth inspyre.

Thereby they all do live, and moved are
To multiply the likenesse of their kynd, 100
Whilest they seeke onely, without further care,
To quench the flame which they in burning fynd;
But man that breathes a more immortall mynd,
Not for lusts sake, but for eternitie,
Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie; 105

For, having yet in his deducted spright
Some sparks remaining of that heavenly fyre,
He is enlumind with that goodly light,
Unto like goodly semblant to aspyre ;
Therefore in choice of love he doth desyre 110
That seemes on earth most heavenly to embrace,
That same is Beautie, borne of heavenly race.

For sure of all that in this mortall frame
Contained is, nought more divine doth seeme,
Or that resembleth more th' immortall flame 115
Of heavenly light, than Beauties glorious beam.
What wonder then, if with such rage extreme
Frail men, whose eyes seek heavenly things to see,
At sight thereof so much enravisht bee ?

Which well perceiving, that imperious boy 120
Doth therewith tip his sharp empoisoned darts,
Which glancing thro the eyes with countenance coy
Rest not till they have pierst the trembling harts,
And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
Which suckes the blood, and drinketh up the lyfe, 125
Of carefull wretches with consuming griefe.

Thenceforth they playne, and make full piteous mone
Unto the author of their balefull bane:
The daies they waste, the nights they grieve and grone,
Their lives they loath, and heavens light disdaine ; 130
No light but that, whose lampe doth yet remaine
Fresh burning in the image of their eye,
They deigne to see, and seeing it still dye.

The whylst thou tyrant Love doest laugh and scorne
At their complaints, making their paine thy play, 135
Whylest they lye languishing like thrals forlorne,
The whyles thou doest triumph in their decay;
And otherwhyles, their dying to delay,
Thou doest emmarble the proud hart of her
Whose love before their life they doe prefer. 140

So hast thou often done (ay me, the more !)
To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so sore,
That whole remaines scarce any little part;
Yet, to augment the anguish of my smart, 145
Thou hast enfrosen her disdainefull brest,
That no one drop of pitie there doth rest.

Why then do I this honor unto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Sith thou doest shew no favour unto mee, 150
Ne once move ruth in that rebellious dame,
Somewhat to slacke the rigour of my flame?
Certes small glory doest thou winne hereby,
To let her live thus free, and me to dy.

But if thou be indeede, as men thee call, 155
The worlds great parent, the most kind preserver
Of living wights, the soveraine lord of all,
How falles it then that with thy furious fervour
Thou doest afflict as well the not-deserver,
As him that doeth thy lovely heasts despize, 160
And on thy subiects most doth tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glory seemeth more,
By so hard handling those which best thee serve,
That, ere thou doest them unto grace restore,
Thou mayest well trie if thou wilt ever swerve, 165
And mayest them make it better to deserve,
And, having got it, may it more esteeme;
For things hard gotten men more dearely deeme.

So hard those heavenly beauties he enfyred
As things divine, least passions doe impresse, 170
The more of stedfast mynds to be admyred,
The more they stayed be on stedfastnesse;
But baseborne minds such lamps regard the lesse,
Which at first blowing take not hastie fyre;
Such fancies feele no love, but loose desyre. 175

For Love is lord of Truth and Loialtie,
Lifting himself out of the lowly dust
On golden plumes up to the purest skie,
Above the reach of loathly sinfull lust,
Whose base affect through cowardly distrust 180
Of his weake wings dare not to heaven fly,
But like a moldwarpe in the earth doth ly.

His dunghill thoughts, which do themselves enure
To dirtie drosse, no higher dare aspyre,
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure 185
The flaming light of that celestiall fyre
Which kindleth love in generous desyre,
And makes him mount above the native might
Of heavie earth, up to the heavens hight.

Such is the powre of that sweet passion, 190
That it all sordid basenesse doth expell,
And the refyned mynd doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it selfe excell,
Which he beholding still with constant sight, 195
Admires the mirrour of so heavenly light.

Whose image printing in his deepest wit,
He thereon feeds his hungrie fantasy,
Still full, yet never satisfyde with it ;
Like Tantale, that in store doth sterved ly, 200
So doth he pine in most satiety ;
For nought may quench his infinite desyre,
Once kindled through that first conceived fyre.

Thereon his mynd affixed wholly is,
Ne thinks on ought but how it to attaine ; 205
His care, his ioy, his hope, is all on this,
That seemes in it all blisses to containe,
In sight whereof all other blisse seemes vaine :
Thrice happie Man ! might he the same possesse,
He faines himselfe, and doth his fortune blesse. 210

And though he do not win his wish to end,
Yet thus farre happie he himselfe doth weene,
That heavens such happie grace did to him lend,
As thing on earth so heavenly to have seene
His harts enshrined saint, his heavens queene, 215
Fairer then fairest, in his fayning eye,
Whose sole aspect he counts felicitye.

AN HYMNE
IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE.

AH! whither, Love! wilt thou now carry mee?
What wontlesse fury dost thou now inspire
Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?
Whylest seeking to aslake thy raging fyre,
Thou in me kindest much more great desyre, 5
And up aloft above my strength doth rayse
The wondrous matter of my fire to praise.

That as I earst, in praise of thine owne name,
So now in honour of thy mother deare,
An honourable Hymne I eke should frame, 10
And, with the brightnesse of her beautie cleare,
The ravisht hearts of gazefull men might reare
To admiration of that heavenly light,
From whence proceeds such soule-enchanting might.

Therto do thou, great Goddess! Queene of Beauty, 15
Mother of Love, and of all worlds delight,
Without whose soverayne grace and kindly dewty
Nothing on earth seems fayre to fleshly sight,
Doe thou vouchsafe with thy love-kindling light
T' illuminate my dim and dilled eyne, 20
And beautifie this sacred Hymne of thyne :

That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,
And eke to her, whose faire immortall beame
Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghost,
That now it wasted is with woes extreame, 25
It may so please, that she at length will streame
Some deaw of grace into my withered hart,
After long sorrow and consuming smart.

[did cast

- WHAT TIME THIS WORLDS GREAT WORKMAISTER
To make al things such as we now behold, 30
It seems that he before his eyes had plast
A goodly paterne, to whose perfect mould
He fashiond them as comely as he could,
That now so faire and seemely they appeare,
As nought may be amended any wheare. 35

That wondrous paterne, wheresoere it bee,
Whether in earth layd up in secret store,
Or else in heaven, that no man may it see
With sinfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
Is perfect Beautie, which all men adore ; 40
Whose face and feature doth so much excell
All mortal sence, that none the same may tell.

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes
Or more or lesse, by influence divine,
So it more faire accordingly it makes, 45
And the grosse matter of this earthly myne
Which closeth it thereafter doth refyne,
Doing away the drosse which dims the light
Of that faire beame which therein is empight.

For, through infusion of celestiall powre, 50
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full spirits privily doth powre
Through all the parts, that to the looker's sight
They seeme to please ; that is thy soveraine might,
O Cyprian queene ! which flowing from the beame 55
Of thy bright starre, thou into them doest streame.

That is the thing which giveth pleasant grace
To all things faire, that kindleth lively fyre,
Light of thy lampe ; which, shyning in the face,
Thence to the soule darts amorous desyre, 60
And robs the harts of those which it admyre ;
Therewith thou pointest thy sons poysned arrow,
That wounds the life, and wastes the inmost marrow.

How vainely then do ydle wits.invent,
That Beautie is nought else but mixture made 65
Of colours faire, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And passe away, like to a sommers shade ;
Or that it is but comely composition
Of parts well measurd, with meet disposition ! 70

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th' eyes unto the hart,
And therein stirre such rage and restlesse stowre,
As nought but death can stint his dolours smart ?
Or can proportion of the outward part 75
Move such affection in the inward mynd,
That it can rob both sense, and reason blynd ?

Why doe not then the blossomes of the field,
Which are arayd with much more orient hew,
And to the sense most daintie odours yield, 80
Worke like impression in the lookers vew?
Or why doe not faire pictures like powre shew,
In which oft-times we Nature see of Art
Exceland, in perfect limming every part?

But ah! beleeeve me there is more then so, 85
That workes such wonders in the minds of men ;
I, that have often prov'd, too well it know,
And who so list the like assayes to ken,
Shall find by trial, and confesse it then,
That Beautie is not, as fond men misdeeme, 90
An outward shew of things that onely seeme.

For that same goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheekes are sprinckled, shall decay,
And those sweete rosy leaves, so fairly spred
Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away 95
To that they were, even to corrupted clay:
That golden wyre, those sparckling stars so bright,
Shall turne to dust, and lose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestiall ray
That light proceedes, which kindleth lovers fire, 100
Shall never be extinguisht nor decay ;
But, when the vitall spirits doe expyre,
Unto her native planet shall retyre ;
For it is heavenly borne and cannot die,
Being a parcell of the purest skie. 105

For when the soule, the which derived was,
At first, out of that great immortall Spright,
By whom all live to love, whilome did pas
Down from the top of purest heavens hight
To be embodied here, it then tooke light 110
And lively spirits from that fayrest starre
Which lights the world forth from his fire carre.

Which powre retayning still or more or lesse,
When she in fleshly seede is eft enraced,
Through every part she doth the same impresse, 115
According as the heavens have her graced,
And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoyle
Of th' heavenly riches which she robd crewhyle.

Thereof it comes that these faire soules, which have 120
The most resemblance of that heavenly light,
Frame to themselves most beautifull and brave
Their fleshly bowre, most fit for their delight,
And the grosse matter by a soveraine might
Temper so trim, that it may well be seene 125
A pallace fit for such a virgin queene.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight 130
With chearfull grace and amiable sight;
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

Therefore where-ever that thou doest behold
A comely corpse, with beautie faire endewed, 135
Know this for certaine, that the same doth hold
A beauteous soule, with fair conditions thewed,
Fit to receive the seede of vertue strewed ;
For all that faire is, is by nature good ;
That is a sign to know the gentle blood. 140

Yet oft it falles that many a gentle mynd
Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd,
Either by chaunce, against the course of kynd,
Or through unaptnesse in the substance fownd,
Which it assumed of some stubborne grownd, 145
That will not yield unto her formes direction,
But is perform'd with some foule imperfection.

And oft it falles, (ay me, the more to rew!)
That goodly Beautie, albe heavenly borne,
Is foule abusd, and that celestiall hew, 150
Which doth the world with her delight adorne,
Made but the bait of sinne, and sinners scorne,
Whilest every one doth seeke and sew to have it,
But every one doth seeke but to deprave it.

Yet nathemore is that faire Beauties blame, 155
But theirs that do abuse it unto ill :
Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
May be corrupt, and wrested unto will :
Nathelesse the soule is faire and beauteous still,
However fleshs fault it filthy make ; 160
For things immortall no corruption take.

But ye, faire Dames! the worlds deare ornaments,
And lively images of heavens light,
Let not your beames with such disparagements
Be dimd, and your bright glorie darkned quight; 165
But, mindfull still of your first countries sight,
Doe still preserve your first informed grace,
Whose shadow yet shynes in your beauteous face.

Loath that foule blot, that hellish fiërbrand,
Disloiall lust, fair Beauties foulest blame, 170
That base affection, which your eares would bland
Commend to you by Loves abused name,
But is indeede the bondslave of Defame;
Which will the garland of your glorie marre,
And quench the light of your brightshynning starre. 175

But gentle Love, that loiall is and trew,
Will more illumine your resplendent ray,
And add more brightnesse to your goodly hew,
From light of his pure fire; which, by like way
Kindled of yours, your likenesse doth display; 180
Like as two mirrours, by opposd reflection,
Doe both expresse the faces first impression.

Therefore, to make your beautie more appeare,
It you behoves to love, and forth to lay
That heavenly riches which in you ye beare, 185
That men the more admyre their fountaine may;
For else what booteth that celestially ray,
If it in darknesse be enshrined ever,
That it of loving eyes be vewed never?

But, in your choice of loves, this well advize, 190
That likest to your selves ye them select,
The which your forms first sourse may sympathize,
And with like beauties parts be inly deckt ;
For if you loosely love without respect,
It is not love, but a discordant warre, 195
Whose unlike parts amongst themselves do iarre.

For love is a celestiaall harmonie
Of likely harts composd of starres concent,
Which ioyne together in sweete sympathie,
To work each others ioy and true content, 200
Which they have harbourd since their first descent
Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did see
And know ech other here below'd to bee.

Then wrong it were that any other twaine
Should in Loves gentle band combyned bee 205
But those whom Heaven did at first ordaine,
And made out of one mould the more t' agree ;
For all, that like the beautie which they see,
Straight do not love ; for Love is not so light
As streight to burne at first beholders sight. 210

But they, which love indeede, looke otherwise,
With pure regard and spotlesse true intent,
Drawing out of the obiect of their eyes
A more refyned form, which they present
Unto their mind, voide of all blemishment ; 215
Which it reducing to her first perfection,
Beholdeth free from fleshs frayle infection.

And then conforming it unto the light,
Which in it selfe it hath remaining still,
Of that first sunne, yet sparckling in his sight, 220
Thereof he fashions in his higher skill
An heavenly beautie to his fancies will ;
And, it embracing in his mind entyre,
The mirrour of his owne thought doth admyre.

Which seeing now so inly faire to be, 225
As outward it appeareth to the eye,
And with his spirits proportion to agree,
He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,
And fully setteth his felicitie ;
Counting it fairer then it is indeede, 230
And yet indeede her fairnesse doth exceede.

For lovers eyes more sharply sighted bee
Then other mens, and in deare loves delight
See more then any other eyes can see,
Through mutuall receipt of beamës bright, 235
Which carrie privie message to the spright,
And to their eyes that inmost faire display,
As plaine as light discovers dawning day.

Therein they see, through amorous eye-glaunces,
Armies of Loves still flying too and fro, 240
Which dart at them their litle fierie launces ;
Whom having wounded, back againe they go,
Carrying compassion to their lovely foe ;
Who, seeing her faire eyes so sharp effect,
Cures all their sorrowes with one sweete aspect. 245

In which how many wonders doe they reede
To their conceipt, that others never see !
Now of her smiles, with which their soules they feede,
Like gods with nectar in their bankets free ;
Now of her lookes, which like to cordials bee ; 250
But when her words embassage forth she sends,
Lord, how sweete musicke that unto them lends !

Sometimes upon her forehead they behold
A thousand graces masking in delight ;
Sometimes within her eye-lids they unfold 255
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their sight
Doe seeme like twinckling starres in frostie night ;
But on her lips, like rosy buds in May,
So many millions of chaste Pleasures play.

All those, O Cytherea ! and thousands more 260
Thy handmaides be, which do on thee attend,
To decke thy beautie with their dainties store,
That may it more to mortall eyes commend,
And make it more admyr'd of foe and frend ;
That in mens harts thou mayst thy throne enstall, 265
And spred thy lovely kingdome over all.

Then Iö, tryumph ! O great Beauties Queene,
Advance the banner of thy conquest hie,
That all this world, the which thy vassels beene,
May draw to thee, and with dew fealtie 270
Adore the powre of thy great majestie,
Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name,
Compyld by me, which thy poor liegeman am !

In lieu whereof graunt, O great Soveraine !
That she, whose conquering beauty doth captivé 275
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
One drop of grace at length will to me give,
That I her bounden thrall by her may live,
And this same life, which first fro me she reaved,
May owe to her, of whom I it received. 280

And you faire Venus dearling, my dear Dread !
Fresh flowre of grace, great goddesse of my life,
When your faire eyes these fearfull lines shall read,
Deigne to let fall one drop of dew reliefe,
That may recure my harts long pyning griefe, 285
And shew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,
That can restore a damned wight from death. 287

•

AN HYMNE
OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

LOVE, lift me up upon thy golden wings
From this base world unto thy heavens hight,
Where I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workest by thy souveraine might,
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight, 5
That I thereof an heavenly Hymne may sing
Unto the God of Love, high heavens King.

Many lewd layes (ah ! woe is me the more !)
In praise of that mad fit which fooles call Love,
I have in th' heat of youth made heretofore, 10
That in light wits did loose affection move ;
But all those follies now I do reprove,
And turned have the tenor of my string,
The heavenly prayes of true Love to sing.

And ye that wont with greedy vaine desire 15
To reade my fault, and, wondring at my flame,
To warme your selves at my wide sparckling fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,
And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame ;
For who my passed follies now pursewes, 20
Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renewes.

BEFORE THIS WORLDS GREAT FRAME, in which al
Are now containd, found any being-place, [things
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mightie bound which doth embrace 25
The rolling spheres, and parts their houres by space,
That High Eternall Powre, which now doth move
In all these things, mov'd in it selfe by love.

It lov'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire ;
(For fair is lov'd;) and of it self begot 30
Like to it selfe his eldest Sonne and Heire,
Eternall, pure, and voide of sinfull blot,
The firstling of His ioy, in whom no iot
Of loves dislike or pride was to be found,
Whom He therefore with equall honour crownd. 35

With Him he raignd, before all time prescribed,
In endlesse glorie and immortall might,
Together with that Third from them derived,
Most wise, most holy, most almightie Spright !
Whose kingdomes throne no thoughts of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling verse 41
With equall words can hope it to reherse.

Yet, O most blessed Spirit ! pure lampe of light,
Eternall spring of grace and wisdom trew,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright 45
Some little drop of thy celestiaall dew,
That may my rymes with sweet infuse embrew,
And give me words equall unto my thought,
To tell the marveiles by thy mercie wrought.

Yet being pregnant still with powrefull grace, 50
And full of fruitfull Love, that loves to get
Things like himselfe, and to enlarge his race,
His second brood, though not of powre so great,
Yet full of beautie, next He did beget,
An infinite increase of angels bright, 55
All glistring glorious in their Makers light.

To them the heavens illimitable hight
(Not this round heaven, which we from hence behold,
Adorn'd with thousand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thousand gemmes of shyning gold,) 60
He gave as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serve Him in eternall blis,
And be partakers of those ioyes of His.

There they in their trinall triplicities
About Him wait, and on His will depend, 65
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When He them on His messages doth send,
Or on His owne dread presence to attend,
Where they behold the glorie of His light,
And caroll hymnes of love both day and night. 70

Both day, and night, is unto them all one ;
For He His beames doth unto them extend,
That darknesse there appeareth never none ;
Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse, an end,
But there their termelesse time in pleasure spend ; 75
Ne ever should their happinesse decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay.

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,
Did puffed them up with greedy bold ambition,
That they gan cast their state how to increase 80
Above the fortune of their first condition,
And sit in Gods own seat without commission :
The brightest angel, even the child of Light,
Drew millions more against their God to fight.

Th' Almighty, seeing their so bold assay, 85
Kindled the flame of His consuming yre,
And with His onely breath them blew away
From heavens hight, to which they did aspyre,
To deepest hell, and lake of damned fyre,
Where they in darknesse and dread horror dwell, 90
Hating the happie light from which they fell.

So that next off-spring of the Makers love,
Next to Himselfe in glorious degree,
Degendering to hate, fell from above
Through pride ; (for pride and love may ill agree ;) 95
And now of sinne to all ensample bee :
How then can sinfull flesh it selfe assure,
Sith purest angels fell to be impure ?

But that Eternall Fount of love and grace,
Still flowing forth His goodnesse unto all, 100
Now seeing left a waste and emptie place
In His wyde pallace, through those angels fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
A new unknown colony therein,
Whose root from earths base groundworke should begin.

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought, 106
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by His might,
According to an heavenly patterne wrought,
Which He had fashiond in his wise foresight,
He man did make, and breathd a living spright 110
Into his face, most beautifull and fayre,
Endewd with wisdomes riches, heavenly, rare.

Such He him made, that he resemble might
Himselfe, as mortall thing immortall could;
Him to be lord of every living wight 115
He made by love out of his owne like mould,
In whom he might his mightie selfe behould;
For Love doth love the thing belov'd to see,
That like it selfe in lovely shape may bee.

But man, forgetfull of his Makers grace 120
No lesse than angels, whom he did ensew,
Fell from the hope of promist heavenly place,
Into the mouth of Death, to sinners dew,
And all his off-spring into thraldome threw,
Where they for ever should in bonds remaine 125
Of never-dead yet ever-dying paine;

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at first
Made of meere love, and after liked well,
Seeing him lie like creature long accurst
In that deep horror of despeyred hell, 130
Him, wretch, in doole would let no lenger dwell,
But cast out of that bondage to redeeme,
And pay the price, all were his debt extrceme.

Out of the bosome of eternall blisse,
In which He reigned with His glorious Syre, 135
He downe descended, like a most demisse
And abiect thrall, in fleshes fraile attyre,
That He for him might pay sinnes deadly hyre,
And him restore unto that happie state
In which he stood before his haplesse fate. 140

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfyde;
Nor spirit, nor angel, though they man surpas,
Could make amends to God for mans misguyde,
But onely man himselfe, who selfe did slyde: 145
So, taking flesh of sacred virgins wombe,
For mans deare sake He did a man become.

And that most blessed bodie, which was borne
Without all blemish or reprochfull blame,
He freely gave to be both rent and torne 150
Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame
Revyling Him, that them most vile became,
At length Him nayled on a gallow-tree,
And slew the Iust by most uniust decree.

O huge and most unspeakeable impression 155
Of Loves deep wound, that pierst the piteous hart
Of that deare Lord with so entyre affection,
And, sharply launcing every inner part,
Dolours of death into His soule did dart,
Doing him die that never it deserved, 160
To free His foes, that from His heast had swerved!

What hart can feel least touch of so sore launch,
Or thought can think the depth of so deare wound ?
Whose bleeding sourse their streames yet never staunch,
But stil do flow, and freshly still redownd, 165
To heale the sores of sinfull soules unsound,
And cense the guilt of that infected cryme
Which was enrooted in all fleshly slyme.

O blessed Well of Love ! O Floure of Grace !
O glorious Morning-Starre ! O Lampe of Light ! 170
Most lively image of thy Fathers face,
Eternal King of Glorie, Lord of Might,
Meeke Lambe of God, before all worlds behight,
How can we Thee requite for all this good ?
Or what can prize that Thy most precious blood ? 175

Yet nought Thou ask'st in lieu of all this love,
But love of us, for guerdon of thy paine :
Ay me ! what can us lesse than that behove ?
Had He required life for us againe,
Had it beene wrong to ask His owne with gaine ? 180
He gave us life, He it restored lost ;
Then life were least, that us so little cost.

But He our life hath left unto us free,
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band ;
Ne ought demaunds but that we loving bee, 185
As He Himselfe hath lov'd us afore-hand,
And bound therto with an eternall band,
Him first to love that was so dearely bought,
And next our brethren, to his image wrought.

Him first to love great right and reason is, 190
Who first to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we fared had amisse,
Us wretches from the second death did save ;
And last, the food of life, which now we have,
Even He Himselfe, in his dear sacrament, 195
To feede our hungry soules, unto us lent.

Then next, to love our brethren, that were made
Of that selfe mould, and that self Maker's hand,
That we, and to the same againe shall fade,
Where they shall have like heritage of land, 200
However here on higher steps we stand,
Which also were with selfe-same price redeemed
That we, however of us light esteemed.

And were they not, yet since that loving Lord
Commaunded us to love them for His sake, 205
Even for His sake, and for His sacred word,
Which in His last bequest He to us spake,
We should them love, and with their needs partake ;
Knowing that, whatsoere to them we give,
We give to Him by whom we all doe live. 210

Such mercy He by His most holy reede
Unto us taught, and to approve it trew,
Ensampled it by His most righteous deede,
Shewing us mercie (miserable crew !)
That we the like should to the wretches shew, 215
And love our brethren ; thereby to approve
How much, Himselfe that loved us, we love.

Then rouze thy selfe, O Earth ! out of thy soyle,
In which thou wallowest like to filthy swyne,
And doest thy mynd in durty pleasures moyle ; 220
Unmindfull of that dearest Lord of thyne ;
Lift up to Him thy heavie clouded eyne,
That thou this souveraine bountie mayst behold,
And read, through love, His mercies manifold.

Beginne from first, where He encradled was 225
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Betweene the toylfull oxe and humble asse,
And in what rags, and in how base aray,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When Him the silly shepherds came to see, 230
Whom greatest princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence reade on the storie of His life,
His humble carriage, His unfaulty wayes,
His cancred foes, His fights, His toyle, His strife,
His paines, His povertie, His sharpe assayes, 235
Through which He past His miserable dayes,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being malist both by great and small.

And look at last, how of most wretched wights
He taken was, betrayd, and false accused ; 240
How with most scornfull taunts, and fell despights,
He was revyld, disgrast, and foule abused ;
How scourgd, how crownd, how buffeted, how brused ;
And, lastly, how twixt robbers crucifyde,
With bitter wounds through hands, through feet, and
syde ! 245

Then let thy flinty hart, that feelles no paine,
Empierced be with pittifull remorse,
And let thy bowels bleede in every vaine,
At sight of His most sacred heavenly corse,
So torne and mangled with malicious forse; 250
And let thy soule, whose sins His sorrows wrought,
Melt into teares, and grone in grieved thought.

With sence whereof, whilest so thy softened spirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale
Through meditation of His endlesse merit, 255
Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy weale,
And to His soveraine mercie doe appeale;
Learne Him to love that loved thee so deare,
And in thy brest His blessed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind, 260
Thou must Him love, and His beheasts embrace;
All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weake fancies, and stirre up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thy selfe unto Him full and free, 265
That full and freely gave Himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possest,
And ravisht with devouring great desire
Of His dear selfe, that shall thy feeble brest
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire 270
With burning zeale, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in His sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,
And all earthes glorie, on which men do gaze, 275
Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure-sighted eye,
Compar'd to that celestiall beauties blaze,
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the spright. 280

Then shall thy ravisht soul inspired bee
With heavenly thoughts, farre above humane skil,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
Th' idee of His pure glorie present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill 285
With sweete enragement of celestiall love,
Kindled through sight of those faire things above.

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AN HYMNE
OF HEAVENLY BEAUTIE.

RAPT with the rage of mine own ravisht thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights,
And glorious images in heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,
Do kindle love in high conceived sprights ; 5
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O Thou most Almighty Spright !
From whom all guifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light 10
Of Thine eternall truth, that I may show
Some little beames to mortall eyes below
Of that immortall Beautie, there with Thee,
Which in my weake distraughted mynd I see ;

That with the glorie of so goodly sight 15
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre
Faire seeming shewes, and feed on vaine delight,
Transported with celestiall desyre
Of those faire formes, may lift themselves up hyer,
And learne to love, with zealous humble dewty, 20
Th' Eternall Fountaine of that heavenly Beauty.

Beginning then below, with th' easie vew
Of this base world, subiect to fleshly eye,
From thence to mount aloft, by order dew,
To contemplation of th' immortall sky ; 25
Of the soare faulcon so I learne to flye,
That flags a while her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she her selfe for stronger flight can breath.

Then looke, who list thy gazefull eyes to feed
With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame 30
Of this wyde universe, and therein reed
The endlesse kinds of creatures which by name
Thou canst not count, much less their natures aime ;
All which are made with wondrous wise respect,
And all with admirable beautie deckt. 35

First, th' Earth, on adamantine pillars founded
Amid the Sea, engirt with brasen bands ;
Then th' Aire still flitting, but yet firmly bounded
On everie side, with pyles of flaming brands,
Never consum'd, nor quencht with mortall hands ; 40
And, last, that mightie shining cristall wall,
Wherewith he hath encompassed this all.

By view whereof it plainly may appeare,
That still as every thing doth upward tend,
And further is from earth, so still more cleare 45
And faire it growes, till to his perfect end
Of purest Beautie it at last ascend ;
Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,
And heaven then fire, appeares more pure and fayre.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye 50
On that bright shynie round still moving masse,
The house of Blessed God, which men call Skye,
All sowd with glistring stars more thicke then grasse,
Whereof each other doth in brightnesse passe,
But those two most, which, ruling night and day, 55
As king and queene, the heavens empire sway;

And tell me then, what hast thou ever seene
That to their beautie may compared bee, .
Or can the sight that is most sharpe and keene
Endure their captains flaming head to see? 60
How much lesse those, much higher in degree,
And so much fairer, and much more then these,
As these are fairer then the land and seas?

For farre above these heavens, which here we see,
Be others farre exceeding these in light, 65
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same bee,
But infinite in largenesse and in hight,
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,
That need no sunne t' illuminate their spheres,
But their owne native light farre passing theirs. 70

And as these heavens still by degrees arize,
Until they come to their first Movers bound,
That in his mightie compasse doth comprize,
And carrie all the rest with him around ;
So those likewise doe by degrees redound, 75
And rise more faire, till they at last arive
To the most faire, whereto they all do strive.

Faire is the heaven where happy soules have place,
In full enioyment of felicitie,
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face 80
Of the Divine Eternall Maiestie ;
More faire is that, where those Ideas on hie
Enraunged be, which Plato so admyred,
And pure Intelligences from God inspyred.

Yet fairer is that heaven, in which do raine 85
The soveraigne Powres and mightie Potentates,
Which in their high protections doe containe
All mortall princes and imperiall states ;
And fayrer yet, whereas the royall Seates
And heavenly Dominations are set, 90
From whom all earthly governance is fet.

Yet farre more faire be those bright Cherubins,
Which all with golden wings are overdight,
And those eternall burning Seraphins,
Which from their faces dart out fierie light ; 95
Yet fairer then they both, and much more bright,
Be th' Angels and Archangels, which attend
On Gods owne person, without rest or end.

These thus in faire each other farre excelling,
As to the Highest they approach more near, 100
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,
Fairer then all the rest which there appeare,
Though all their beauties ioyn'd together were ;
How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse
The image of such endlesse perfectnesse ? 105

Cease then, my tongue ! and lend unto my mynd
Leave to bethinke how great that Beautie is,
Whose utmost parts so beautifull I fynd ;
How much more those essentiall parts of His,
His truth, His love, His wisdom, and His blis, 110
His grace, His doome, His mercy, and His might,
By which He lends us of Himselfe a sight !

Those unto all He daily doth display,
And shew himselfe in th' image of His grace,
As in a looking-glasse, through which He may 115
Be seene of all His creatures vile and base,
That are unable else to see His face,
His glorious face ! which glistereth else so bright,
That th' angels selves can not endure His sight.

But we, fraile wights ! whose sight cannot sustaine 120
The suns bright beames when he on us doth shyne,
But that their points rebutted backe againe
Are duld, how can we see with feeble eyne
The glorie of that Maiestie Divine,
In sight of whom both sun and moone are darke, 125
Compared to His least resplendent sparke ?

The meanes, therefore, which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on His workes to looke,
Which He hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a brasen booke, 130
To read enregistred in every nooke
His goodnesse, which His Beautie doth declare ;
For all thats good is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To impe the wings of thy high flying mynd, 135
Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation,
From this darke world, whose damps the soule do blynd,
And, like the native brood of eagles
On that bright Sunne of Glorie fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities. 140

Humbled with feare and awfull reverence,
Before the footestoole of His Maiestie
Throw thy selfe downe, with trembling innocence,
Ne dare looke up with cõrruptible eye
On the dred face of that Great Deity, 145
For feare, lest if He chaunce to look on thee,
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before His mercie seate,
Close covered with the Lambes integrity
From the iust wrath of His avengefull threate 150
That sits upon the righteous throne on hy ;
His throne is built upon Eternity,
More firme and durable then steele or brasse,
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth passe.

His scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse, 155
With which He bruseth all His foes to dust,
And the great Dragon strongly doth repress,
Under the rigour of His iudgment iust ;
His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust,
From whence proceed her beames so pure and bright,
That all about Him sheddeth glorious light : 161

Light, farre exceeding that bright blazing sparke
Which darted is from Titans flaming head,
That with his beames enlumineth the darke
And dampish air, wherby al things are red ; 165
Whose nature yet so much is marvelled
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest wisards which thereon do gaze.

But that immortall light, which there doth shine,
Is many thousand times more bright, more cleare, 170
More excellent, more glorious, more divine,
Through which to God all mortall actions here,
And even the thoughts of men, do plaine appeare ;
For from th' Eternall Truth it doth proceed,
Through heavenly vertue which her beames doe breed

With the great glorie of that wondrous light 176
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in His owne brightnesse from the sight
Of all that looke thereon with eyes unsound ;
And underneath His feet are to be found 180
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fyre,
The instruments of His avenging yre.

There in His bosome Sapience doth sit,
The soveraine dearling of the Deity,
Clad like a queene in royall robes, most fit 185
For so great powre and peerelesse majesty,
And all with gemmes and iewels gorgeously
Adornd, that brighter then the starres appeare,
And make her native brightnes seem more cleare.

And on her head a crown of purest gold 190
Is set, in signe of highest soverainty ;
And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on hy,
And menageth the ever-moving sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all 195
Subiected to her powre imperiall.

Both heaven and earth obey unto her will,
And all the creatures which they both containe ;
For of her fulnesse which the world doth fill
They all partake, and do in state remaine 200
As their great Maker did at first ordaine,
Through observation of her high beheast,
By which they first were made, and still increast.

The fairnesse of her face no tongue can tell ;
For she the daughters of all wemiens race, 205
And angels eke, in beautie doth excell,
Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face,
And more increast by her owne goodly grace,
That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,
Ne can on earth compared be to ought. 210

Ne could that Painter (had he lived yet)
Which pictured Venus with so curious quill,
That all posteritie admyred it,
Have purtray'd this, for all his maistring skill ;
Ne she her selfe, had she remained still, 215
And were as faire as fabling wits do fayne,
Could once come neare this Beauty soverayne.

But had those wits, the wonders of their dayes,
Or that sweete Teian poet, which did spend
His plenteous vaine in setting forth her praise, 220
Seen but a glims of this which I pretend,
How wondrously would he her face commend,
Above that idole of his fayning thought,
That all the world should with his rimes be fraught !

How then dare I, the novice of his art, 225
Presume to picture so divine a wight,
Or hope t' expresse her least perfections part,
Whose beautie filles the heavens with her light,
And darkes the earth with shadow of her sight ?
Ah, gentle Muse ! thou art too weake and faint 230
The pourtraict of so heavenly hew to paint.

Let angels, which her goodly face behold
And see at will, her soveraigne praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries unfold
Of that faire love of Mightie Heavens King ; 235
Enough is me t' admyre so heavenly thing,
And, being thus with her huge love possest,
In th' only wonder of her selfe to rest.

But whoso may, thrise happie man him hold,
Of all on earth whom God so much doth grace, 240
And lets his owne Beloved to behold ;
For in the view of her celestiall face
All ioy, all blisse, all happinesse, have place ;
Ne ought on earth can want unto the wight
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight. 245

For she, out of her secret treasury,
Plentie of riches forth on him will powre,
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden ly
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
Th' eternall portion of her precious dowre, 250
Which Mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy bee.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receave,
And letteth them her lovely face to see, 255
Wherof such wondrous pleasures they conceave,
And sweete contentment, that it doth bereave
Their soul of sense, through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

In which they see such admirable things, 260
As carries them into an extasy,
And heare such heavenly notes and carolings
Of Gods high praise, that filles the brasen sky ;
And feele such ioy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget, 265
And onely thinke on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
Or idle thought of earthly things, remaine ;
But all that earst seemd sweet seemes now offense,
And all that pleased earst now seemes to paine : 270
Their ioy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
Is fixed all on that which now they see ;
All other sights but fayned shadowes bee.

And that faire lampe which useth to enflame
The hearts of men with selfe-consuming fyre, 275
Thenceforth seemes fowle, and full of sinfull blame ;
And all that pompe to which proud minds aspyre
By name of Honor, and so much desyre,
Seemes to them basenesse, and all riches drosse,
And all mirth sadnesse, and all lucre losse. 280

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such satietie,
That in nought else on earth they can delight,
But in th' aspect of that felicitie,
Which they have written in theyr inward ey ; 285
On which they feed, and in theyr fastened mynd
All happie ioy and full contentment fynd.

Ah, then, my hungry Soule! which long hast fed
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought,
And, with false Beauties flattring bait misled, 290
Hast after vaine deceitfull shadowes sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought
But late repentance through thy follies prief ;
Ah ! ceasse to gaze on matter of thy grief :

And looke at last up to that Soveraine Light, 295
From whose pure beams al perfect Beauty springs,
That kindleth love in every godly spright,
Even the love of God ; which loathing brings
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things ;
With whose sweet pleasures being so possest,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest. 301

•

THREE VISIONS.

1591.

•

THE

VISIONS OF PETRARCH,

FORMERLY TRANSLATED.

I.

BEING one day at my window all alone,
So manie strange things happened me to see,
As much it grieveth me to thinke thereon.
At my right hand a Hynde appear'd to mee,
So faire as mote the greatest god delite ;
Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace,
Of which the one was blacke, the other white :
With deadly force so in their cruell race
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beast,
That at the last, and in short time, I spide,
Under a rocke, where she alas, opprest,
Fell to the ground, and there untimely dide.
Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,
Oft makes me wayle so hard a destenie.

•

II.

After, at sea a tall ship did appeare,
Made all of heben and white yvorie ;
The sailes of golde, of silke the tackle were :
Milde was the winde, calme seem'd the sea to bee,
The skie eachwhere did show full bright and faire :
With rich treasures this gay ship fraighted was :
But sudden storme did so turmoyle the aire,
And tumbled up the sea, that she (alas)
Strake on a rock, that under water lay,
And perished past all recoverie.
O ! how great ruth, and sorrowfull assay,
Doth vex my spirite with perplexitie,
Thus in a moment to see lost, and drown'd,
So great riches, as like cannot be found.

III.

The heavenly branches did I see arise
Out of the fresh and lustie lawrell tree,
Amidst the yong greene wood of Paradise ;
Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see :
Such store of birds therein yshrowded were,
Chaunting in shade their sundrie melodie,
That with their sweetnes I was ravish't nere.
While on this lawrell fixed was mine eie,
The skie gan everie where to overcast,
And darkned was the welkin all about,
When sudden flash of heavens fire out brast, ,
And rent this royall tree quite by the roote ;
Which makes me much and ever to complaine ;
For no such shadow shalbe had againe.

IV.

Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise
A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,
Whereto approched not in anie wise
The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne ;
But manie Muses, and the Nymphes withall,
That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
To the soft sounding of the waters fall ;
That my glad hart thereat did much reioyce.
But, while herein I tooke my chiefe delight,
I saw (alas) the gaping earth devoure
The spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight ;
Which yet aggreeves my hart even to this houre,
And wounds my soule with rufull memorie,
To see such pleasures gon so suddenly.

V.

I saw a Phoenix in the wood alone,
With purple wings, and crest of golden hewe ;
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
That of some heavenly wight I had the vewe ;
Untill he came unto the broken tree,
And to the spring, that late devoured was.
What say I more? each thing at last we see
Doth passe away : the Phoenix there alas,
Spying the tree destroid, the water dride,
Himselfe smote with his beake, as in disdaine,
And so foorthwith in great despight he dide ;
That yet my heart burnes, in exceeding paine,
For ruth and pitie of so haples plight :
O ! let mine eyes no more see such a sight.

VI.

At last so faire a Ladie did I spie,
That thinking yet on her I burne and quake ;
On hearbs and flowres she walked pensively,
Milde, but yet love she proudly did forsake :
White seem'd her robes, yet woven so they were,
As snow and golde together had been wrought :
Above the wast a darke clowde shrouded her,
A stinging serpent by the heele her caught ;
Wherewith she languisht as the gathered floure ;
And, well assur'd, she mounted up to ioy.
Alas, on earth so nothing doth endure,
But bitter griefe and sorrowfull annoy :
Which make this life wretched and miserable,
Tossed with stormes of fortune variable

VII.

When I beheld this tickle trustles state
Of vaine worlds glorie, flitting too and fro,
And mortall men tossed by troublous fate
In restles seas of wretchednes and woe ;
I wish I might this wearie life forgoe,
And shortly turne unto my happie rest,
Where my free spirite might not anie moe
Be vext with sights, that doo her peace molest.
And ye, faire Ladie, in whose bounteous brest
All heavenly grace and vertue shrined is,
When ye these rythmes doo read, and vew the rest,
Loath this base world, and thinke of heavens blis :
And though ye be the fairest of Gods creatures,
Yet thinke, that Death shall spoyle your goodly
features.

•

THE

VISIONS OF BELLAY.

I.

IT was the time, when Rest, soft sliding downe
From heavens hight into mens heavy eyes,
In the forgetfulnes of sleepe doth drowne
The carefull thoughts of mortall miseries;
Then did a Ghost before mine eyes appeare,
On that great rivers banck, that runnes by Rome;
Which, calling me by name, bad me to reare
My lookes to heaven whence all good gifts do come,
And crying lowd, Lo! now beholde (quoth hee)
What under this great temple placed is:
Lo, all is nought but flying vanitee!
So I, that know this worlds inconstancies,
Sith onely God surmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence do stay.

•

II.

On high hills top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by iust assize,
With hundreth pillours fronting faire the same,
All wrought with diamond after Dorick wize :
Nor brick nor marble was the wall in view,
But shining christall, which from top to base
Out of her womb a thousand rayons threw,
One hundred steps of Afrike golds enchase :
Golde was the parget ; and the seeling bright
Did shine all scaly with great plates of golde ;
The floore of iasp and emeraude was dight.
O worlds vainesse ! Whiles thus I did behold,
 An earthquake shooke the hill from lowest seat,
 And overthrew this frame with ruine great.

III.

Then did a sharped spyre of diamond bright,
Ten feete each way in square, appeare to mee,
Iustly proportion'd up unto his hight,
So far as archer might his level see :
The top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,
Made of the mettall, which we most do honour ;
And in this golden vessel couched weare
The ashes of a mightie Emperour :
Upon foure corners of the base were pight,
To beare the frame, foure great Lyons of gold ;
A worthy tombe for such a worthy wight.
Alas, this world doth nought but grievance hold !
 I saw a tempest from the heaven descend,
 Which this brave monument with flash did rend.

IV.

I saw raysde up on yvorie pillowes tall,
Whose bases were of richest mettalls warke,
The chapters alablaster, the fryses christall,
The double front of a triumphall arke :
On each side purtraid was a Victorie,
Clad like a Nimph, that winges of silver weares,
And in triumphant chayre was set on hie,
The auncient glory of the Romaine Peares.
No worke it seem'd of earthly craftsmans wit,
But rather wrought by his owne industry,
That thunder-dartes for Iove his syre doth fit.
Let me no more see faire thing under sky,
Sith that mine eyes have seene so faire a sight
With sodain fall to dust consumed quight.

V.

Then was the faire Dodonian tree far seene,
Upon seaven hills to spread his gladsome gleame,
And conquerours bedecked with his greene,
Along the bancks of the Ausonian streame :
There many an auncient trophee was addrest,
And many a spoyle, and many a goodly show,
Which that brave races greatnes did attest,
That whilome from the Troyan blood did flow.
Ravisht I was so rare a thing to vew ;
When lo ! a barbarous troupe of clownish fone
The honour of these noble boughs down threw :
Under the wedge I heard the tronck to grone ;
And, since, I saw the roote in great disdaine
A twinne of forked trees send forth againe.

VI.

I saw a Wolfe under a rookie cave
Noursing two whelpes ; I saw her litle ones
In wanton dalliance the teate to crave,
While she her neck wreath'd from them for the nones :
I saw her raunge abroad to seeke her food,
And roming through the field with greedie rage
T' embrew her teeth and clawes with lukewarm blood
Of the small heards, her thirst for to assuage.
I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended
Downe from the mountaines bordring Lombardie,
That with an hundred speares her flank wide rended.
I saw her on the plaine outstretched lie,
 Throwing out thousand throbs in her owne soyle ;
 Soone on a tree uphang'd I saw her spoyle.

VII.

I saw the Bird, that can the Sun endure,
With feeble wings assay to mount on hight ;
By more and more she gan her wings t' assure,
Following th' ensample of her mothers sight :
I saw her rise, and with a larger flight
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneons
To measure the most haughtie mountaines hight,
Untill she raught the gods owne mansions :
There was she lost ; when suddaine I behelde,
Where, tumbling through the ayre in frie fold,
All flaming downe she on the plaine was felde,
And soone her bodie turn'd to ashes colde.
 I saw the foule, that doth the light despise,
 Out of her dust like to a worme arise.

VIII.

I saw a river swift, whose fomy billowes
Did wash the ground-work of an old great wall ;
I saw it cover'd all with griesly shadowes,
That with black horror did the ayre appall :
Thereout a strange Beast with seven heads arose,
That townes and castles under her brest did coure,
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes.
Alike with equall ravine to devoure.
Much was I mazde, to see this monsters kinde
In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew ;
When as at length I saw the wrathfull winde,
Which blows cold storms, burst out of Scithian mew,
That sperst these cloudes ; and, in so short as thought,
This dreadfull shape was vanished to nought.

IX.

Then all astonied with this mighty ghôast,
An hideous bodie big and strong I sawe,
With side-long beard, and locks down hanging loast,
Sterne face, and front full of Satúrnlike awe ;
Who, leaning on the belly of a pot,
Pourd foorth a water, whose out gushing flood
Ran bathing all the creakie shore aflot,
Whereon the Troyan prince spilt Turnus blood ;
And at his feete a bitch wolfe suck did yeeld
To two young babes : His left the Palme tree stout,
His right hand did the peacefull Olive wield ;
And head with Lawrell garnisht was about.
Sudden bóth Palme and Olive fell away,
And faire greene Lawrell branch did quite decay.

X.

Hard by a rivers side a Virgin faire,
Folding her armes to heaven with thousand throbs,
And outraging her cheekes and golden haire,
To falling rivers sound thus tun'd her sobs.
“Where is (quoth she) this whilom honoured face?
Where the great glorie and the auncient praise,
In which all worlds felicitie had place,
When gods and men my honour up did raise?
Suffis'd it not that civill warres me made
The whole worlds spoile, but that this Hydra new,
Of hundred Hercules to be assaide,
With seven heads, budding monstrous crimes anew,
So many Neroes and Caligulaes
Out of these crooked shores must dayly rayse?”

XI.

Upon an hill a bright flame I did see
Waving aloft with triple point to skie,
Which, like incense of precious Cedar tree,
With balmie odours fil'd th' ayre farre and nie.
A Bird all white, well feathered on each wing,
Hereout up to the throne of gods did flie,
And all the way most pleasant notes did sing,
Whilst in the smoake she unto heaven did stie.
Of this faire fire the scattered rayes forth threw
On everie side a thousand shining beames:
When sudden dropping of a silver dew
(O grievous chance!) gan quench those precious flames;
That it, which earst so pleasant sent did yeld,
Of nothing now but noyous sulphure smeld.

XII.

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle,
As cleare as Christall gainst the sunnie beames,
The bottome yeallow, like the golden grayle
That bright Pactolus washeth with his streames;
It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
All pleasure there, for which mans hart could long;
And there a noyse alluring sleepe soft trembled,
Of manie accords more sweete than Mermaids song:
The seates and benches shone as yvorie,
And hundred Nymphes sate side by side about;
When from nigh hills, with hideous outcrie,
A troupe of Satyres in the place did rout,
Which with their villeine feete the streame did ray,
Threw down the seats, and drove the Nymphs away.

XIII.

Much richer then that vessell seem'd to bee,
Which did to that sad Florentine appeare,
Casting mine eyes farre off, I chaunst to see
Upon the Latine Coast herselfe to reare:
But suddenly arose a tempest great,
Bearing close envie to these riches rare,
Which gan assaile this ship with dreadfull threat,
This ship, to which none other might compare:
And finally the storme impetuous
Sunke up these riches, second unto none,
Within the gulfe of greedie Nereus.
I saw both ship and mariners each one,
And all that treasure, drowned in the maine:
But I the ship saw after raisd againe.

XIV.

Long having deeply gron'd these Visions sad,
I saw a Citie like unto that same,
Which saw the messenger of tidings glad ;
But that on sand was built the goodly frame :
It seem'd her top the firmament did rayse,
And, no lesse rich than faire, right worthie sure
(If ought here worthie) of immortall dayes,
Or if ought under heaven might firme endure.
Much wondred I to see so faire a wall :
When from the Northerne coast a storme arose,
Which, breathing furie from his inward gall
On all which did against his course oppose,
 Into a clowde of dust sperst in the aire
 The weake foundations of this Citie faire.

XV.

At length, even at the time, when Morpheus
Most trulie doth unto our eyes appeare,
Wearie to see the heavens still wavering thus,
I saw Typhœus sister comming neare ;
Whose head, full bravely with a morion hidd,
Did seeme to match the gods in maiestie.
She, by a rivers bancke that swift downe slidd,
Over all the world did raise a Trophée hie ;
An hundred vanquisht Kings under her lay,
With armes bound at their backs in shamefull wize ;
Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
I saw the heavens in warre against her rize :
 Then downe she stricken fell with clap of thonder,
 That with great noyse I wakte in sudden wonder.

VISIONS
OF
THE WORLDS VANITIE.

I.

ONE day, whiles that my daylie cares did sleepe,
My spirit, shaking off her earthly prison,
Began to enter into meditation deepe
Of things exceeding reach of common reason;
Such as this age, in which all good is geason,
And all that humble is, and meane debaced,
Hath brought forth in her last declining season,
Griefe of good mindes, to see goodnesse disgraced!
On which when as my thought was throgly placed,
Unto my eyes strange showes presented were,
Picturing that, which I in minde embraced,
That yet those sights empassion me full nere.
Such as they were (faire Ladie!) take in worth,
That when time serves may bring things better forth.

II.

In summers day, when Phoebus fairly shone,
I saw a Bull as white as driven snowe,
With gilden hornes embowed like the moone,
In a fresh flowring meadow lying lowe :
Up to his eares the verdant grasse did growe,
And the gay floures did offer to be eaten ;
But he with fatnes so did overflowe,
That he all wallowed in the weedes downe beaten,
Ne car'd with them his daintie lips to sweeten :
Till that a Brize, a scorned little creature,
Through his faire hide his angrie sting did threaten,
And vext so sore, that all his goodly feature
And all his plenteous pasture nought him pleased :
So by the small the great is oft diseased.

III.

Beside the fruitfull shore of muddie Nile,
Upon a sunnie banke outstretched lay,
In monstrous length, a mightie Crocodile,
That, cram'd with guiltles blood and greedie pray
Of wretched people travailing that way,
Thought all things lesse than his disdainfull pride.
I saw a little Bird, cal'd Tedula,
The least of thousands which on earth abide,
That forst this hideous beast to open wide
The greisly gates of his devouring hell,
And let him feede, as Nature did provide,
Upon his iawes, that with blacke venime swell.
Why then should greatest things the least disdain,
Sith that so small so mightie can constraine ?

IV.

The kingly bird, that beares Ioves thunder-clap,
One day did scorne the simple scarabee,
Proud of his highest service, and good hap,
That made all other foules his thralls to bee :
The silly Flie, that no redresse did see,
Spide where the Eagle built his towring nest,
And, kindling fire within the hollow tree,
Burnt up his yong ones, and himselfe distrest ;
Ne suffred him in anie place to rest,
But drove in Ioves owne lap his eggs to lay ;
Where gathering also filth him to infest,
Forst with the filth his eggs to fling away :
For which when as the foule was wroth, said Iove.
“Lo ! how the least the greatest may reprove.”

V.

Toward the sea turning my troubled eye,
I saw the fish (if fish I may it cleepe)
That makes the sea before his face to flye,
And with his flaggie finnes doth seeme to sweepe
The fomie waves out of the dreadfull deep,
The huge Leviathan, dame Natures wonder,
Making his sport, that manie makes to weep :
A Sword-fish small him from the rest did sunder,
That, in his throat him pricking softly under,
His wide abysses him forced forth to spewe,
That all the sea did roare like heavens thunder,
And all the wavés were stain'd with filthie hewe.
Hereby I learned have not to despise
Whatever thing seemes small in common eyes.

VI.

An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold,
Whose backe was arm'd against the dint of speare
With shields of brasse that shone like burnisht golde,
And forkhed sting that death in it did beare,
Strove with a Spider his unequall peare;
And bad defiance to hisemie.
The subtill vermin, creeping closely neare,
Did in his drinke shed poyson privilie;
Which, through his entrailes spredding diversly,
Made him to swell, that nigh his bowells burst,
And him enforst to yeeld the victorie,
That did so much in his owne greatnesse trust.
O, how great vainesse is it then to scorne
The weake, that hath the strong so oft forlorne!

VII.

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,
Of wondrous length, and streight proportion,
That farre abroad her daintie odours threw;
Mongst all the daughters of proud Libanon,
Her match in beautie was not anie one.
Shortly within her inmost pith there bred
A little wicked worme, perceiv'd of none,
That on her sap and vitall moysture fed:
Thenceforth her garland so much honoured
Began to die, (O great ruth for the same!)
And her faire lockes fell from her loftie head,
That shortly balde and bared she became.
I, which this sight beheld, was much dismayed,
To see so goodly thing so soone decayed.

VIII.

Soone after this I saw an Elephant,
Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeously,
That on his backe did beare (as batteilant)
A gilden towre, which shone exceedingly;
That he himselfe through foolish vanitie,
Both for his rich attire, and goodly forme,
Was puffed up with passing surquedrie,
And shortly gan all other beasts to scorne.
Till that a little Ant, a silly worme,
Into his nostrils creeping, so him pained,
That, casting downe his towres, he did deforme
Both borrowed pride, and native beautie stained.
Let therefore nought, that great is, therein glorie,
Sith so small thing his happines may varie.

IX.

Looking far forth into the ocean wide,
A goodly ship with banners bravely dight,
And flag in her top-gallant, I espide
Through the maine sea making her merry flight:
Fairst blew the winde into her bosome right;
And th' heavens looked lovely all the while;
That she did seeme to daunce, as in delight,
And at her owne felicitie did smile.
All sodainely there clove unto her keele
A little fish, that men call Remora,
Which stopt her course, and held her by the heele,
That winde nor tide could move her thence away.
Straunge thing, me seemeth, that so small a thing
Should able be so great an one to wring.

X.

A mighty Lyon, lord of all the wood,
Having his hunger throughly satisfide
With pray of beasts and spoyle of living blood,
Safe in his dreadles den him thought to hide:
His sternesse was his prayse, his strength his pride,
And all his glory in his cruell clawes.
I saw a Wasp, that fiercely him defide,
And bad him battaile even to his iawes;
Sore he him stong, that it the blood forth drawes,
And his proude heart is fild with fretting ire:
In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his pawes,
And from his bloodie eyes doth sparkle fire;
That dead himselfe he wisheth for despight.
So weakest may anoy the most of might!

XI.

What time the Romaine Empire bore the raine
Of all the world, and florisht most in might,
The nations gan their soveraigntie disdaine,
And cast to quitt them from their bondage quight:
So, when all shrouded were in silent night,
The Galles were, by corrupting of a mayde,
Possest nigh of the Capitol through slight,
Had not a Goose the treachery bewrayde:
If then a Goose great Rome from ruine stayde,
And Iove himselfe, the patron of the place,
Preservd from being to his foes betrayde;
Why do vaine men mean things so much deface,
And in their might repose their most assurance,
Sith nought on earth can challenge long endurance?

XII.

When these sad sights were overpast and gone,
My spright was greatly moved in her rest,
With inward ruth and deare affection,
To see so great things by so small distrest:
Thenceforth I gan in my engrieved brest
To scorne all difference of great and small,
Sith that the greatest often are opprest,
And unawares doe into daunger fall.
And ye, that read these Ruines Tragicall,
Learne, by their losse, to love the low degree;
And, if that Fortune chaunce you up to call
To Honours seat, forget not what you be:
For he, that of himselfe is most secure,
Shall finde his state most fickle and unsure.

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PROSOPOPOIA:

OR

MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

BY ED. SP.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,
THE LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

1591.

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TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,
THE LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

Most faire and vertuous Ladie ; having often sought opportunitie by some good meanes to make knownen to your Ladiship the humble affection and faithfull duetie, which I have alwaies professed, and am bound to beare to that House, from whence yee spring, I have at length found occasion to remember the same, by making a simple present to you of these my idle labours ; which having long sithens composed in the raw conceipt of my youth, I lately amongst other papers lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the same, mooved to set them foorth. Simple is the device, and the composition meane, yet carrieth some delight, even the rather because of the simplicitie and meannesse thus personated. The same I beseech your Ladiship take in good part, as a pledge of that profession which I have made to you ; and keepe with you untill, with some other more worthie labour, I do redeeme it out of your hands, and discharge my utmost dutie. Till then wishing your Ladiship all increase of honour and happinesse, I humbly take leave.

Your La: ever humbly ;

ED. SP.

PROSOPOPIA :

OR

MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

IT was the month, in which the righteous Maide,
That for disdaine of sinfull worlds upbraide
Fled back to heaven, whence she was first conceived,
Into her silver bowre the Sunne received ;
And the hot Syrian Dog on him awayting, 5
After the chafed Lyons cruell bayting,
Corrupted had th' ayre with his noysome breath,
And powr'd on th' earth plague, pestilence, and death.
Emongst the rest a wicked maladie
Raign'd emongst men, that manie did to die, 10
Depriv'd of sense and ordinarie reason ;
That it to leaches seemed strange and geason.
My fortune was, mongst manie others moe,
To be partaker of their common woe ;
And my weake bodie, set on fire with griefe, 15
Was rob'd of rest and naturall reliefe.
In this ill plight, there came to visite mee
Some friends, who, sorie my sad case to see,
Began to comfort me in chearfull wise,
And meanes of gladsome solace to devise. 20

But seeing kindly sleep refuse to doe
His office, and my feeble eyes forgoe,
They sought my troubled sense how to deceave
With talke, that might unquiet fancies reave ;
And, sitting all in seates about me round, 25
With pleasant tales (fit for that idle stound)
They cast in course to waste the wearie howres :
Some tolde of Ladies, and their Paramoures ;
Some of brave Knights, and their renowned Squires ;
Some of the Faeries and their strange attires ; 30
And some of Giaunts, hard to be beleaved ;
That the delight thereof me much releaved.
Amongst the rest a good old woman was,
Hight Mother Hubberd, who did farre surpas
The rest in honest mirth, that seem'd her well : 35
She, when her turne was come her tale to tell,
Tolde of a strange adventure, that betided
Betwixt the Foxe and th' Ape by him misguided ;
The which for that my sense is greatly pleased,
All were my spirite heavie and diseased, 40
Ile write in termes, as she the same did say,
So well as I her words remember may.
No Muses aide me needes hereto to call ;
Base is the style, and matter meane withall.

¶ Whilome (said she) before the world was civill,
The Foxe and th' Ape, disliking of their evill 46
And hard estate, determined to seeke
Their fortunes farre abroad, lyeke with his lyeke :
For both were craftie and unhappie witted ;
Two fellowes might no where be better fitted. 50

The Foxe, that first this cause of grieve did finde,
Gan first thus plaine his case with words unkinde.
“ Neighbour Ape, and my Goship eke beside,
(Both two sure bands in friendship to be tide,) 55
To whom may I more trustely complaine
The evill plight, that doth me sore constraine,
And hope thereof to finde due remedie?
Heare then my paine and inward agonie.
Thus manie yeares I now have spent and worne,
In meane regard, and basest fortunes scorne, 60
Dooing my countrey service as I might,
No lesse I dare saie than the prowdest wight ;
And still I hoped to be up advaunced,
For my good parts ; but still it hath mischaunced.
Now therefore that no lenger hope I see, 65
But froward fortune still to follow mee,
And losels lifted high, where I did looke,
I meane to turne the next leafe of the booke.
Yet, ere that anie way I doo betake,
I meane my Gossip privie first to make.” 70
“ Ah! my deare Gossip, (answer’d then the Ape,)
Deeply doo your sad words my wits awhape,
Both for because your grieve doth great appeare,
And eke because my selfe am touched neare :
For I likewise have wasted much good time, 75
Still wayting to preferment up to clime,
Whilist others alwayes have before me stept,
And from my beard the fat away have swept ;
That now unto despaire I gin to growe
And meane for better winde about to throwe. 80

Therefore to me, my trustie friend, aread
Thy counsell : two is better than one head."
" Certes (said he) I meane me to disguise
In some straunge habit, after uncouth wize, 85
Or like a Pilgrim, or a Lymiter,
Or like a Gipsen, or a Iuggeler,
And so to wander to the worldës ende,
To seeke my fortune, where I may it mend :
For worse than that I have I cannot meete.
Wide is the world I wote, and everie streete 90
Is full of fortunes, and adventures straunge,
Continuallie subiect unto chaunge.
Say, my faire brother now, if this device
Doth like you, or may you to like entice."
" Surely (said th' Ape) it likes me wondrous well ; 95
And, would ye not poore fellowship expell,
My selfe would offer you t' accompanie
In this adventures chauncefull ieopardie :
For, to wexe olde at home in idlenesse,
Is disadventrous, and quite fortunelesse ; 100
Abroad where change is, good may gotten bee."
The Foxe was glad, and quickly did agree :
So both resolv'd, the morrow next ensuing,
So soone as day appeared to peoples vewing,
On their intended iourney to proceede ; 105
And over night, whatso theretoo did neede,
Each did prepare, in readines to bee.
The morrow next, so soone as one might see
Light out of heavens windowes forth to looke,
Both their habiliments unto them tooke, 110

And put themselves (a Gods name) on their way ;
Whenas the Ape, beginning well to wey
This hard adventure, thus began t'advise :
“ Now read Sir Reynold, as ye be right wise,
What course ye weene is best for us to take, 115
That for our selves we may a living make.
Whether shall we professe some trade or skill ?
Or shall we varie our device at will,
Even as new occasion appeares ?
Or shall we tie our selves for certaine yeares 120
To anie service, or to anie place ?
For it behoves, ere that into the race
We enter, to resolve first hereupon.”
“ Now surely brother (said the Foxe anon)
Ye have this matter motioned in season : 125
For everie thing that is begun with reason
Will come by readie meanes unto his end ;
But things miscounselled must needs miswend.
Thus therefore I advize upon the case,
That not to anie certaine trade or place, 130
Nor anie man, we should our selves applie ;
For why should he that is at libertie
Make himselfe bond ? sith then we are free borne,
Let us all servile base subiection scorne ;
And, as we bee sonnes of the world so wide, 135
Let us our fathers heritage divide,
And chalenge to our selves our portions dew
Of all the patrimonie, which a few
Now hold in hugger mugger in their hand,
And all the rest doo rob of good and land. 140

For now a few have all, and all have nought,
Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought :
There is no right in this partition,
Ne was it so by institution
Ordained first, ne by the law of Nature, 145
But that she gave like blessing to each creature
As well of worldly livelode as of life,
That there might be no difference nor strife,
Nor ought cald mine or thine : thrice happie then
Was the condition of mortall men. 150
That was the golden age of Saturne old,
But this might better be the world of gold :
For without golde now nothing wilbe got,
Therefore (if please you) this shalbe our plot ;
We will not be of anie occupation, 155
Let such vile vassalls borne to base vocation
Drudge in the world, and for their living droyle,
Which have no wit to live withouten toyle.
But we will walke about the world at pleasure
Like two free men, and make our ease a treasure. 160
Free men some beggers call, but they be free ;
And they which call them so more beggers bee :
For they doo swinke and sweate tō feed the other,
Who live like lords of that which they doo gather,
And yet doo never thanke them for the same, 165
But as their due by Nature doo it clame.
Such will we fashion both our selves to bee,
Lords of the world ; and so will wander free,
Where so us listeth, uncontrol'd of anie :
Hard is our hap, if we (emongst so manie) 170

Light not on some that may our state amend ;
Sildome but some good commeth ere the end.”
Well seemd the Ape to like this ordinaunce:
Yet, well considering of the circumstaunce,
As pausing in great doubt awhile he staid, 175
And afterwards with grave advizement said ;
“ I cannot, my lief brother, like but well
The purpose of the complot which ye tell :
For well I wot (compar’d to all the rest
Of each degree) that Beggers life is best : 180
And they, that thinke themselves the best of all,
Oft-times to begging are content to fall.
But this I wot withall, that we shall ronne
Into great daunger like to bee undonne.
Wildly to wander thus in the worlds eye, 185
Withouten pasport or good warrantie,
For feare least we like rogues should be reputed,
And for eare-marked beasts abroad be bruted ;
Therefore I read, that we our counsells call,
How to prevent this mischief ere it fall, 190
And how we may, with most securitie,
Beg amongst those that beggers doo defie.”
“ Right well, deere Gossip, ye advized have,
(Said then the Foxe,) but I this doubt will save :
For, ere we farther passe, I will devise 195
A pasport for us both in fittest wize,
And by the names of Souldiers us protect ;
That now is thought a civile begging sect.
Be you the Souldier, for you likest are
For manly semblance, and small skill in warre : 200

I will but wayte on you, and, as occasion
Falls out, my selfe fit for the same will fashion."
The pasport ended, both they forward went ;
The Ape clad Souldierlike, fit for th' intent,
In a blew iacket with a crosse of redd 205
And manie slits, as if that he had shedd
Much blood through many wounds therein receaved,
Which had the use of his right arme bereaved ;
Upon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,
With a plume feather all to peeces tore : 210
His breeches were made after the new cut,
Al Portugese, loose like an emptie gut ;
And his hose broken high above the heeling,
And his shooes beaten out with traveling.
But neither sword nor dagger he did beare ; 215
Seemes that no foes revengement he did feare ;
In stead of them a handsome bat he held,
On which he leaned, as one farre in elde.
Shame light on him, that through so false illusion
Doth turne the name of Souldiers to abusion, 220
And that, which is the noblest mysterie,
Brings to reproach and common infamie !
Long they thus travailed, yet never met
Adventure, which might them a working set :
Yet manie waies they sought, and manie tryed ; 225
Yet for their purposes none fit espyed.
At last they chaunst to meet upon the way
A simple husbandman in garments gray ;
Yet, though his vesture were but meane and bace,
A good yeoman he was of honest place, 230

And more for thrift did care than for gay clothing :
Gay without good, is good hearts greatest loathing.
The Foxe, him spying, bad the Ape him dight
To play his part, for loe ! he was in sight,
That (if he er'd not) should them entertaine, 235
And yeeld them timely profite for their paine.
Eftsoones the Ape himselfe gan up to reare,
And on his shoulders high his bat to beare,
As if good service he were fit to do ;
But little thrift for him he did it to : 240
And stoutly forward he his steps did straine,
That like a handsome swaine it him became :
When as they nigh approached, that good man,
Seeing them wander loosly, first began
T' enquire, of custome, what and whence they were ?
To whom the Ape ; " I am a Souldiere, 246
That late in warres have spent my deerest blood,
And in long service lost both limbs and good ;
And now, constrain'd that trade to overgive,
I driven am to seeke some meanes to live : 250
Which might it you in pitie please t' afford,
I would be readie, both in deed and word,
To doo you faithfull service all my dayes.
This yron world (that same he weeping sayes)
Brings downe the stowtest hearts to lowest state : 255
For miserie doth bravest mindes abate,
And make them seeke for that they wont to scorne,
Of fortune and of hope at once forlorne."
The honest man, that heard him thus complaine,
Was griev'd, as he had felt part of his paine ; 260

And, well dispos'd him some reliefe to showe,
Askt if in husbandrie he ought did knowe,
To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sowe,
To hedge, to ditch, to thrash, to thetch, to mowe ;
Or to what labour els he was prepar'd ? 265
For husbands life is labourous and hard.
Whenas the Ape him hard so much to talke
Of labour, that did from his liking balke,
He would have slipt the collar handsomly,
And to him said ; " Good Sir, full glad am I, 270
To take what paines may anie living wight :
But my late maymed limbs lack wonted might
To doo their kindly services, as needeth :
Scarce this right hand the mouth with diet feedeth,
So that it may no painfull worke endure, 275
Ne to strong labour can it selfe enure.
But if that anie other place you have,
Which askes small paines, but thriftines to save,
Or care to overlooke, or trust to gather,
Ye may me trust as your owne ghostly father." 280
With that the husbandman gan him avize,
That it for him were fittest exercise
Cattell to keep, or grounds to oversee ;
And asked him, if he could willing bee
To keep his sheep, or to attend his swyne, 285
Or watch his mares, or take his charge of kyne ?
" Gladly (said he) what ever such like paine
Ye put on me, I will the same sustaine :
But gladliest I of your fleecie sheepe
(Might it you please) would take on me the keep.

For, ere that unto armes I me betooke, 291
Unto my fathers sheepe I usde to looke,
That yet the skill thereof I have not loste :
Thereto right well this Curdog, by my coste,
(Meaning the Foxe) will serve my sheepe to gather,
And drive to follow after their belwether." 296
The husbandman was meanly well content
Triall to make of his endeavourment ;
And, home him leading, lent to him the charge
Of all his flocke, with libertie full large, 300
Giving accompt of th' annuall increace
Both of their lambes, and of their woolley fleece.
Thus is this Ape become a shepheard swaine,
And the false Foxe his dog : (God give them paine !)
For ere the yeare have halfe his course out-run, 305
And doo returne from whence he first begun,
They shall him make an ill accompt of thrift.
Now whenas Time, flying with winges swift,
Expired had the terme, that these two iavels
Should render up a reckning of their travels 310
Unto their master, which it of them sought,
Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
Ne wist what answere unto him to frame,
Ne how to scape great punishment, or shame,
For their false treason and vile theeverie : 315
For not a lambe of all their flockes supply
Had they to shew ; but, ever as they bred,
They slue them, and upon their fleshes fed :
For that disguised Dog lov'd blood to spill,
And drew the wicked Shepheard to his will. 320

So twixt them both they not a lambkin left ;
And, when lambes fail'd, the old sheepes lives they reft ;
That how t'acquite themselves unto their Lord
They were in doubt, and flatly set aboard.
The Foxe then counsel'd th'Ape for to require 325
Respite till morrow t'answere his desire :
For times delay new hope of helpe still breeds.
The good man granted, doubting nought their deeds,
And bad next day that all should readie be.
But they more subtill meaning had than he : 330
For the next morrowes meed they closely ment,
For feare of afterclaps, for to prevent :
And that same evening, when all shrowded were
In careles sleep, they without care or feare
Cruelly fell upon their flock in folde, 335
And of them slew at pleasure what they wolde :
Of which whenas they feasted had their fill,
For a full complement of all their ill,
They stole away, and tooke their hastie flight,
Carried in clowdes of all-concealing night. 340
So was the husbandman left to his losse,
And they unto their fortunes change to tosse.
After which sort they wandered long while,
Abusing manie through their cloaked guile ;
That at the last they gan to be descryed 345
Of everie one, and all their sleights espyed.
So as their begging now them failed quyte,
For none would give, but all men would them wyte ;
Yet would they take no paines to get their living,
But seeke some other way to gaine by giving, 350

Much like to begging but much better named ;
For manie beg, which are thereof ashamed.
And now the Foxe had gotten him a gowne,
And th' Ape a cassocke sidelong hanging downe ;
For they their occupation meant to change, 355
And now in other state abroad to range :
For, since their souldiers pas no better spedd,
They forg'd another; as for Clerkes booke redd.
Who passing foorth, as their adventures fell,
Through manie haps, which needs not here to tell; 360
At length chaunst with a formall Priest to meete,
Whom they in civill manner first did greete,
And after askt an almes for Gods deare love.
The man straight way his choler up did move,
And with reproachfull tearmes gan them revile, 365
For following that trade so base and vile ;
And askt what license, or what pas they had ?
“ Ah ! (said the Ape as sighing wondrous sad)
Its an hard case, when men of good deserving
Must either driven be perforce to sterving, 370.
Or asked for their pas by everie squib,
That list at will them to revile or snib :
And yet (God wote) small oddes I often see
Twixt them that aske, and them that asked bee.
Natheles because you shall not us misdeeme, 375
But that we are as honest as we seeme,
Yee shall our passport at your pleasure see,
And then ye will (I hope) well mooved bee.”
Which when the Priest beheld, he vew'd it nere,
As if therein some text he studying were, 380

But little els (God wote) could thereof skill :
For read he could not evidence, nor will,
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
Ne make one tittle worse, ne make one better : 385
Of such deep learning little had he neede,
Ne yet of Latine, ne of Greeke, that breede
Doubts mongst Divines, and difference of texts,
From whence arise diversitie of sects,
And hatefull heresies, of God abhor'd :
But this good Sir did follow the plaine word, 390
Ne medled with their controversies vaine ;
All his care was, his service well to saine,
And to read Homelies upon holidayes :
When that was done, he might attend his playes ;
An easie life, and fit high God to please. 395
He, having overlookt their pas at ease,
Gan at the length them to rebuke againe,
That no good trade of life did entertaine,
But lost their time in wandring loose abroad ;
Seeing the world, in which they bootles boad, 400
Had wayes enough for all therein to live ;
Such grace did God unto his creatures give.
Said then the Foxe ; “ Who hath the world not tride,
From the right way full eath may wander wide.
We are but Novices, new come abroad, 405
We have not yet the tract of anie troad,
Nor on us taken anie state of life,
But readie are of anie to make preife. [proved,
Therefore might please you, which the world have
Us to advise, which forth but lately moved, 410

Of some good course, that we might undertake ;
Ye shall for ever us your bondmen make.”
The Priest gan wexe halfe proud to be so praide,
And thereby willing to affoord them aide ;
“ It seemes (said he) right well that ye be Clerks, 415
Both by your wittie words, and by your werks.
Is not that name enough to make a living
To him that hath a whit of Natures giving?
How manie honest men see ye arize
Daylie thereby, and grow to goodly prize ; 420
To Deanes, to Archdeacons, to Commissaries,
To Lords, to Principalls, to Prebendaries?
All iolly Prelates, worthie rule to beare,
Who ever them envie : yet spite bites neare.
Why should ye doubt then, but that ye likewise 425
Might unto some of those in time arise?
In the meane time to live in good estate,
Loving that love, and hating those that hate ;
Being some honest Curate, or some Vicker,
Content with little in condition sicker.” 430
“ Ah ! but (said th’ Ape) the charge is wondrous great,
To feed mens soules, and hath an heavie threat.”
“ To feed mens soules (quoth he) is not in man :
For they must feed themselves, doo what we can.
We are but charg’d to lay the meate before : 435
Eate they that list, we need to doo no more.
But God it is that feedes them with his grace,
The bread of life powr’d downe from heavenly place.
Therefore said he, that with the budding rod
Did rule the Iewes, *All shalbe taught of God.* 440

That same hath Iesus Christ now to him raught,
By whom the flock is rightly fed, and taught :
He is the Shepheard, and the Priest is hee ;
We but his shepheard swaines ordain'd to bee.
Therefore herewith doo not your selfe dismay ; 445
Ne is the paines so great, but beare ye may ;
For not so great, as it was wont of yore,
It's now a dayes, ne halfe so streight and sore :
They whilome used duly everie day
Their service and their holie things to say, 450
At morne and even, besides their Anthemes sweete,
Their penie Masses, and their Complynes meete,
Their Diriges, their Trentals, and their Shriffs,
Their memories, their singings, and their gifts.
Now all those needlesse works are laid away ; 455
Now once a weeke, upon the Sabbath day,
It is enough to doo our small devotion,
And then to follow any merrie motion.
Ne are we tyde to fast, but when we list ;
Ne to weare garments base of wollen twist, 460
But with the finest silkes us to aray,
That before God we may appeare more gay,
Resembling Aarons glorie in his place :
For farre unfit it is, that person bace
Should with vile cloaths approach Gods Maiestie, 465
Whom no uncleannes may approchen nie ;
Or that all men, which anie master serve,
Good garments for their service should deserve ;
But he that serves the Lord of Hoasts Most High,
And that in highest place t' approach him nigh, 470

And all the peoples prayers to present
Before his throne, as on ambassage sent
Both to and fro, should not deserve to weare
A garment better, than of wooll or heare.
Beside, we may have lying by our sides 475
Our lovely Lasses, or bright shining Brides ;
We be not tyde to wilfull chastitie,
But have the Gospell of free libertie.”
By that he ended had his ghostly sermon,
The Foxe was well induc'd to be a Parson ; 480
And of the Priest eftsoones gan to enquire,
How to a Benefice he might aspire.
“ Marie, there (said the Priest) is arte indeed :
Much good deep learning one thereout may reed ;
For that the ground-worke is, and end of all, 485
How to obtaine a Beneficiall.
First therefore, when ye have in handsome wise
Your selfe attyred, as you can devise,
Then to some Nobleman your selfe applye,
Or other great one in the worldës eye, 490
That hath a zealous disposition
To God, and so to his religion :
There must thou fashion eke a godly zeale,
Such as no carpers may contrayre reveale :
For each thing fained ought more warie bee. 495
There thou must walke in sober gravitee,
And seeme as saintlike as Saint Radegund :
Fast much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,
And unto everie one doo curtesie meeke :
These lookes (nought saying) doo a Benefice seeke, 500

And be thou sure one not to lacke ere long.
But if thee list unto the Court to throng,
And there to hunt after the hoped pray,
Then must thou thee dispose another way:
For there thou needs must learne to laugh, to lie, 505
To face, to forge, to scoffe, to companie,
To crouche, to please, to be a beetle stock
Of thy great Masters will, to scorne, or mock:
So maist thou chaunce mock out a Benefice,
Unlesse thou canst one coniure by device, 510
Or cast a figure for a Bishoprick;
And if one could, it were but a schoole trick.
These be the wayes, by which without reward
Livings in Court be gotten, though full hard;
For nothing there is done without a fee: 515
The Courtier needes must recompenced bee
With a Benevolence, or have in gage
The Primitias of your Parsonage:
Scarse can a Bishoprick forpas them by,
But that it must be gelt in privitie. 520
Doo not thou therefore seeke a living there,
But of more private persons seeke elsewhere,
Whereas thou maist compound a better penie,
Ne let thy learning question'd be of anie.
For some good Gentleman, that hath the right 525
Unto his Church for to present a wight,
Will cope with thee in reasonable wise;
That if the living yerely doo arise
To fortie pound, that then his yongest sonne
Shall twentie have, and twentie thou hast wonne: 530

Thou hast it wonne, for it is of franke gift,
And he will care for all the rest to shift ;
Both that the Bishop may admit of thee,
And that therein thou maist maintained bee.
This is the way for one that is unlern'd 535
Living to get, and not to be discern'd.
But they, that are great Clerkes, have nearer wayes,
For learning sake to living them to raise :
Yet manie eke of them (God wote) are driven
T' accept a Benefice in peeces riven. 540
How saist thou (friend) have I not well discourst
Upon this common-place, though plaine, not wourst ?
Better a short tale than a bad long shriving :
Needes anie more to learne to get a living ?"
" Now sure, and by my hallidome, (quoth he) 545
Ye a great master are in your degree :
Great thanks I yeeld you for your discipline,
And doo not doubt but duly to encline
My wits theretoo, as ye shall shortly heare."
The Priest him wisht good speed, and well to fare : 550
So parted they, as eithers way they led.
But th' Ape and Foxe ere long so well them sped,
Through the Priests holesome counsell lately tought,
And throgh their owne faire handling wisely wroght,
That they a Benefice twixt them obtained ; 555
And craftie Reynold was a Priest ordained ;
And th' Ape his Parish Clarke procur'd to bee :
Then made they revell route and goodly glee.
But, ere long time had passed, they so ill
Did order their affaires, that th' evill will 560

Of all their Parishners they had constrain'd ;
Who to the Ordinarie of them complain'd,
How fowlie they their offices abus'd,
And them of crimes and heresies accus'd ;
That pursivants he often for them sent : 565
But they neglecting his commaundement,
So long persisted obstinate and bolde,
Till at the length he published to holde
A Visitation, and them cyted thether :
Then was high time their wits about to geather ; 570
What did they then, but made a composition
With their next neighbor Priest for light condition,
To whom their living they resigned quight
For a few pence, and ran away by night.
So passing through the Countrey in disguise, 575
They fled farre off, where none might them surprize,
And after that long straied here and there,
Through everie field and forrest farre and nere ;
Yet never found occasion for their tourne,
But, almost sterv'd, did much lament and mourne. 580
At last they chaunst to meete upon the way
The Mule all deckt in goodly rich aray,
With bells and bosses that full lowdly rung,
And costly trappings that to ground downe hung.
Lowly they him saluted in meeke wise ; 585
But he through pride and fatnes gan despise
Their meanesse ; scarce vouchsafte them to requite.
Whereat the Foxe deep groning in his sprite,
Said ; " Ah ! sir Mule, now blessed be the day,
That I see you so goodly and so gay 590

In your attyres, and eke your silken hyde
Fil'd with round flesh, that everie bone doth hide.
Seemes that in fruitfull pastures ye doo live,
Or fortune doth you secret favour give.”
“ Foolish Foxe ! (said the Mule) thy wretched need
Praiseth the thing that doth thy sorrow breed. 596
For well I weene, thou canst not but envie
My wealth, compar'd to thine owne miserie,
That art so leane and meagre waxen late,
That scarce thy legs uphold thy feeble gate.” 600
“ Ay me ! (said then the Foxe) whom evill hap
Unworthy in such wretchednes doth wrap,
And makes the scorne of other beasts to bee :
But read, faire Sir, of grace, from whence come yee ;
Or what of tidings you abroad doo heare ; 605
Newes may perhaps some good unweeting beare.”
“ From royall Court I lately came (said he)
Where all the braverie that eye may see,
And all the happinesse that heart desire,
Is to be found ; he nothing can admire, 610
That hath not seene that heavens portrature :
But tidings there is none I you assure,
Save that which common is, and knowne to all,
That Courtiers as the tide doo rise and fall.”
“ But tell us (said the Ape) we doo you pray, 615
Who now in Court doth beare the greatest sway :
That, if such fortune doo to us befall,
We may seeke favour of the best of all.”
“ Marie (said he) the highest now in grace,
Be the wilde beasts, that swiftest are in chase ; 620

For in their speedie course and nimble flight
The Lyon now doth take the most delight;
But chieflie ioyes on foote them to beholde,
Enchaste with chaine and circulet of golde :
So wilde a beast so tame ytaught to bee, 625
And buxome to his bands, is ioy to see ;
So well his golden circlet him beseemeth :
But his late chayne his Liege unmeete esteemeth ;
For so brave beasts she loveth best to see
In the wilde forrest raunging fresh and free. 630
Therefore if fortune thee in Court to live,
In case thou ever there wilt hope to thrive,
To some of these thou must thy selfe apply ;
Els as a thistle-downe in th' ayre doth flie,
So vainly shalt thou to and fro be tost, 635
And lose thy labour and thy fruitles cost.
And yet full few, which follow them I see,
For vertues bare regard advaunced bee,
But either for some gainfull benefit,
Or that they may for their owne turnes be fit. 640
Nath'les perhaps ye things may handle soe,
That ye may better thrive than thousands moe."
" But (said the Ape) how shall we first come in,
That after we may favour seeke to win ?"
" How els (said he) but with a good bold face, 645
And with big words, and with a stately pace,
That men may thinke of you in generall,
That to be in you, which is not at all :
For not by that which is, the world now deemeth,
(As it was wont) but by that same that seemeth. 650

Ne do I doubt but that ye well can fashion
Your selves theretoo, according to occasion :
So fare ye well, good Courtiers may ye bee !”
So, prouddie neighing, from them parted hee.
Then gan this craftie couple to devize, 655
How for the Court themselves they might aguize :
For thither they themselves meant to addresse,
In hope to finde there happier successe.
So well they shifted, that the Ape anon
Himselfe had cloathed like a Gentleman, 660
And the slie Foxe, as like to be his groome,
That to the Court in seemly sort they come ;
Where the fond Ape, himselfe uprearing hy
Upon his tiptoes, stalketh stately by,
As if he were some great Magnifico, 665
And boldlie doth amongst the boldest go ;
And his man Reynold, with fine counterfesaunce,
Supports his credite and his countenaunce.
Then gan the Courtiers gaze on everie side,
And stare on him, with big lookes basen-wide, 670
Wondring what mister wight he was, and whence :
For he was clad in strange accoustrements,
Fashion'd with queint devises never seene
In Court before, yet there all fashions beene ;
Yet he them in newfanglenesse did pas ; 675
But his behaviour altogether was
Alla Turchesca, much the more admyr'd ;
And his lookes loftie, as if he aspyr'd
To dignitie, and sdeign'd the low degree ;
That all, which did such strangenesse in him see, 680

By secrete meanes gan of his state enquire,
And privily his servant thereto hire :
Who, throughly arm'd against such coverture,
Reported unto all, that he was sure
A noble Gentleman of high regard, 685
Which through the world had with long travel far'd,
And seene the manners of all beasts on ground ;
Now here arriv'd, to see if like he found.
Thus did the Ape at first him credit gaine,
Which afterwards he wisely did maintaine 690
With gallant showe, and daylie more augment
Through his fine feates and Courtly complement ;
For he could play, and daunce, and vaute, and spring,
And all that els pertaines to reveling,
Onely through kindly aptnes of his ioynts. 695
Besides he could doo manie other poynts,
The which in Court him served to good stead :
For he mongst Ladies could their fortunes read
Out of their hands, and merie leasings tell,
And iuggle finely, that became him well : 700
But he so light was at legiêrdemaine,
That what he toucht, came not to light againe ;
Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly looke,
And tell them, that they greatly him mistooke.
So would he scoffe them out with mockerie, 705
For he therein had great felicitie ;
And with sharp quips ioy'd others to deface,
Thinking that their disgracing did him grace :
So whilst that other like vaine wits he pleased,
And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eased. 710

But the right Gentle Minde woulde bite his lip,
To heare the Iavell so good men to nip :
For, though the vulgar yeeld an open eare,
And common Courtiers love to gybe and fleare
At everie thing, which they heare spoken ill, 715
And the best speaches with ill meaning spill ;
Yet the brave Courtier, in whose beauteous thought
Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
Doth loath such base condition, to backbite
Anies good name for envie or despite : 720
He stands on tearmes of honourable minde,
Ne will be carried with the common winde
Of Courts inconstant mutabilitie,
Ne after everie tattling fable flie ;
But heares, and sees, the follies of the rest, 725
And thereof gathers for himselfe the best :
He will not creepe, nor crouche with fained face,
But walkes upright with comely stedfast pace,
And unto all doth yeeld due curtesie ;
But not with kissed hand belowe the knee, 730
As that same Apish crue is wont to doo :
For he disdaines himselfe t' embase theretoo.
He hates fowle leasings, and vile flatterie,
Two filthie blots in noble gentrie ;
And lothefull idlenes he doth detest, 735
The canker worme of everie gentle brest ;
The which to banish with faire exercise
Of knightly feates, he daylie doth devise :
Now menaging the mouthes of stubborne steedes,
Now practising the prooffe of warlike deedes, 740

Now his bright armes assaying, now his speare,
Now the nigh aymed ring away to beare ;
At other times he casts to sew the chace
Of swift wilde beasts, or runne on foote a race, [full,)
T' enlarge his breath, (large breath in armes most need-
Or els by wrestling to wex strong and heedfull, 746
Or his stiffe armes to stretch with eughen bowe,
And manly legs still passing too and fro,
Without a gowned beast him fast beside,
A vaine ensample of the Persian pride ; 750
Who, after he had wonne th' Assyrian foe,
Did ever after scorne on foote to goe.
Thus when this Courtly Gentleman with toyle
Himselfe hath wearied, he doth recoyle
Unto his rest, and there with sweete delight 755
Of musicks skill revives his toyled spright ;
Or els with Loves, and Ladies gentle sports,
The ioy of youth, himselfe he recomforts :
Or lastly, when the bodie list to pause,
His minde unto the Muses he withdrawes ; 760
Sweete Ladie Muses, Ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light !
With whom he close confers with wise discourse,
Of Natures workes, of heavens continuall course,
Of forreine lands, of people different, 765
Of kingdomes change, of divers gouernment,
Of dreadfull battailes of renownmed Knights ;
With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights
To like desire and praise of noble fame,
The onely upshot whereto he doth ayme : 770

For all his minde on honour fixed is,
To which he levels all his purposis,
And in his Princes service spends his dayes,
Not so much for to gaine, or for to raise
Himselfe to high degree, as for his grace, 775
And in his liking to winne worthie place ;
Through due deserts and comely carriage,
In whatso please employ his personage,
That may be matter meete to gaine him praise ;
For he is fit to use in all assayes, 780
Whether for armes and warlike amenaunce,
Or else for wise and civill governaunce,
For he is practiz'd well in policie,
And thereto doth his courting most applie :
To learne the enterdeale of Princes strange, 785
To marke th' intent of counsells, and the change
Of states, and eke of private men sometime,
Supplanted by fine falshood and faire guile ;
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T' enrich the storehouse of his powerfull wit, 790
Which through wise speaches and grave conference
He daylie eekes, and brings to excellence.
Such is the rightfull Courtier in his kinde :
But unto such the Ape lent not his minde ;
Such were for him no fit companions, 795
Such would descrie his lewd conditions :
But the yong lustie gallants he did chose
To follow, meete to whom he might disclose
His witlesse pleasance, and ill pleasing vaine.
A thousand wayes he them could entertaine, 800

With all the thriftles games that may be found ;
With mumming and with masking all around,
With dice, with cards, with balliards farre unfit,
With shuttelcocks, misseeming manlie wit,
With courtizans, and costly riotize, 805
Whereof still somewhat to his share did rize :
Ne, them to pleasure, would he sometimes scorne
A pandares coate (so basely was he borne) ;
Thereto he could fine loving verses frame,
And play the Poet oft. But ah, for shame, 810
Let not sweete Poets praise, whose onely pride
Is virtue to advance, and vice deride,
Be with the worke of losels wit defamed,
Ne let such verses Poetrie be named !
Yet he the name on him would rashly take, 815
Maugre the sacred Muses, and it make
A servant to the vile affection
Of such, as he depended most upon ;
And with the sugrie sweete thereof allure
Chast Ladies eares to fantasies impure. 820
To such delights the noble wits he led
Which him reliev'd, and their vaine humours fed
With fruitles follies and unsound delights.
But if perhaps into their noble sprights
Desire of honor or brave thought of armes 825
Did ever creepe, then with his wicked charmes
And strong conceipts he would it drive away,
Ne suffer it to house there halfe a day.
And whenso love of letters did inspire
Their gentle wits, and kindle wise desire, 830

That chieflie doth each noble minde adorne,
Then he would scoffe at learning, and eke scorne
The sectaries thereof, as people base
And simple men, which never came in place
Of worlds affaires, but, in darke corners mewd, 835
Muttred of matters as their bookes them shewd,
Ne other knowledge ever did attaine,
But with their gownes their gravitie maintaine.
From them he would his impudent lewde speach
Against Gods holie Ministers oft reach, 840
And mocke Divines and their profession :
What else then did he by progression,
But mocke High God himselfe, whom they professe ?
But what car'd he for God, or godlinesse ?
All his care was himselfe how to advaunce, 845
And to uphold his courtly countenance
By all the cunning meanes he could devise ;
Were it by honest wayes, or otherwise,
He made small choyce : yet sure his honestie
Got him small gaines, but shameles flatterie, 850
And filthie brocage, and unseemly shifts,
And borowe base, and some good Ladies gifts :
But the best helpe, which chiefly him sustain'd,
Was his man Raynolds purchase which he gain'd.
For he was school'd by kinde in all the skill 855
Of close conveyance, and each practise ill
Of coosinage and cleanly knaverie,
Which oft maintain'd his masters braverie.
Besides he usde another slipprie slight,
In taking on himselfe, in common sight, 860

False personages fit for everie sted,
With which he thousands cleany coosined :
Now like a Merchant, Merchants to deceave,
With whom his credite he did often leave
In gage for his gay Masters hopelesse dett : 865
Now like a Lawyer, when he land would lett,
Or sell fee-simples in his masters name,
Which he had never, nor ought like the same :
Then would he be a Broker, and draw in
Both wares and money, by exchange to win : 870
Then would he seeme a Farmer, that would sell
Bargaines of woods, which he did lately fell,
Or corne, or cattle, or such other ware,
Thereby to coosin men not well aware :
Of all the which there came a secret fee 875
To th' Ape, that he his countenaunce might bee.
Besides all this, he us'd oft to beguile
Poore suters, that in Court did haunt some while :
For he would learne their busines secretly,
And then informe his Master hastely, 880
That he by meanes might cast them to prevent,
And beg the sute, the which the other ment.
Or otherwise false Reynold would abuse
The simple suter, and wish him to chuse
His Master, being one of great regard 885
In Court, to compas anie sute not hard,
In case his paines were recompenst with reason :
So would he worke the silly man by treason
To buy his Masters frivolous good will,
That had not power to doo him good or ill. 890

So pitifull a thing is suters state!
Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to Court, to sue for had ywist,
That few have found, and manie one hath mist!
Full little knowest thou, that hast not tride, 895
What hell it is, in suing long to bide:
To loose good dayes, that might be better spent;
To wast long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to day, to be put back to morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow; 900
To have thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres;
To have thy asking, yet waite manie yeeres;
To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaire;
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne, 905
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.
Unhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend!
Who ever leaves sweete home, where meane estate
In safe assurance, without strife or hate, 910
Findes all things needfull for contentment meeke;
And will to Court for shadowes vaine to seeke,
Or hope to gaine, himselfe will a daw trie:
That curse God send unto mine enemye!
For none but such, as this bold Ape unblest, 915
Can ever thrive in that unluckie quest;
Or such as hath a Reynold to his man,
That by his shifts his master furnish can.
But yet this Foxe could not so closely hide
His craftie feates, but that they were descride 920

At length by such as sate in iustice seate,
Who for the same him fowlie did entreate ;
And, having worthily him punished,
Out of the Court for ever banished.
And now the Ape wanting his huckster man, 925
That wont provide his necessaries, gan
To growe into great lacke, ne could upholde
His countenance in those his garments olde ;
Ne new ones could he easily provide,
Though all men him uncased gan deride, 930
Like as a puppit placed in a play,
Whose part once past all men bid take away :
So that he driven was to great distresse,
And shortly brought to hopelesse wretchednesse.
Then closely as he might he cast to leave 935
The Court, not asking any passe or leave ;
But ran away in his rent rags by night,
Ne ever stayd in place, ne spake to wight,
Till that the Foxe his copesmate he had found,
To whome complayning his unhappy stound, 940
At last againe with him in travell ioyned,
And with him far'd some better chaunce to fynde.
So in the world long time they wandered,
And mickle want and hardnesse suffered ;
That them repented much so foolishly 945
To come so farre to seeke for misery,
And leave the sweetnes of contented home,
Though eating hipps, and drinking watry fome.
Thus as they them complayned too and fro,
Whilst through the forest rechlesse they did goe, 950

Lo ! where they spide, how, in a gloomy glade,
The Lyon sleeping lay in secret shade,
His Crowne and Scepter lying him beside,
And having doft for heate his dreadfull hide :
Which when they sawe, the Ape was sore afrayde, 955
And would have fled with terror all dismayde.
But him the Foxe with hardy words did stay,
And bad him put all cowardize away ;
For now was time (if ever they should hope)
To ayme their counsels to the fairest scope, 960
And them for ever highly to advaunce,
In case the good, which their owne happie chaunce
Them freely offred, they would wisely take.
Scarse could the Ape yet speake, so did he quake ;
Yet, as he could, he askt how good might growe 965
Where nought but dread and death do seeme in show.
“ Now, (sayd he) whiles the Lyon sleepeth sound,
May we his Crowne and Mace take from the ground,
And eke his skinne, the terror of the wood,
Wherewith we may our selves (if we thinke good) 970
Make Kings of beasts, and Lords of forests all,
Subiect unto that powre imperiall.”
“ Ah ! but (sayd th’ Ape) who is so bold a wretch,
That dare his hardy hand to those outstretch ;
When as he knowes his meede, if he be spide, 975
To be a thousand deathes, and shame beside ?”
“ Fond Ape ! (sayd then the Foxe) into whose brest
Never crept thought of honor, nor brave gest,
Who will not venture life a King to be,
And rather rule and raigne in soveraign see, 980

Than dwell in dust inglorious and bace,
Where none shall name the number of his place ?
One ioyous houre in blisfull happines,
I chuse before a life of wretchednes.
Be therefore counselled herein by me, 985
And shake off this vile-harted cowardree.
If he awake, yet is not death the next,
For we may colour it with some pretext
Of this, or that, that may excuse the cryme :
Else we may flye ; thou to a tree mayst clyme, 990
And I creepe under ground ; both from his reach :
Therefore be rul'd to doo as I doo teach."
The Ape, that earst did nought but chill and quake,
Now gan some courage unto him to take,
And was content to attempt that enterprise, 995
Tickled with glorie and rash covetise.
But first gan question, whether should assay
Those royall ornaments to steale away ?
" Marie, that shall your selfe, (quoth he theretoo)
For ye be fine and nimble it to doo ; 1000
Of all the beasts, which in the forrests bee,
Is not a fitter for this turne than yee :
Therefore, mine owne deare brother, take good hart,
And ever thinke a kingdome is your part."
Loath was the Ape, though praised, to adven-ter, 1005
Yet faintly gan into his worke to enter,
Afraid of everie leafe that stir'd him by,
And everie stick that underneath did ly:
Upon his tiptoes nicely he up went,
For making noyse, and still his eare he lent 1010

To everie sound that under heaven blew;
Now went, now stept, now crept, now backward drew,
That it good sport had been him to have eyde :
Yet at the last, (so well he him applyde,)
Through his fine handling, and cleanly play, 1015
He all those royall signes had stolne away,
And with the Foxes helpe them borne aside
Into a secret corner unespide.
Whither whenas they came they fell at words,
Whether of them should be the lord of lords : 1020
For th' Ape was stryfull, and ambicious ;
And the Foxe guilefull, and most covetous ;
That neither pleased was, to have the rayne
Twixt them divided into even twaine,
But either (algates) would be lord alone : 1025
For Love and Lordship bide no paragone.
“ I am most worthie, (said the Ape) sith I
For it did put my life in ieopardie :
Thereto I am in person and in stature
Most like a Man, the Lord of everie creature, 1030
So that it seemeth I was made to raigne,
And borne to be a kingly soveraigne.”
“ Nay (said the Foxe) Sir Ape, you are astray :
For though to steale the Diademe away
Were the worke of your nimble hand, yet I 1035
Did first devise the plot by pollicie ;
So that it wholly springeth from my wit :
For which also I claime my selfe more fit,
Than you, to rule : for government of state
Will without wisdomes soone be ruinate. 1040

And where ye claime your selfe for outward shape
Most like a man, Man is not like an Ape
In his chiefe parts, that is, in wit and spirite;
But I therein most like to him doo merite,
For my slie wyles and subtill craftinesse, 1045
The title of the Kingdome to possesse.
Nath'les (my brother) since we passed are
Unto this point, we will appease our iarre;
And I with reason meete will rest content,
That ye shall have both crowne and government, 1050
Upon condition, that ye ruled bee
In all affaires, and counselled by mee;
And that ye let none other ever drawe
Your minde from me, but keepe this as a lawe:
And hereupon an oath unto me plight." 1055
The Ape was glad to end the strife so light,
And thereto swore: for who would not oft sweare,
And oft unsweare, a Diademe to beare?
Then freely up those royall spoyles he tooke,
Yet at the Lyons skin he inly quooke; 1060
But it dissembled, and upon his head
The Crowne, and on his backe the skin, he did,
And the false Foxe him helped to array.
Then when he was all dight he tooke his way
Into the forest, that he might be seehe 1065
Of the wilde beasts in his new glory sheene.
There the two first, whome he encountred, were
The Sheepe and th'Asse, who, stricken both with feare
At sight of him, gan fast away to flye;
But unto them the Foxe alowd did cry, 1070

And in the Kings name bad them both to stay,
Upon the payne that thereof follow may.
Hardly naythles were they restrayned so,
Till that the Foxe forth toward them did goe,
And there dissuaded them from needlesse feare, 1075
For that the King did favour to them beare;
And therefore dreadles bad them come to Corte:
For no wild beasts should do them any torte
There or abroad, ne would his Maiestye
Use them but well, with gracious clemencye, 1080
As whome he knew to him both fast and true.
So he perswaded them, with homage due
Themselves to humble to the Ape prostraté,
Who, gently to them bowing in his gate,
Receyved them with chearefull entertayne. 1085
Thenceforth proceeding with his princely trayne,
He shortly met the Tygre, and the Bore,
Which with the simple Camell raged sore
In bitter words, seeking to take occasion
Upon his fleshly corpse to make invasion: 1090
But, soone as they this mock-King did espy,
Their troublous strife they stinted by and by,
Thinking indeed that it the Lyon was:
He then, to prove whether his powre would pas
As currant, sent the Foxe to them streight way, 1095
Commaunding them their cause of strife bewray;
And, if that wrong on eyther side there were,
That he should warne the wronger to appeare
The morrow next at Court, it to defend;
In the meane time upon the King t' attend. 1100

The subtile Foxe so well his message sayd,
That the proud beasts him readily obeyd :
Whereby the Ape in wondrous stomack woxe,
Strongly encorag'd by the crafty Foxe ;
That King indeed himselfe he shortly thought, 1105
And all the beasts him feared as they ought,
And followed unto his palaice hye ;
Where taking congé, each one by and by
Departed to his home in dreadfull awe,
Full of the feared sight, which late they sawe. 1110
The Ape thus seized of the Regall throne,
Eftsones, by counsell of the Foxe alone,
Gan to provide for all things in assurance,
That so his rule might lenger have endurance.
First to his gate he pointed a strong gard, 1115
That none might enter but with issue hard :
Then, for the safegard of his personage,
He did appoint a warlike equipage
Of forreine beasts, not in the forest bred,
But part by land and part by water fed ; 1120
For tyrannie is with strange ayde supported.
Then unto him all monstrous beasts resorted
Bred of two kindes, as Griffons, Minotaures,
Crocodiles, Dragons, Beavers, and Centaures :
With those himselfe he strenghtned mightelie, 1125
That feare he neede no force ofemie.
Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
Like as the Foxe did guide his graceles skill ;
And all wylde beasts made vassals of his pleasures,
And with their spoyles enlarg'd his private treasures.

No care of iustice, nor no rule of reason, 1131
No temperance, nor no regard of season,
Did thenceforth ever enter in his minde ;
But crueltie, the signe of currish kinde,
And sdeignfull pride, and wilfull arrogaunce ; 1135
Such followes those whom fortune doth aduance.
But the false Foxe most kindly plaid his part :
For, whatsoever mother-wit or arte
Could worke, he put in prooffe: no practise slie,
No counterpoint of cunning policie, 1140
No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,
But he the same did to his purpose wring.
Nought suffered he the Ape to give or graunt,
But through his hand alone must passe the Fiaunt.
All offices, all leases by him lept, 1145
And of them all, whatso he likte, he kept.
Iustice he solde iniustice for to buy,
And for to purchase for his progeny.
Ill might it prosper, that ill gotten was ;
But, so he got it, little did he pas. 1150
He fed his cubs with fat of all the soyle,
And with the sweete of others sweating toyle ;
He crammed them with crumbs of Benefices,
And fild their mouthes with meeds of malefices ;
He cloathed them with all colours save white, 1155
And loded them with lordships and with might,
So much as they were able well to beare,
That with the weight their backs nigh broken were ;
He chaffred Chayres in which Churchmen were set,
And breach of lawes to privie ferme did let : 1160

No statute so established might bee,
Nor ordinaunce so needfull, but that hee
Would violate, though not with violence,
Yet under colour of the confidence
The which the Ape repos'd in him alone, 1165
And reckned him the kingdomes corner stone.
And ever, when he ought would bring to pas,
His long experience the platforme was :
And, when he ought not pleasing would put by,
The cloke was care of thrift, and husbandry, 1170
For to encrease the common treasures store ;
But his owne treasure he encreased more,
And lifted up his loftie towres thereby,
That they began to threat the neighbour sky ;
The whiles the Princes pallaces fell fast 1175
To ruine : (for what thing can ever last ?)
And whilest the other Peeres, for povertie,
Were forst their auncient houses to let lie,
And their olde castles to the ground to fall,
Which their forefathers famous over all 1180
Had founded for the Kingdomes ornament,
And for their memories long monument.
But he no count made of Nobilitie,
Nor the wilde beasts whom armes did glorifie, 1184
The Realmes chiefe strength and gird of the crowne.
All these through fained crimes he thrust adowne,
Or made them dwell in darknes of disgrace :
For none, but whom he list, might come in place.
Of men of armes he had but small regard,
But kept them lowe, and streigned verie hard. 1190

For men of learning little he esteemed ;
His wisdom he above their learning deemed.
As for the rascall Commons least he cared ;
For not so common was his bountie shared ;
Let God, (said he) if please, care for the manie, 1195
I for my selfe must care before els anie :
So did he good to none, to manie ill,
So did he all the kingdome rob and pill,
Yet none durst speake, ne none durst of him plaine ;
So great he was in grace, and rich through gaine. 1200
Ne would he anie let to have accesse
Unto the Prince, but by his owne addresse :
For all that els did come, were sure to faile ;
Yet would he further none but for availe.
For on a time the Sheepe, to whom of yore 1205
The Foxe had promised of friendship store,
What time the Ape the kingdome first did gaine,
Came to the Court, her case there to complaine ;
How that the Wolfe, her mortall enemye,
Had sithence slaine her Lambe most cruellie ; 1210
And therefore crav'd to come unto the King,
To let him knowe the order of the thing.
“ Soft, Gooddie Sheepe ! (then said the Foxe) not soe :
Unto the King so rash ye may not goe ;
He is with greater matter busied 1215
Than a Lambe, or the Lambes owne mothers hed.
Ne certes may I take it well in part,
That ye my cousin Wolfe so fowly thwart,
And seeke with slaunder his good name to blot :
For there was cause, els doo it he would not : 1220

Therefore surcease, good Dame, and hence depart."
So went the Sheepe away with heavie hart :
So manie moe, so everie one was used,
That to give largely to the boxe refused.
Now when high Iove, in whose almightie hand 1225
The care of Kings and power of Empires stand,
Sitting one day within his turret hye,
From whence he vewes, with his black-lidded eye,
Whatso the heaven in his wide vawte containes,
And all that in the deepest earth remaines ; 1230
And troubled kingdome of wilde beasts behelde,
Whom not their kindly Sovereigne did welde,
But an usurping Ape, with guile suborn'd,
Had all subverst ; he sdeignfully it scorn'd
In his great heart, and hardly did refraine, 1235
But that with thunder bolts he had him slaine,
And driven downe to hell, his dewest meed :
But, him avizing, he that dreadfull deed
Forbore, and rather chose with scornfull shame
Him to avenge, and blot his brutish name 1240
Unto the world, that never after anie
Should of his race be voyd of infamie ;
And his false counsellor, the cause of all,
To damne to death, or dole perpetuall,
From whence he never should be quit, nor stal'd. 1245
Forthwith he Mercurie unto him cal'd,
And bad him flie with never-resting speed
Unto the forrest, where wilde beasts doo breed,
And there enquiring privily, to learne
What did of late chaunce to the Lyon stearne, 1250

That he rul'd not the Empire, as he ought ;
And whence were all those plaints unto him brought
Of wrongs, and spoyles, by salvage beasts committed :
Which done, he bad the Lyon be remitted
Into his seate, and those same treachours vile 1255
Be punished for their presumptuous guile.
The Sonne of Maia, soone as he receiv'd
That word, streight with his azure wings he cleav'd
The liquid clowdes, and lucid firmament ;
Ne staid, till that he came with steep descent 1260
Unto the place, where his prescript did shoue.
There stouping, like an arrowe from a bowe,
He soft arrived on the grassie plaine,
And fairly paced forth with easie paine,
Till that unto the Pallace nigh he came. 1265
Then gan he to himselfe new shape to frame ;
And that faire face, and that ambrosiall hew,
Which wons to decke the gods immortall crew,
And beautefie the shinie firmament,
He doft, unfit for that rude rabblement. 1270
So, standing by the gates in strange disguise,
He gan enquire of some in secret wize,
Both of the King, and of his government,
And of the Foxe, and his false blandishment :
And evermore he heard each one complaine 1275
Of foule abuses both in realme and raine :
Which yet to prove more true, he meant to see,
And an ey-witnes of each thing to bee.
Tho on his head his dreadfull hat he dight,
Which maketh him invisible in sight, 1280

And mocketh th' eyes of all the lookers on,
Making them thinke it but a vision. [swerds ;
Through power of that, he runnes through enemies
Through power of that, he passeth through the herds
Of ravenous wilde beasts, and doth beguile 1285
Their greedie mouthes of the expected spoyle ;
Through power of that, his cunning theeveries
He wents to worke, that none the same espies ;
And, through the power of that, he putteth on
What shape he list in apparition. 1290
That on his head he wore, and in his hand
He tooke Caduceus his snakie wand,
With which the damned ghosts he governeth,
And furies rules, and Tartare tempereth.
With that he causeth sleep to seize the eyes, 1295
And feare the harts, of all his enemies ;
And, when him list, an universall night
Throughout the world he makes on everie wight ;
As when his Syre with Alcumena lay.
Thus dight, into the Court he tooke his way, 1300
Both through the gard, which never him describe,
And through the watchmen, who him never spide :
Thenceforth he past into each secrete part,
Whereas he saw, that sorely griev'd his hart,
Each place abounding with fowle iniuries, 1305
And fild with treasure rackt with robberies ;
Each place defilde with blood of guiltles beasts,
Which had been slaine to serve the Apes beheasts ;
Gluttonie, malice, pride, and covetize,
And lawlesnes rainging with riotize ; 1310

Besides the infinite extortions,
Done through the Foxes great oppressions,
That the complaints thereof could not be tolde.
Which when he did with lothfull eyes beholde,
He would no more endure, but came his way, 1315
And cast to seeke the Lion, where he may,
That he might worke the avengement for this shame
On those two caytives, which had bred him blame :
And, seeking all the forrest busily,
At last he found, where sleeping he did ly. 1320
The wicked weed, which there the Foxe did lay,
From underneath his head he tooke away,
And then him waking, forced up to rize.
The Lion looking up gan him avize,
As one late in a traunce, what had of long 1325
Become of him : for fantasie is strong.
“ Arise, (said Mercurie) thou sluggish beast,
That here liest senseles, like the corpse deceast,
The whilst thy kingdome from thy head is rent,
And thy throne royall with dishonour blent : 1330
Arise, and doo thy selfe redeeme from shame,
And be aveng’d on those that breed thy blame.”
Thereat enraged, soone he gan upstart,
Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart ;
And, rouzing up himselfe, for his rough hide 1335
He gan to reach ; but no where it espide :
Therewith he gan full terribly to rore,
And chafte at that indignitie right sore.
But when his Crowne and Scepter both he wanted,
Lord ! how he fum’d, and sweld, and rag’d, and panted ;

And threatned death, and thousand deadly dolours,
To them that had purloyn'd his Princely honours. 1342
With that in hast, disroabed as he was,
He toward his owne Pallace forth did pas ;
And all the way he roared as he went, 1345
That all the forrest with astonishment
Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein
Fled fast away from that so dreadfull din.
At last he came unto his mansion,
Where all the gates he found fast lockt anon, 1350
And manie warders round about them stood :
With that he roar'd alowd, as he were wood,
That all the Pallace quaked at the stound,
As if it quite were riven from the ground,
And all within were dead and hartles left ; 1355
And th' Ape himselfe, as one whose wits were reft,
Fled here and there, and everie corner sought,
To hide himselfe from his owne feared thought.
But the false Foxe, when he the Lion heard,
Fled closely forth, streightway of death afeard, 1360
And to the Lion came, full lowly creeping,
With fained face, and watrie eyne halfe weeping,
T' excuse his former treason and abusion,
And turning all unto the Apes confusion :
Nath'les the Royall Beast forbore beleeving, 1365
But bad him stay at ease till further preeving.
Then when he saw no entrance to him graunted,
Roaring yet lowder that all harts it daunted,
Upon those gates with force he fiercely flewe,
And, rending them in pieces, felly slewe 1370

Those warders strange, and all that els he met.
But th' Ape still flying he no where might get :
From rowme to rowme, from beame to beame he fled
All breathles, and for feare now almost ded :
Yet him at last the Lyon spide, and caught, 1375
And forth with shame unto his iudgement brought.
Then all the beasts he caus'd assembled bee,
To heare their doome, and sad ensample see :
The Foxe, first Author of that treacherie,
He did uncase, and then away let flie. 1380
But th' Apes long taile (which then he had) he quight
Cut off, and both eares pared of their hight ;
Since which, all Apes but halfe their eares have left,
And of their tailles are utterlie bereft.

So Mother Hubberd her discourse did end : 1385
Which pardon me, if I amisse have pend ;
For weake was my remembrance it to hold,
And bad her tongue that it so bluntly tolde. 1388

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PROTHALAMION:

OR,

A SPOUSALL VERSE,

MADE BY

EDM. SPENSER,

In honour of the double marriage of the two honorable and virtuous ladies, the Ladie Elizabeth, and the Ladie Katherine Somerset, daughters to the right honorable the Earle of Worcester, and espoused to the two worthie gentlemen, M. Henry Gilford and M. William Peter, Esquyers.

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PROTHALAMION:

OR,

A SPOUSALL VERSE.

CALME was the day, and through the trembling ayre
Sweete-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titans beames, which then did glyster fayre ;
When I, (whom [whose](sullein care, 5
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In princes court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brayne,)
Walkt forth to ease my payne 10
Along the shoare of silver streaming Themmes ;
Whose ruddy bank, the which his river hemmes,
Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adorn'd with dainty gemmes,
Fit to decke maydens bowres, 15
And crowne their paramours
Against the brydale day, which is not long:
Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

There, in a meadow, by the rivers side,
A flocke of Nymphes I chaunced to espy, 20
All lovely daughters of the Flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks, all loose untyde,
As each had bene a bryde ;
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrayled curiously, 25
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,
And with fine fingers cropt full feateously
The tender stalkes on hye.
Of every sort, which in that meadow grew,
They gathered some; the violet, pallid blew, 30
The little dazie, that at evening closes,
The virgin lillie, and the primrose trew,
With store of vermeil roses,
To deck their bridegroomes posies
Against the brydale day, which was not long : 35
Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe
Come softly swimming downe along the lee;
Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew, 40
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himselfe, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appeare ;
Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near ; 45
So purely white they were,

That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
To wet their silken feathers, least they might
Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre, 50
And marre their beauties bright,
That shone as heavens light,
Against their brydale day, which was not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

Eftsoones the Nymphes, which now had flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood, 56
As they came floating on the cristal flood;
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,
Their wondring eyes to fill;
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre, 60
Of fowles, so lovely, that they sure did deeme
Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre
Which through the skie draw Venus silver teeme;
For sure they did not seeme
To be begot of any earthly seede, 65
But rather angels, or of angels breede;
Yet were they bred of Somers-heat, they say,
In sweetest season, when each flower and weede
The earth did fresh aray;
So fresh they seem'd as day, 70
Even as their brydale day, which was not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,

That to the sense did fragrant odours yield, 75
All which upon those goodly birds they threw,
And all the waves did strew,
That like old Peneus waters they did seeme,
When downe along by pleasant Tempes shore,
Scattered with flowres, through Thessaly they streeme,
That they appeare, through lillies plenteous store, 81
Like a brydes chamber flore.

Two of those Nymphes, meane while, twogarlands bound
Of freshest flowres which in that mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim array, 85
Their snowie foreheads therewithall they crownd,
Whilst one did sing this lay,
Prepar'd against that day,
Against their brydale day, which was not long :
Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song. 90

“ Ye gentle Birdes ! the worlds faire ornament,
“ And heavens glorie, whom this happie hower
“ Doth leade unto your lovers blissfull bower,
“ Ioy may you have, and gentle hearts content
“ Of your loves couplement; 95
“ And let faire Venus, that is Queene of Love,
“ With her heart-quelling Sonne upon you smile,
“ Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to remove
“ All loves dislike, and friendships faultie guile
“ For ever to assoile. 100
“ Let endlesse peace your steadfast hearts accord,
“ And blessed plentie wait upon your bord ;
“ And let your bed with pleasures chast abound,
“ That fruitfull issue may to you afford,

" Which may your foes confound, 105
 " And make your ioyes redound
 " Upon your brydale day, which is not long :
 " Sweet Themmes! runne softlie, till I end my song."

So ended she ; and all the rest around
 To her redoubled that her undersong, 110
 Which said, their brydale daye should not be long :
 And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground
 Their accents did resound.

So forth those ioyous Birdes did passe along
 Adowne the lee, that to them murmurde low, 115
 As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,
 Yet did by signes his glad affection show,
 Making his streame run slow.
 And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
 Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell 120
 The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
 The lesser stars. So they, enranged well,
 Did on those two attend,

And their best service lend
 Against their wedding day, which was not long: 125
 Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

At length they all to mery London came,
 To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,
 That to me gave this lifes first native sourse,
 Though from another place I take my name, 130
 An house of auncient fame:

There when they came, whereas those bricky towres
 The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ryde,

Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whylome wont the Templer Knights to byde, 135
Till they decayd through pride ;
Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell.
Whose want too well now feels my freendles case ; 140
But ah! here fits not well
Olde woes, but ioyes, to tell
Against the bridale daye, which is not long :
Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer, 145
Great Englands glory, and the worlds wide wonder,
Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did
thunder,
And Hercules two Pillors standing neere
Did make to quake and feare:
Faire branch of honor, flower of chevalrie ! 150
That fillest England with thy triumphs fame,
Ioy have thou of thy noble victorie,
And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name
That promiseth the same ;
That through thy prowess, and victorious armes, 155
Thy country may be freed from forraine harmes,
And great Elisaes glorious name may ring
Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide alarmes,
Which some brave Muse may sing
To ages following, 160
Upon the brydale day, which is not long :
Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

From those high towers this noble lord issuing,
Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hayre
In th' ocean billowes he hath bathed fayre, 165
Descended to the rivers open vewing,
With a great traine ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
Two gentle Knights of lovely face and feature,
Beseeming well the bower of any queene, 170
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the Twins of Iove they seem'd in sight,
Which decke the bauldricke of the heavens bright;
They two, forth pacing to the rivers side, 175
Receiv'd those two faire Brides, their loves delight;
Which, at th' appointed tyde,
Each one did make his Bryde
Against their brydale day, which is not long: 179
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

EPITHALAMION.

YE learned Sisters, which have oftentimes
Beene to me ayding, others to adorne,
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
To heare theyr names sung in your simple layes, 5
But ioyed in theyr praise ;
And when ye list your own mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did rayse,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament 10
Your dolefull dreriment :
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside ;
And, having all your heads with girlands crownd,
Helpe me mine owne Loves prayes to resound ;
Ne let the same of any be envie : 15
So Orpheus did for his owne bride !
So I unto my selfe alone will sing ;
The woods shall to me answer, and my eccho ring.

Early, before the worlds light-giving lampe
His golden beame upon the hils doth spred, 20
Having disperst the nights unchearefull dampe,
Doe ye awake ; and, with fresh lustyhed,

Go to the bowre of my beloved Love,
My truest turtle dove ;
Bid her awake ; for Hymen is awake, 25
And long since ready forth his maske to move,
With his bright tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In theyr fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight, 30
For loe ! the wished day is come at last,
That shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,
Pay to her usury of long delight :
And, whylest she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of ioy and solace sing, 35
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Bring with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
Both of the Rivers and the Forrests greene,
And of the Sea that neighbours to her neare ;
All with gay girlands goodly wel beseene. 40
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay girland,
For my fayre Love, of Lillyes and of Roses,
Bound truelove wize, with a blew silke riband.
And let them make great store of bridale poses, 45
And let them eke bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridale bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewd with fragrant flowers all along, 50
And diapred lyke the discolored mead.

Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
For she will waken strayt ;
The whiles do ye this Song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your eccho ring.

Ye Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed 56
The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed ;
(Those trouts and pikes all others doe excell ;)
And ye likewise, which keepe the rushy lake, 60
Where none doo fishes take ;
Bynd up the locks the which hang scatterd light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my Love doth lie, 65
No blemish she may spie.
And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe the dore,
That on the hoary mountayne use to towre ;
And the wylde wolves, which seeke them to devoure,
With your steele darts doe chace from coming neer ;
Be also present heere, 71
To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Wake now, my Love, awake ; for it is time ;
The rosy Morne long since left Tithons bed, 75
All ready to her silver coche to clyme ;
And Phoebus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark ! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies,
And carroll of Loves praise.

The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft ; 80
The Thrush replyes ; the Mavis descant playes ;
The Ouzell shrills ; the Ruddock warbles soft ;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this dayes meriment.
Ah ! my deere Loye, why doe ye sleepe thus long, 85
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' awayt the comming of your ioyous Make,
And hearken to the birds love-learned song,
The deawy leaves among !
For they of ioy and pleasance to you sing, 90
That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

My Love is now awake out of her dreame,
And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beams
More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere. 95
Come now, ye Damzels, Daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight :
But first come, ye fayre Houres, which were begot,
In Ioves sweet paradise, of Day and Night ;
Which doe the seasons of the year allot, 100
And all, that ever in this world is fayre,
Do make and still repayre :
And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,
The which doe still adorn her beauties pride,
Helpe to adorne my beautifullest bride : 105
And, as ye her array, still throw betweene
Some graces to be seene ;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shal answer, and your eccho ring.

Now is my Love all ready forth to come : 110
Let all the Virgins therefore well awayt ;
And ye fresh Boyes, that tend upon her Groome,
Prepare your selves ; for he is comming strayt.
Set all your things in seemely good aray,
Fit for so ioyfull day : 115
The ioyfulst day that ever Sunne did see.
Fair Sun ! shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her beauty to disgrace. 120
O fayrest Phoebus ! Father of the Muse !
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse ;
But let this day, let this one day, be mine ; 125
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil sing,
That all the woods shal answer, and their eccho ring.

Harke ! how the minstrils gin to shrill aloud
Their merry musick that resounds from far, 130
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud,
That well agree withouten breach or iar.
But, most of all, the Damzels doe delite,
When they their tymbrels smyte,
And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet, 135
That all the sences they doe ravish quite ;
The whyles the Boyes run up and downe the street,
Crying aloud with strong confused noyce,
As if it were one voyce,

Hymen, Iö Hymen, Hymen, they do shout ; 140
That even to the heavens they shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill ;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance, doe thereto applaud,
And loud advaunce her laud ; 145
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen, sing,
That all the woods them answer, and they eccho ring.

Loe ! where she comes along with portly pace,
Lyke Phoebe, from her chamber of the East,
Arysing forth to run her mighty race, 150
Clad all in white, that seems a Virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would weene
Some Angell she had beene.
Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinkled with perle, and perling flowres atweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre ; 156
And, being crowned with a girland greene,
Seem lyke some Mayden Queene.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare, 160
Upon the lowly ground affixed are ;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing, 165
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

/ Tell me, ye Merchants daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before ;

So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorn'd with beautyes grace and vertues store? 170
Her goodly eyes lyke saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead yvory white,
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips lyke cherries charming men to byte,
Her brest like to a bowl of creame uncrudded, 175
Her paps lyke lyllys budded,
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre ;
And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,
To Honors seat and Chastities sweet bowre, 180
Why stand ye still ye Virgins in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see, 185
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
Medusaes mazeful hed. 190
There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Fayth, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty ;
There Vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
And giveth lawes alone, 195
The which the base affections doe obay,
And yeeld theyr services unto her will ;

Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial treasures, 200
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayes sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your eccho ring.

Open the temple gates unto my Love,
Open them wide that she may enter in, 205
And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to receyve this Saynt with honour dew,
That commeth in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence, 210
She commeth in, before th' Almightyes view:
Of her ye Virgins learne obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may 215
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make;
And let the roring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throates, 220
The choristers the ioyous anthemé sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their eccho ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands, 225
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,

And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne,
Like crimsin dyde in grayne :
That even the Angels, which continually
About the sacred altar doe remaine, 230
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty, 235
That suffers not one look to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsownd.
Why blush ye, Love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band !
Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing, 240
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Now al is done : bring home the Bride againe ;
Bring home the triumph of our victory ;
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine, .
With ioyance bring her and with iollity. 245
Never had man more ioyfull day than this,
Whom heaven would heape with blis.
Make feast therefore now all this live-long day ;
This day for ever to me holy is.
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay, 250
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the posts and wals with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye god Bacchus with a coronall, 255
And Hymen also crowne with wreaths of vine ;

And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can doo it best :
The whiles the Maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and theyr eccho
ring. 260

Ring ye the bells, ye yong men of the towne,
And leave your wonted labors for this day:
This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the Sunne is in his chiefest hight, 265
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was, 270
To choose the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare :
Yet never day so long, but late would passe.
Ring ye the bells, to make it weare away,
And bonefiers make all day ; 275
And daunce about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lende me leave to come unto my Love?
How slowly do the houres theyr numbers spend? 280
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move?
Hast thee, O fayrest Planet, to thy home,
Within the Westernne fome:

Thy tyred steedes long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome, 285
And the bright Evening-star with golden creast
Appeare out of the East.
Fayre childe of beauty ! glorious lampe of Love !
That all the host of heaven in rankes doost lead,
And guidest Lovers through the nights sad dread, 290
How chearefully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,
As ioying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for ioy do sing, 294
That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring !

Now cease, ye Damsels, your delights fore-past ;
Enough it is that all the day was youres :
Now day is doen, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the Bryde into the brydall bowres.
The night is come, now soon her disaray, 300
And in her bed her lay ;
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken curteins over her display,
And odour'd sheets, and Arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my faire Love does ly, 305
In proud humility !
Like unto Maia, when as Love her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke. 310
Now it is night, ye Damsels may be gone,
And leave my Love alone,

And leave likewise your former lay to sing :
The woods no more shall answer, nor your eccho ring.

Now welcome, Night ! thou night so long expected,
That long daies labour doest at last defray, 316
And all my cares, which cruell Love collected,
Hast sumd in one, and cancelled for aye :
Spread thy broad wing over my Love and me,
That no man may us see ; 320
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our ioy ; 325
But let the night be calme, and quietsome,
Without tempestuous storms or sad afray :
Lyke as when Iove with fayre Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groome :
Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie, 330
And begot Majesty.
And let the Mayds and Yongmen cease to sing ;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without : 335
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceived dout.
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadful sights,
Make sudden sad affrights ;

Ne let house-fyres, nor lightnings helpless harmes, 340
Ne let the ponke, nor other evill sprights,
Ne let mischievous witches with theyr charmes,
Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sence we see not,
Fray us with things that be not :
Let not the skrieche-owle nor the storke be heard, 345
Nor the night-raven, that still deadly yels ;
Nor damned ghosts, cald up with mighty spells,
Nor griesly vultures, make us once affeard :
Ne let th' unpleasant quyre of frogs still croking
Make us to wish theyr choking. 350
Let none of these theyr drery accents sing ;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

But let stil Silence trew night-watches keepe,
That sacred Peace may in assurance rayne,
And tymely Sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe, 355
May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant playne ;
The whiles an hundred little winged Loves,
Like divers-fethered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about the bed,
And in the secret darke, that none reproves, 360
Their prety stealthes shall worke, and snares shall spread
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceald through covert night.
Ye Sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will !
For greedy Pleasure, carelesse of your toyes, 365
Thinks more upon her Paradise of ioyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.

All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soone be day:
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing; 370
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your eccho ring.

Who is the same, which at my window peepes?
Or whose is that faire face that shines so bright?
Is it not Cinthia, she that never sleepes,
But walkes about high heaven al the night? 375
O! fayrest goddesse, do thou not envy
My Love with me to spy:
For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of wooll, which privily
The Latmian Shepherd once unto thee brought, 380
His pleasures with thee wrought.
Therefore to us be favorable now;
And sith of wemens labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Encline thy will t' effect our wishfull vow, 385
And the chast womb informe with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing;
Ne let the woods us answer, nor our eccho ring.

And thou, great Iuno! which with awful might 390
The Lawes of Wedlock still dost patronize;
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize;
And eke for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart; 395

Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessings unto us impart.
And thou, glad Genius! in whose gentle hand
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemish or staine; 400
And the sweet pleasures of theyr loves delight
With secret ayde doost succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny;
Send us the timely fruit of this same night.
And thou, fayre Hebe! and thou, Hymen free! 405
Grant that it may so be.
Till which we cease your further prayse to sing;
Ne any woods shall answer, nor your eccho ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright 410
Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darknesse lend desired light;
And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
More than we men can fayne;
Poure out your blessing on us plentiously, 415
And happy influence upon us raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long possesse
With lasting happinesse,
Up to your haughty pallaces may mount; 420
And, for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet Love, in hope of this,

And cease till then our tymely ioyes to sing: 425
The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho ring!

*Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my Love should duly have been dect,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your dew time to expect, 430
But promist both to recompens;
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endlesse moniment! 432*

P O E M S.

I.

IN youth, before I waxed old,
The blynd boy, Venus baby,
For want of cunning made me bold,
In bitter hyve to grope for honny:
But, when he saw me stung and cry,
He tooke his wings and away did fly.

II.

As Diane hunted on a day,
She chaunst to come where Cupid lay,
His quiver by his head:
One of his shafts she stole away,
And one of hers did close convey
Into the others stead:
With that Love wounded my Loves hart,
But Diane beasts with Cupids dart.

III.

I saw, in secret to my Dame
How little Cupid humbly came,
And said to her; "All hayle, my mother!"
But, when he saw me laugh, for shame

His face with bashfull blood did flame,
Not knowing Venus from the other.
“Then, never blush, Cupid, quoth I,
For many have err’d in this beauty.”

IV.

UPON a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbring
All in his mothers lap;
A gentle Bee, with his loud trumpet murm’ring,
About him flew by hap.
Whereof when he was wakened with the noyse, 5
And saw the beast so small;
“Whats this (quoth he) that gives so great a voyce,
That wakens men withall?”
In angry wize he flies about,
And threatens all with corage stout. 10
To whom his mother closely smiling sayd,
’Twixt earnest and ’twixt game:
“See! thou thy selfe likewise art lyttle made,
If thou regard the same.
And yet thou suffrest neyther gods in sky, 15
Nor men in earth, to rest:
But, when thou art disposed cruelly,
Theyr sleepe thou doost molest.
Then eyther change thy cruelty,
Or give lyke leave unto the fly.” 20
Nathelesse, the cruell boy, not so content,
Would needs the fly pursue;
And in his hand, with heedlesse hardiment,
Him caught for to subdue.

But, when on it he hasty hand did lay, 25
The Bee him stung therefore :
“ Now out alas, he cryde, and welaway,
I wounded am full sore :
The fly, that I so much did scorne,
Hath hurt me with his little horne.” 30
Unto his mother straight he weeping came,
And of his grieve complayned :
Who could not chuse but laugh at his fond game,
Though sad to see him pained.
“ Think now (quoth she) my son, how great the smart
Of those whom thou dost wound : 36
Full many thou hast pricked to the hart,
That pitty never found :
Therefore, henceforth some pitty take,
When thou doest spoyle of Lovers make.” 40
She tooke him streight full pitiously lamenting,
And wrapt him in her smock :
She wrapt him softly, all the while repenting
That he the fly did mock.
She drest his wound, and it embaulmed well 45
With salve of soveraigne might :
And then she bath'd him in a dainty well,
The well of deare delight.
Who would not oft be stung as this,
To be so bath'd in Venus blis? 50
The wanton boy was shortly wel recured
Of that his malady :
But he, soone after, fresh again enured
His former cruelty.

And since that time he wounded hath my selfe 55
With his sharpe dart of Love :
And now forgets the cruell carelesse elfe
His mothers heast to prove.
So now I languish, till he please
My pining anguish to appease. 60

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AMORETTI,

OR

SONNETS.

BY EDM. SPENSER.

•

G. W. SENIOR,
TO THE AUTHOR.

DARKE is the day, when Phœbus face is shrouded,
And weaker sights may wander soone astray :
But, when they see his glorious rays unclouded,
With steddý steps they keep the perfect way :
So, while this Muse in forraine land doth stay,
Invention weeps, and pens are cast aside ;
The time, like night, depriv'd of chearfull day ;
And few do write, but (ah !) too soon may slide.
Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
And with thy wit illustrate England's fame,
Daunting thereby our neighbours ancient pride,
That do, for Poesie, challenge chiefest name :
So we that live, and ages that succeed,
With great applause thy learned works shall read.

AN ! Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,
Piping to shepherds thy sweet roundelays ;
Or whether singing, in some lofty vaine,
Heroicke deeds of past or present days ;
Or whether, in thy lovely Mistresse praise,
Thou list to exercise thy learned quill ;
Thy Muse hath got such grace and power to please,
With rare invention, beautified by skill,
As who therein can ever ioy their fill !
O ! therefore let that happy Muse proceed
To clime the height of Vertues sacred hill,
Where endlesse honour shall be made thy meed :
Because no malice of succeeding daies
Can rase those records of thy lasting praise.

G. W. Junr.

AMORETTI,

OR

SONNETS.

I.

HAPPY, ye leaves ! when as those lilly hands,
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in loves soft bands,
Lyke captives trembling at the victors sight.
And happy lines ! on which, with starry light,
Those laming eyes will deigne sometimes to look,
And reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
Written with teares in harts close-bleeding book.
And happy rymes ! bath'd in the sacred brooke
Of Helicon, whence she derived is ;
When ye behold that Angels blessed looke,
My soules long-lacked food, my heavens blis ;
Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none !

II.

UNQUIET thought ! whom at the first I bred
Of th' inward bale of my love-pined hart ;
And sithens have with sighes and sorrowes fed,
Till greater then my wombe thou woxen art :
Breake forth at length out of the inner part,
In which thou lurkest lyke to vipers brood ;
And seeke some succour both to ease my smart,
And also to sustayne thy selfe with food.
But, if in presence of that fayrest Proud
Thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet ;
And, with meek humblesse and afflicted mood,
Pardon for thee, and grace for me, intreat :
Which if she graunt, then live, and my love cherish :
If not, die soone ; and I with thee will perish.

/III.

THE soverayne beauty which I doo admyre,
Witnesse the world how worthy to be prayzed !
The light wherof hath kindled heavenly fyre
In my fraile spirit, by her from basenesse rayzed ;
That being now with her huge brightnesse dazed,
Base thing I can no more endure to view :
But, looking still on her, I stand amazed
At wondrous sight of so celestiall hew.
So when my tounge would speak her praises dew,
It stopped is with thoughts astonishment ;
And, when my pen would write her titles true,
It ravisht is with fancies wonderment :
Yet in my hart I then both speak and write
The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

IV.

NEW yeare, forth looking out of Ianus gate,
Doth seeme to promise hope of new delight :
And, bidding th' old adieu, his passed date
Bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright :
And, calling forth out of sad Winters night
Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheerlesse lower.
Wils him awake, and soone about him dight
His wanton wings and darts of deadly power.
For lusty Spring now in his timely howre
Is ready to come forth, him to receive ;
And warns the Earth with divers-colord flowre
To decke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weave. [raime.
Then you, faire flowre ! in whom fresh youth doth
Prepare your selfe new love to entertaine.

V.

RUDELY thou wrongest my deare harts desire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride :
The thing which I doo most in her admire,
Is of the world unworthy most envide :
For in those lofty lookes is close implide,
Scorn of base things, and sdeigne of foul dishonor :
Thretning rash eies which gaze on her so wide,
That loosely they ne dare to looke upon her.
Such pride is praise ; such portlinesse is honor ;
That boldned innocence beares in hir eies ;
And her faire countenance, like a goodly banner,
Spreds in defiaunce of all enemies.

Was never in this world ought worthy tride,
Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.

VI.

BE nought dismayd that her unmoved mind
Doth still persist in her rebellious pride :
Such love, not lyke to lusts of baser kynd,
The harder wonne, the firmer will abide.
The durefull oake, whose sap is not yet dride,
Is long ere it conceive the kindling fyre;
But, when it once doth burne, it doth divide
Great heat, and makes his flames to heaven aspire.
So hard it is to kindle new desire
In gentle brest, that shall endure for ever :
Deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire
With chaste affects, that naught but death can sever.
Then thinke not long in taking litle paine
To knit the knot, that ever shall remaine.

VII.

FAYRE eyes ! the myrrour of my mazed hart,
What wondrous vertue is contain'd in you,
The which both lyfe and death forth from you dart
Into the obiect of your mighty view ?
For, when ye mildly looke with lovely hew,
Then is my soule with life and love inspired :
But when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,
Then do I die, as one with lightning fyred.
But, since that lyfe is more then death desyred,
Looke ever lovely, as becomes you best ;
That your bright beams, of my weak eies admyred,
May kindle living fire within my brest.
Such life should be the honor of your light,
Such death the sad ensample of your might.

VIII.

MORE then most faire, full of the living fire,
Kindled above unto the Maker nere ;
No eies but ioyes, in which al powers conspire,
That to the world naught else be counted deare :
Through your bright beams doth not the blinded guest
Shoot out his darts to base affections wound ;
But Angels come to lead fraile mindes to rest
In chast desires, on heavenly beauty bound.
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within ;
You stop my tounge, and teach my hart to speake ;
You calme the storme that passion did begin,
Strong through your cause, but by your vertue weak.
Dark is the world, where your light shined never ;
Well is he borne, that may behold you ever.

IX.

LONG-WHILE I sought to what I might compare
Those powrefull eies, which lighten my dark spright :
Yet find I nought on earth, to which I dare
Resemble th' ymage of their goodly light.
Not to the Sun ; for they doo shine by night ;
Nor to the Moone ; for they are changed never :
Nor to the Starres ; for they have purer sight ;
Nor to the Fire ; for they consume not ever ;
Nor to the Lightning ; for they still perseuer ;
Nor to the Diamond ; for they are more tender ;
Nor unto Cristall ; for nought may them sever ;
Nor unto Glasse ; such basenesse mought offend her.
Then to the Maker selfe they likest be,
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

X.

UNRIGHTEOUS Lord of love, what law is this,
That me thou makest thus tormented be,
The whiles she lordeth in licentious blisse
Of her freewill, scorning both thee and me?
See! how the Tyrannesse doth ioy to see
The huge massáces which her eyes do make;
And humbled harts brings captive unto thee,
That thou of them mayst mightie vengeance take.
But her proud hart doe thou a little shake,
And that high look, with which she doth comptroll
All this worlds pride, bow to a baser make,
And al her faults in thy black booke enroll:
That I may laugh at her in equall sort,
As she doth laugh at me, and makes my pain her sport.

XI.

DAYLY when I do seeke and sew for peace,
And hostages doe offer for my truth;
She, cruell warriour, doth her selfe addresse
To battell, and the weary war renew'th;
Ne wilbe moov'd with reason, or with rewth,
To graunt small respit to my restlesse toile;
But greedily her fell intent poursewth,
Of my poore life to make unpittied spoile.
Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to assoyle,
I would her yield, her wrath to pacify:
But then she seeks, with torment and turmoyle,
To force me live, and will not let me dy.
All paine hath end, and every war hath peace;
But mine, no price nor prayer may surcease.

XII.

ONE day I sought with her hart-thrilling eies
To make a truce, and termes to entertaine ;
All fearlesse then of so false enimies,
Which sought me to entrap in treasons traine.
So, as I then disarmed did remaine,
A wicked ambush which lay hidden long,
In the close covert of her guilful eyen,
Thence breaking forth, did thicke about me throng.
Too feeble I t' abide the brunt so strong,
Was forst to yield my selfe into their hands ;
Who, me captiving streight with rigorous wrong,
Have ever since kept me in cruell bands.

So, Ladie, now to you I doo complaine,
Against your eies, that iustice I may gaine.

XIII.

IN that proud port, which her so goodly graceth,
Whiles her faire face she reares up to the skie,
And to the ground her eie-lids low embaseth,
Most goodly temperature ye may descry ;
Myld humblesse, mixt with awfull maiestie.
For, looking on the earth whence she was borne,
Her minde remembreth her mortalitie,
Whatso is fayrest shall to earth returne.
But that same lofty countenance seemes to scorne
Base thing, and thinke how she to heaven may clime ;
Treading downe earth as lothsome and forlorne,
That hinders heavenly thoughts with drossy slime.

Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me ;
Such lowlinesse shall make you lofty be.

XIV.

RETOURNE agayne, my forces late dismayd,
Unto the siege by you abandon'd quite.
Great shame it is to leave, like one afrayd,
So fayre a peece, for one repulse so light.
'Gaynst such strong castles needeth greater might
Then those small forts which ye were wont belay:
Such haughty mynds, enur'd to hardy fight,
Disdayne to yield unto the first assay.
Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,
And lay incessant battery to her heart;
Playnts, prayers, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and dismay;
Those engins can the proudest love convert:
And, if those fayle, fall down and dy before her;
So dying live, and living do adore her.

XV.

YE tradefull Merchants, that, with weary toyle,
Do seeke most pretious things to make your gain;
And both the Indias of their treasure spoile;
What needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?
For loe, my Love doth in her selfe containe
All this worlds riches that may farre be found:
If Saphyres, loe, her eies be Saphyres plaine;
If Rubies, loe, hir lips be Rubies' sound;
If Pearles, hir teeth be Pearles, both pure and round;
If Yvorie, her forehead Yvory weene;
If Gold, her locks are finest Gold on ground;
If Silver, her faire hands are Silver sheene:
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind adornd with vertues manifold.

XVI.

ONE day as I unwarily did gaze
On those fayre eyes, my loves immortal light;
The whiles my stonisht hart stood in amaze,
Through sweet illusion of her lookes delight;
I mote perceive how, in her glauncing sight,
Legions of Loves with little wings did fly;
Darting their deadly arrows, fyry bright,
At every rash beholder passing by.
One of those archers closely I did spy,
Ayming his arrow at my very hart:
When suddenly, with twinkle of her eye,
The Damzell broke his misintended dart.

Had she not so doon, sure I had bene slayne;
Yet as it was, I hardly scap't with paine.

XVII.

THE glorious pourtraict of that Angels face,
Made to amaze weake mens confused skil,
And this worlds worthlesse glory to embase,
What pen, what pencill, can expresse her fill?
For though he colours could devize at will,
And eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
Least, trembling, it his workmanship should spill;
Yet many wondrous things there are beside:
The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes glide;
The charming smiles, that rob sence from the hart;
The lovely pleasance; and the lofty pride;
Cannot expressed be by any art.

A greater craftsmans hand thereto doth neede,
That can expresse the life of things indeed.

XVIII.

THE rolling wheele that runneth often round,
The hardest steele, in tract of time doth teare :
And drizzling drops, that often doe redound,
The firmest flint doth in continuance weare :
Yet cannot I, with many a drooping teare
And long intreaty, soften her hard hart ;
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,
Or looke with pittie on my payneful smart.
But, when I pleade, she bids me play my part ;
And, when I weep, she sayes, Teares are but water ;
And, when I sigh, she sayes, I know the art ;
And, when I waile, she turnes hir selfe to laughter.
So do I weepe, and wayle, and pleade in vaine,
Whiles she as steele and flint doth still remayne.

XIX.

THE merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring,
His trompet shrill hath thrise already sounded,
That warnes al Lovers wayte upon their king,
Who now is coming forth with girland crowned.
With noyse whereof the quyre of Byrds resounded
Their anthemes sweet, devized of loves prayse,
That all the woods they ecchoes back rebounded,
As if they knew the meaning of their layes.
But mongst them all, which did Loves honor rayse,
No word was heard of her that most it ought ;
But she his precept proudly disobayes,
And doth his ydle message set at nought.
Therefore, O Love, unlesse she turne to thee
Ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be !

XX.

IN vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace,
And doe myne humbled hart before her poure ;
The whiles her foot she in my necke doth place.
And tread my life downe in the lowly floure.
And yet the lyon that is lord of power,
And reigneth over every beast in field,
In his most pride disdeigneth to deuoure
The silly lambe that to his might doth yield.
But she, more cruell, and more salvage wylde,
Than either lyon, or the lyonesse ;
Shames not to be with guiltlesse bloud defylde,
But taketh glory in her crueltiesse.

Fayrer then fayrest ! let none ever say,
That ye were blooded in a yeelded pray.

XXI.

WAS it the worke of Nature or of Art,
Which tempred so the feature of her face,
That pride and meeknesse, mixt by equall part,
Doe both appeare t' adorne her beauties grace ?
For with mild pleasance, which doth pride displace,
She to her love doth lookers eyes allure ;
And, with stern countenance, back again doth chace
Their looser looks that stir up lustes impure ;
With such strange termes her eyes she doth inure,
That, with one looke, she doth my life dismay ;
And with another doth it streight recure ;
Her smile me drawes ; her frowne me drives away.
Thus doth she traine and teach me with her lookes ;
Such art of eyes I never read in bookes !

XXII.

THIS holy season, fit to fast and pray,
Men to devotion ought to be inclynd :
Therefore, I lykewise, on so holy day,
For my sweet Saynt some service fit will find.
Her temple fayre is built within my mind,
In which her glorious ymage placed is ;
On which my thoughts doo day and night attend,
Lyke sacred Priests that never thinke amisse :
There I to her, as th' author of my blisse,
Will builde an altar to appease her yre ;
And on the same my hart will sacrificise,
Burning in flames of pure and chaste desyre :
The which vouchsafe, O Goddesse, to accept,
Amongst thy deerest relicks to be kept.

XXIII.

PENELOPE, for her Uliesses sake,
Deviz'd a Web her wooers to deceive ;
In which the worke that she all day did make,
The same at night she did againe unreave :
Such subtile craft my Damzell doth conceave,
Th' importune suit of my desire to shonne :
For all that I in many dayes do weave,
In one short houre I find by her undonne.
So, when I thinke to end that I begonne,
I must begin and never bring to end :
For, with one looke, she spils that long I sponne ;
And, with one word, my whole years work doth rend.
Such labour like the spyders web I fynd,
Whose fruitlesse worke is broken with least wynd.

XXIV.

WHEN I behold that beauties wonderment,
And rare perfection of each goodly part ;
Of Natures skill the onely complement ;
I honor and admire the Makers art.
But when I feele the bitter balefull smart,
Which her fayre eyes unwares doe worke in mee,
That death out of theyr shiny beames doe dart ;
I thinke that I a new Pandora see,
Whom all the gods in counsell did agree
Into this sinfull world from heaven to send ;
That she to wicked men a scourge should bee,
For all their faults with which they did offend.
But, since ye are my scourge, I will intreat,
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

XXV.

How long shall this lyke dying lyfe endure,
And know no end of her owne mysery,
But wast and weare away in termes unsure,
'Twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully !
Yet better were attonce to let me die,
And shew the last ensample of your pride ;
Then to torment me thus with cruelty,
To prove your powre, which I too wel have tride.
But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide
A close intent at last to shew me grace ;
Then all the woes and wrecks, which I abide,
As meanes of blisse I gladly wil embrace ;
And wish that more and greater they might be,
That greater meede at last may turne to mee.

XXVI.

SWEET is the Rose, but growes upon a brere;
Sweet is the Iunipeer, but sharpe his bough;
Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;
Sweet is the Firbloome, but his braunches rough;
Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rynd is rough;
Sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the Broome-flowre, but yet sowre enough;
And sweet is Moly, but his root is ill.
So every sweet with soure is tempred still,
That maketh it be coveted the more:
For easie things, that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men doe set but little store.

Why then should I accompt of little paine,
That endlesse pleasure shall unto me gaine!

XXVII.

FAIRE Proud! now tell me, why should faire be proud,
Sith all worlds glorie is but drosse uncleane,
And in the shade of death it selfe shall shroud,
However now thereof ye little weene!
That goodly Idoll, now so gay beseene,
Shall doffe her fleshs borrowd fayre attyre;
And be forgot as it had never beene;
That many now much worship and admire!
Ne any then shall after it inquire,
Ne any mention shall thereof remaine,
But what this verse, that never shall expyre,
Shall to you purchas with her thankles pain!
Faire! be no lenger proud of that shall perish;
But that, which shall you make immortall, cherish.

XXVIII.

THE laurel-leave, which you this day doe weare,
Gives me great hope of your relenting mynd :
For since it is the badge which I doe beare,
Ye, bearing it, doe seeme to me inclind :
The powre thereof, which ofte in me I find,
Let it lykewise your gentle brest inspire
With sweet infusion, and put you in mind
Of that proud Mayd, whom now those leaves attyre :
Proud Daphne, scorning Phœbus lovely fyre,
On the Thessalian shore from him did flie :
For which the gods, in theyr revengefull yre,
Did her transforme into a Laurell-tree.

Then fly no more, fayre Love, from Phebus chace,
But in your brest his leave and love embrace.

XXIX.

SEE! how the stubborne Damzell doth deprave
My simple meaning with disdaynfull scorne;
And by the bay, which I unto her gave,
Accoumpts my self her captive quite forlorne.
The bay, quoth she, is of the victours born,
Yielded them by the vanquisht as theyr meeds,
And they therewith doe Poetes heads adorne,
To sing the glory of their famous deeds.
But sith she will the conquest challeng needs,
Let her accept me as her faithfull thrall ;
That her great triumph, which my skill exceeds,
I may in trump of fame blaze over all.

Then would I decke her head with glorious bayes,
And fill the world with her victorious prayse.

XXX.

My Love is lyke to yse, and I to fyre ;
How comes it then that this her cold so great
Is not dissolv'd through my so hot desyre,
But harder growes the more I her intreat !
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not delayd by her hart-frozen cold ;
But that I burne much more in boyling sweat,
And feele my flames augmented manifold !
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That fire, which all things melts, should harden yse ;
And yse, which is congeald with sencelesse cold,
Should kindle fyre by wonderful devyse !
Such is the powre of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the course of kynd.

XXXI.

Alas ! why hath Nature to so hard a hart
Given so goodly giftes of beauties grace !
Whose pryde depraves each other better part,
And all those pretious ornaments deface.
Sith to all other beastes, of bloody race,
A dreadfull countenance she given hath ;
That with theyr terrour all the rest may chace,
And warne to shun the daunger of theyr wrath.
But my proud one doth worke the greater scath,
Through sweet allurement of her lovely hew ;
That she the better may, in bloody bath
Of such poore thralls, her cruell hands embrew.
But, did she know how ill these two accord,
Such cruelty she would have soone abhord.

XXXII.

THE paynefull smith, with force of fervent heat,
The hardest yron soone doth mollify ;
That with his heavy sledge he can it beat,
And fashion to what he it list apply.
Yet cannot all these flames, in which I fry,
Her hart more hard then yron soft a whit ;
Ne all the playnts and prayers, with which I
Doe beat on th' anvile of her stubberne wit :
But still, the more she fervent sees my fit,
The more she frieseth in her wilfull pryde ;
And harder growes, the harder she is smit
With all the playnts which to her be applyde.

What then remaines but I to ashes burne,
And she to stones at length all frozen turne !

XXXIII.

GREAT wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
To that most sacred Empresse, my dear dred,
Not finishing her Queene of Faëry,
That mote enlarge her living prayses, dead :
But Lodwick, this of grace to me aread ;
Do ye not thinck th' accomplishment of it,
Sufficient worke for one mans simple head,
All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ ?
How then should I, without another wit,
Thinck ever to endure so tedious toyle !
Sith that this one is tost with troublous fit
Of a proud Love, that doth my spirite spoyle.

Cease then, till she vouchsafe to grawnt me rest ;
Or lend you me another living brest.

XXXIV.

LYKE as a ship, that through the ocean wyde,
By conduct of some star, doth make her way;
Whenas a storm hath dimd her trusty guyde,
Out of her course doth wander far astray!
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct, with cloudes is over-cast,
Doe wander now, in darknesse and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plast;
Yet hope I well that, when this storme is past,
My Helice, the lodestar of my lyfe,
Will shine again, and looke on me at last,
With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief.
Till then I wander carefull, comfortlesse,
In secret sorrow, and sad pensivenesse.

XXXV.

My hungry eyes, through greedy covetize
Still to behold the obiect of their paine,
With no contentment can themselves suffice;
But, having, pine; and, having not, complaine.
For, lacking it, they cannot lyfe sustayne;
And, having it, they gaze on it the more;
In their amazement lyke Narcissus vaine,
Whose eyes him starv'd: so plenty makes me poore.
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
Of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke,
But lothe the things which they did like before,
And can no more endure on them to looke.
All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to me,
And all their shoves but shadowes, saving she.

XXXVI.

TELL me, when shall these wearie woes have end,
Or shall their ruthlesse torment never cease ;
But al my days in pining languor spend,
Without hope of asswagement or release ?
Is there no meanes for me to purchase peace,
Or make agreement with her thrilling eyes ;
But that their cruelty doth still increace,
And dayly more augment my miseryes ?
But, when ye have shew'd all extremityes,
Then think how little glory ye have gayned
By slaying him, whose lyfe, though ye despyse,
Mote have your life in honor long maintayned.
But by his death, which some perhaps will mone,
Ye shall condemned be of many a one.

XXXVII.

WHAT guyle is this, that those her golden tresses
She doth attyre under a net of gold ;
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
That which is gold, or haire, may scarce be told ?
Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden snare ;
And, being caught, may craftily enfold
Their weaker harts, which are not wel aware ?
Take heed therefore, myne eyes, how ye doe stare
Henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,
In which if ever ye entrapped are,
Out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get.
Fondnesse it were for any, being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden bee !

✓ XXXVIII.

ARION, when, through tempests cruel wracke,
He forth was thrown into the greedy seas;
Through the sweet musick, which his harp did make,
Allur'd a dolphin him from death to ease.
But my rude musick, which was wont to please
Some dainty eares, cannot, with any skill,
The dreadfull tempest of her wrath appease,
Nor move the dolphin from her stubborn will;
But in her pride she dooth persever still,
All carelesse how my life for her decays:
Yet with one word she can it save or spill.
To spill were pittie, but to save were prayse!
Chuse rather to be prayd for doing good,
Then to be blam'd for spilling guiltlesse blood.

✓ XXXIX.

SWEET smile! the daughter of the Queene of Love,
Expressing all thy mothers powrefull art,
With which she wons to temper angry Love,
When all the gods he threats with thundring dart:
Sweet is thy vertue, as thy selfe sweet art.
For, when on me thou shinedst late in sadnesse,
A melting pleasance ran through every part,
And me revived with hart-robbling gladnesse.
Whylest rapt with ioy resembling heavenly madness,
My soule was ravisht quite as in a traunce;
And, feeling thence no more her sorrowes sadnesse,
Fed on the fulnesse of that chearfull glaunce.
More sweet than nectar, or ambrosiall meat,
Seem'd every bit which thenceforth I did eat.

XL.

MARK when she smiles with amiable cheare,
And tell me whereto can ye lyken it ;
When on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare
An hundred Graces as in shade to sit.
Lykest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
Unto the fayre sunshine in somers day ;
That, when a dreadfull storme away is flit,
Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray ;
At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drouping hed.

So my storme-beaten hart likewise is cheared
With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are cleared.

XLI.

Is it her nature, or is it her will,
To be so cruell to an humbled foe ?
If nature ; then she may it mend with skill :
If will ; then she at will may will forgoe.
But if her nature and her will be so,
That she will plague the man that loves her most,
And take delight t' encrease a wretches woe ;
Then all her natures goodly guifts are lost :
And that same glorious beauties ydle boast
Is but a bayt such wretches to beguile,
As, being long in her loves tempest tost,
She meanes at last to make her pitious spoyle.

O fayrest fayre ! let never it be named,
That so fayre beauty was so fowly shamed.

XLII.

THE love, which me so cruelly tormenteth,
So pleasing is in my extreamest paine,
That, all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,
The more I love and doe embrace my bane.
Ne do I wish (for wishing were but vaine)
To be acquit fro my continual smart;
But ioy, her thrall for ever to remayne,
And yield for pledge my poor and captvyed hart;
The which, that it from her may never start,
Let her, yf please her, bynd with adamant chayne;
And from all wandring loves, which mote pervart
His safe assurance, strongly it restrayne.

Onely let her abstaine from cruelty,
And doe me not before my time to dy.

XLIII.

SHALL I then silent be, or shall I speake?
And, if I speake, her wrath renew I shall;
And, if I silent be, my hart will breake,
Or choked be with overflowing gall.
What tyranny is this, both my hart to thrall,
And eke my tounge with proud restraint to tie;
That neither I may speake nor thinke at all,
But like a stupid stock in silence die!
Yet I my hart with silence secretly
Will teach to speak, and my just cause to plead;
And eke mine eies, with meek humility,
Love-learned letters to her eyes to read;
Which her deep wit, that true harts thought can spel,
Wil soon conceive, and learne to construe well.

XLIV.

WHEN those renoumed noble Peres of Greece,
Through stubborn pride, among themselves did iar,
Forgetfull of the famous golden fleece;
Then Orpheus with his harp theyr strife did bar.
But this continuall, cruell, civill warre,
The which my selfe against my selfe doe make;
Whilest my weak powres of passions warreid arre;
No skill can stint, nor reason can aslake.
But, when in hand my tunelesse harp I take,
Then doe I more augment my foes despight;
And grieve renew, and passions doe awake
To battaile, fresh against my selfe to fight.
Mongst whome the more I seeke to settle peace,
The more I fynd their malice to increace.

XLV.

LEAVE, Lady! in your glasse of cristall clene,
Your goodly selfe for evermore to vew:
And in my selfe, my inward selfe, I meane,
Most lively lyke behold your semblant trew.
Within my hart, though hardly it can shew
Thing so divine to vew of earthly eye,
The fayre idea of your celestiall hew
And every part remains immortally:
And were it not that, through your cruelty,
With sorrow dimmed and deform'd it were,
The goodly ymage of your visnomy,
Clearer than cristall, would therein appere.
But, if your selfe in me ye playne will see,
Remove the cause by which your fayre beames
darkned be.

XLVI.

WHEN my abodes prefixed time is spent,
My cruell fayre streight bids me wend my way :
But then from heaven most hideous stormes are sent,
As willing me against her will to stay.
Whom then shall I, or heaven or her, obey ?
The heavens know best what is the best for me :
But as she will, whose will my life doth sway,
My lower heaven, so it perforce must be.
But ye high hevens, that all this sorowe see,
Sith all your tempests cannot hold me backe,
Aswage your storms; or else both you, and she,
Will both together me too sorely wrack.

Enough it is for one man to sustaine

The stormes, which she alone on me doth raine.

XLVII.

TRUST not the treason of those smyling lookes,
Untill ye have their guylefull traynes well tryde:
For they are lyke but unto golden hookes,
That from the foolish fish theyr bayts do hyde:
So she with flattring smyles weake harts doth guyde
Unto her love, and tempte to theyr decay;
Whome, being caught, she kills with cruell pryde,
And feeds at pleasure on the wretched pray:
Yet, even whylst her bloody hands them slay,
Her eyes looke lovely, and upon them smyle;
That they take pleasure in their cruell play,
And, dying, doe themselves of payne beguyle.

O mighty charm ! which makes men love theyr bane,
And thinck they dy with pleasure, live with payne.

XLVIII.

INNOCENT paper ! whom too cruell hand
Did make the matter to avenge her yre ;
And, ere she could thy cause well understand,
Did sacrificize unto the greedy fyre.
Well worthy thou to have found better hyre,
Then so bad end for hereticks ordayned ;
Yet heresy nor treason didst conspire,
But plead thy Maisters cause, unjustly payned.
Whom she, all carelesse of his grief, constraind
To utter forth the anguish of his hart :
And would not heare, when he to her complayned
The piteous passion of his dying smart.

Yet live for ever, though against her will,
And speake her good, though she requite it ill.

XLIX.

FAYRE Cruell ! why are ye so fierce and cruell ?
Is it because your eyes have powre to kill ?
Then know that mercy is the Mighties iewell ;
And greater glory think to save then spill.
But if it be your pleasure, and proud will,
To shew the powre of your imperious eyes ;
Then not on him that never thought you ill,
But bend your force against your enemyes :
Let them feel the utmost of your cruelties ;
And kill with looks, as cockatrices do :
But him, that at your footstoolle humbled lies,
With mercifull regard give mercy to.

Such mercy shall you make admyr'd to be ;
So shall you live, by giving life to me.

L.

LONG languishing in double malady
Of my harts wound, and of my bodies grieve ;
There came to me a Leach, that would apply
Fit medcines for my bodies best reliefe.
Wayne man, quoth I, that hast but little priefe
In deep discovery of the mynds disease ;
Is not the hart of all the body' chiefe, '
And rules the members as it selfe doth please ?
Then, with some cordialls, seeke for to appease
The inward languour of my wounded hart ;
And then my body shall have shortly ease :
But such sweet cordialls passe Physicians art.
Then, my lyfes Leach ! doe you your skill reveale ;
And, with one salve, both hart and body heale.

LI.

DOE I not see that fayrest ymages
Of hardest marble are of purpose made,
For that they should endure through many ages,
Ne let theyr famous moniments to fade ?
Why then doe I, untrainde in Lovers trade,
Her hardnes blame, which I should more commend ?
Sith never ought was excellent assayde
Which was not hard t' atchive and bring to end.
Ne ought so hard, but he, that would attend,
Mote soften it and to his will allure :
So do I hope her stubborne hart to bend,
And that it then more stedfast will endure.
Only my paines wil be the more to get her ;
But, having her, my ioy wil be the greater.

LII.

So oft as homeward I from her depart,
I go lyke one that, having lost the field,
Is prisoner led away with heavy hart,
Despoyle of warlike armes and knowen shield.
So doe I now my self a prisoner yield
To sorrow and to solitary paine;
From presence of my dearest deare exylde,
Long-while alone in languor to remaine.
There let no thought of ioy, or pleasure vaine;
Dare to approch, that may my solace breed;
But sudden dumps, and drery sad disdayne
Of all worlds gladnesse, more my torment feed.
So I her absens will my penaunce make,
That of her presens I my meed may take.

LIII.

THE panther, knowing that his spotted hyde
Doth please all beasts, but that his looks them fray;
Within a bush his dreadful head doth hide,
To let them gaze, whylst he on them may pray:
Right so my cruell fayre with me doth play;
For, with the goodly semblance of her hew,
She doth allure me to mine owne decay,
And then no mercy will unto me shew.
Great shame it is, thing so divine in view,
Made for to be the worlds most ornament,
To make the bayte her gazers to embrew:
Good shames to be to ill an instrument!
But mercy doth with beautie best agree,
As in theyr Maker ye them best may see.

✓ LIV.

OF this worlds Theatre in which we stay,
My Love, like the Spectator, ydly sits ;
Beholding me, that all the Pageants play,
Disguysing diversly my troubled wits.
Sometimes I ioy when glad occasion fits,
And mask in myrth lyke to a Comedy :
Soone after, when my ioy to sorrow flits,
I waile, and make my woes a Tragedy.
Yet she, beholding me with constant eye,
Delights not in my merth, nor rues my smart :
But, when I laugh, she mocks ; and, when I cry,
She laughs, and hardens evermore her hart.
What then can move her ? if nor merth, nor mone,
She is no woman, but a sencelesse stone.

LV.

So oft as I her beauty doe behold,
And therewith doe her cruelty compare,
I marvaile of what substance was the mould,
The which her made attonce so cruell faire.
Not earth ; for her high thoughts more heavenly are :
Not water ; for her love doth burne like fyre :
Not ayre ; for she is not so light or rare :
Not fyre ; for she doth friese with faint desire.
Then needs another Element inquire
Whereof she mote be made ; that is, the skye.
For, to the heaven her haughty looks aspire ;
And eke her love is pure immortall hye.
Then, sith to heaven ye lykened are the best,
Be lyke in mercy as in all the rest.

LVI.

FAYRE ye be sure, but cruell and unkind,
As is a tygre, that with greedinesse
Hunts after bloud ; when he by chance doth find
A feeble beast, doth felly him oppresse.
Fayre be ye sure, but proud and pitillesse,
As is a storme, that all things doth prostrate ;
Finding a tree alone all comfortlesse,
Beats on it strongly, it to ruinate.
Fayre be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,
As is a rocke amidst the raging floods ;
Gaynst which, a ship, of succour desolate,
Doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods.
That ship, that tree, and that same beast, am I,
Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and destroy.

LVII.

SWEET warriour ! when shall I have peace with you ?
High time it is this warre now ended were ;
Which I no lenger can endure to sue,
Ne your incessant battry more to beare :
So weake my powres, so sore my wounds, appear,
That wonder is how I should live a iot,
Seeing my hart through-launched every where
With thousand arrowes, which your eies have shot :
Yet shoot ye sharply still, and spare me not,
But glory thinke to make these cruel stoures.
Ye cruell one ! what glory can be got,
In slaying him that would live gladly yours !
Make peace therefore, and graunt me timely grace,
That al my wounds will heale in little space.

LVIII.

By her that is most assured to her selfe.

WEAKE is th' assurance that weake flesh reposeth
In her own powre, and scorneth others ayde ;
That soonest fals, when as she most supposeth
Her selfe assur'd, and is of nought affrayd.
All flesh is frayle, and all her strength unstayd,
Like a vaine bubble blowen up with ayre :
Devouring tyme and changeful chance have prayd,
Her glorious pride that none may it repayre.
Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fayre,
But fayleth, trusting on his owne assurance :
And he, that standeth on the hyghest stayre,
Fals lowest: for on earth nought hath endurance.

Why then doe ye, proud fayre, misdeeme so farre,
That to your selfe ye most assured arre !

LIX.

THRISE happie she ! that is so well assured
Unto her selfe, and settled so in hart,
That neither will for better be allured,
Ne feard with worse to any chaunce to start ;
But, like a steddy ship, doth strongly part
The raging waves, and keepes her course aright ;
Ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
Ne ought for fayrer weathers false delight.
Such selfe-assurance need not feare the spight
Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of friends :
But, in the stay of her owne stedfast might,
Neither to one her selfe nor other bends.

Most happy she, that most assur'd doth rest ;
But he most happy, who such one loves best.

LX.

THEY, that in course of heavenly spheares are skild,
To every planet point his sundry yeare :
In which her circles voyage is fulfild,
As Mars in threescore yeares doth run his spheare.
So, since the winged god his planet cleare
Began in me to move, one yeare is spent :
The which doth longer unto me appeare,
Then al those fourty which my life out-went.
Then by that count, which lovers books invent,
The spheare of Cupid fourty yeares containes :
Which I have wasted in long languishment,
That seem'd the longer for my greater paines.
But let my Loves fayre planet short her wayes,
This yeare ensuing, or else short my dayes.

LXI.

THE glorious image of the Makers beautie,
My soverayne saynt, the idoll of my thought,
Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of dewtie,
T' accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought.
For being, as she is, divinely wrought,
And of the brood of Angels heavenly born ;
And with the crew of blessed saynts upbrought,
Each of which did her with theyr guifts adorne ;
The bud of ioy, the blossome of the morne,
The beame of light, whom mortal eyes admyre ;
What reason is it then but she should scorne
Base things, that to her love too bold aspire !
Such heavenly formes ought rather worshipt be,
Then dare be lov'd by men of meane degree.

LXII.

THE weary yeare his race now having run,
The new begins his compast course anew :
With shew of morning mylde he hath begun,
Betokening peace and plenty to ensew.
So let us, which this chaunge of weather vew,
Chaunge eke our mynds, and former lives amend ;
The old yeares sinnes forepast let us eschew,
And fly the faults with which we did offend.
Then shall the new yeares ioy forth freshly send,
Into the glooming world, his gladsome ray :
And all these stormes, which now his beauty blend,
Shall turne to calmes, and tymely cleare away.
So, likewise, Love ! cheare you your heavy spright,
And chaunge old yeares annoy to new delight.

LXIII.

AFTER long stormes and tempests sad assay,
Which hardly I endured heretofore,
In dread of death, and daungerous dismay,
With which my silly bark was tossed sore ;
I doe at length descry the happy shore,
In which I hope ere long for to arryve :
Fayre soyle it seemes from far, and fraught with store
Of all that deare and daynty is alyve.
Most happy he ! that can at last atchyve
The ioyous safety of so sweet a rest ;
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
Remembrance of all paines which him opprest.
All paines are nothing in respect of this ;
All sorrowes short that gaine eternall blisse.

LXIV.

COMMING to kisse her lyps, (such grace I found,)
Me seemd, I smelt a gardin of sweet flowres,
That dainty odours from them threw around,
For damzels fit to decke their lovers bowres.
Her lips did smell lyke unto gillyflowers ;
Her ruddy cheekes, lyke unto roses red ;
Her snowy browes, lyke budded bellamoures ;
Her lovely eyes, lyke pincks but newly spred ;
Her goodly bosome, lyke a strawberry bed ;
Her neck, lyke to a bounch of cullambynes ;
Her brest, lyke lillyes, ere their leaves be shed ;
Her nipples, lyke young blossomd jessemynes :
Such fragrant flowres doe give most odorous smell ;
But her sweet odour did them all excell.

LXV.

THE doubt which ye misdeeme, fayre Love, is vaine,
That fondly feare to lose your liberty ;
When, losing one, two liberties ye gayne,
And make him bond that bondage earst did fly.
Sweet be the bands, the which true love doth tye
Without constraynt, or dread of any ill :
The gentle birde feeles no captivity
Within her cage ; but sings, and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approch, nor discord spill
The league twixt them, that loyal love hath bound :
But simple Truth, and mutual Good-will,
Seeks, with sweet peace, to salve each others wound :
There Fayth doth fearless dwell in brasen towre,
And spotlesse Pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

LXVI.

To all those happy blessings, which ye have
With plenteous hand by heaven upon you thrown ;
This one disparagement they to you gave,
That ye your love lent to so meane a one.
Ye, whose high worths surpassing paragon
Could not on earth have found one fit for mate,
Ne but in heaven matchable to none,
Why did ye stoup unto so lowly state ?
But ye thereby much greater glory gate,
Then had ye sorted with a Princes pere :
For, now your light doth more it selfe dilate,
And, in my darknesse, greater doth appeare.
Yet, since your light hath once enlumind me,
With my reflex yours shall encreased be.

✓ LXVII.

LYKE as a huntsman after weary chace,
Seeing the game from him escapt away,
Sits downe to rest him in some shady place,
With panting hounds beguiled of their pray :
So, after long pursuit and vaine assay,
When I all weary had the chace forsooke,
The gentle deer returnd the selfe-same way,
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke :
There she, beholding me with mylder looke,
Sought not to fly, but fearlesse still did bide ;
Till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
And with her owne goodwill her fymely tyde.
Strange thing, me seemd, to see a beast so wyld,
So goodly wonne, with her owne will beguyld.

LXVIII.

Most glorious Lord of lyfe ! that, on this day,
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin ;
And, having harrowd hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win :
This ioyous day, dear Lord, with ioy begin ;
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest dy,
Being with thy deare blood clene washt from sin,
May live for ever in felicity !
And that thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love thee for the same againe ;
And for thy sake, that all lyke deare didst buy,
With love may one another entertayne !
So let us love, deare Love, lyke as we ought :
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

LXIX.

* THE famous warriors of the anticke world
Us'd trophees to erect in stately wize ;
In which they would the records have enrold
Of theyr great deeds and valorous emprise.
What trophee then shall I most fit devise,
In which I may record the memory
Of my loves conquest, peerlesse beauties prise,
Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity !
Even this verse, vowd to eternity,
Shall be thereof immortall monument ;
And tell her praise to all posterity,
That may admire such worlds rare wonderment ;
The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,
Gotten at last with labour and long toyle.

LXX.

FRESH Spring, the herald of loves mighty king,
In whose cote-armour richly are displayd
All sorts of flowres, the which on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously arrayd ;
Goe to my Love, where she is carelesse layd,
Yet in her winters bowre not well awake ;
Tell her the ioyous time wil not be staid,
Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take ;
Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,
To wayt on Love amongst his lovely crew ;
Where every one, that misseth then her make,
Shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
Make hast therefore, sweet Love, whilst it is prime ;
For none can call againe the passed time.

LXXI.

I roy to see how, in your drawen work,
Your selfe unto the Bee ye doe compare ;
And me unto the Spyder, that doth lurke
In close awayt, to catch her unāware :
Right so your selfe were caught in cunning snare
Of a deare foe, and thrall'd to his love ;
In whose streight bands ye now captived are
So firmly, that ye never may remove.
But as your worke is woven all about
With Woodbynd flowers and fragrant Eglantine ;
So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,
With many deare delights bedecked fyne.
And all thensforth eternall peace shall see
Betweene the Spyder and the gentle Bee.

LXXII.

OFT, when my spirit doth spred her bolder winges,
In mind to mount up to the purest sky;
It down is weighd with thought of earthly things,
And clogd with burden of mortality;
Where, when that soverayne beauty it doth spy,
Resembling heavens glory in her light,
Drawn with sweet pleasures bayt, it back doth fly,
And unto heaven forgets her former flight.
There my fraile fancy, fed with full delight,
Doth bathe in blisse, and mantleth most at ease;
Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might
Her harts desire with most contentment please.

Hart need not wish none other happinesse,
But here on earth to have such heavens blisse.

LXXIII.

BEING my self captived here in care,
My hart, (whom none with servile bands can tye,
But the fayre tresses of your golden hayre,)
Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly.
Like as a byrd, that in ones hand doth spy
Desired food, to it doth make his flight:
Even so my hart, that wont on your fayre eye
To feed his fill, flies backe unto your sight.
Doe you him take, and in your bosome bright
Gently encage, that he may be your thrall:
Perhaps he there may learne, with rare delight,
To sing your name and prayses over all:
That it hereafter may you not repent,
Him lodging in your bosome to have lent.

LXXIV.

MOST happy letters ! fram'd by skilfull trade,
With which that happy name was first desynd,
The which three times thrise happy hath me made,
With guifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
The first my being to me gave by kind,
From Mothers womb deriv'd by dew descent :
The second is my sovereigne Queene most kind,
That honour and large riches to me lent :
The third, my Love, my lives last ornament,
By whom my spirit out of dust was rayseed :
To speake her prayse and glory excellent,
Of all alive most worthy to be prayseed.

Ye three Elizabeths ! for ever live,
That three such graces did unto me give.

LXXV.

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand ;
But came the waves, and washed it away :
Agayne, I wrote it with a second hand ;
But came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
Wayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine assay
A mortall thing so to immortalize ;
For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,
And eke my name bee wyped out lykewize.
Not so, quod I ; let baser things devize
To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame :
My verse your vertues rare shall éternize,
And in the hevens wryte your glorious name.

Where, when as death shall all the world subdew,
Our love shall live, and later life renew.

LXXVI.

FAYRE bosome ! fraught with vertues richest trespure,
The neast of love, the lodging of delight,
The bowre of blisse, the paradice of pleasure,
The sacred harbour of that heavenly spright ;
How was I ravisht with your lovely sight,
And my frayle thoughts too rashly led astray !
Whiles diving deepe through amorous insight,
On the sweet spoyle of beautie they did pray ;
And twixt her paps, (like early fruit in May,
Whose harvest seemd to hasten now apace,)
They loosely did theyr wanton winges display,
And there to rest themselves did boldly place.
Sweet thoughts ! I envy your so happy rest,
Which oft I wisht, yet never was so blest.

LXXVII.

Was it a dreame, or did I see it playne ;
A goodly table of pure yvory,
All spred with juncats, fit to entertayne
The greatest Prince with pompous roialty :
Mongst which, there in a silver dish did ly
Two golden apples of unvaled price ;
Far passing those which Hercules came by,
Or those which Atalanta did entice ;
Exceeding sweet, yet voyd of sinfull vice ;
That many sought, yet none could ever taste ;
Sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from Paradice
By Love himselfe, and in his garden plaste.
Her brest that table was, so richly spreadd ;
My thoughts the guests, which would thereon have
fedd.

✓ LXXVIII.

LACKYNG my Love, I go from place to place,
Lyke a young fawne, that late hath lost the hynd;
And seeke each where, where last I sawe her face,
Whose ymage yet I carry fresh in mynd.
I seeke the fields with her late footing synd;
I seeke her bowre with her late presence deckt;
Yet nor in field nor bowre I can her fynd;
Yet field and bowre are full of her aspect:
But, when myne eyes I therunto direct,
They ydly back return to me agayne:
And, when I hope to see theyr trew obiéct,
I fynd my self but fed with fancies vayne.
Cease then, myne eyes, to seeke her selfe to see;
And let my thoughts behold her selfe in mee.

LXXIX.

MEN call you fayre, and you doe credit it,
For that your selfe ye daily such doe see:
But the trew fayre, that is the gentle wit,
And vertuous mind, is much more praysd of me:
For all the rest, how ever fayre it be,
Shall turne to nought and lose that glorious hew;
But onely that is permanent and free
From frayle corruption, that doth flesh ensew.
That is true beautie: that doth argue you
To be divine, and born of heavenly seed;
Deriv'd from that fayre Spirit, from whom all true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed:
He only fayre, and what he fayre hath made;
All other fayre, lyke flowres, untymely fade.

LXXX.

AFTER so long a race as I have run
Through Faery land, which those six books compile,
Give leave to rest me being half foredonne,
And gather to my selfe new breath awhile.
Then, as a steed refreshed after toyle,
Out of my prison I will break anew ;
And stoutly will that second work assoyle,
With strong endeavour and attention dew.
Till then give leave to me, in pleasant mew
To sport my Muse, and sing my Loves sweet praise ;
The cōtemplation of whose heavenly hew,
My spirit to an higher pitch will rayse.

But let her prayes yet be low and meane,
Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

LXXXI.

FAYRE is my Love, when her fayre golden haire
With the loose wynd ye waving chance to marke ;
Fayre, when the rose in her red cheekes appeares ;
Or in her eyes the fyre of love does sparke.
Fayre, when her brest, lyke a rich laden barke,
With pretious merchandize she forth doth lay ;
Fayre, when that cloud of pryde, which oft doth dark
Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.
But fayrest she, when so she doth display
The gate with pearles and rubyes richly dight ;
Through which her words so wise do make their way
To beare the message of her gentle spright.

The rest be works of Natures wonderment ;
But this the worke of harts astonishment.

LXXXII.

Ioy of my life ! full oft for loving you
I blesse my lot, that was so lucky plac'd :
But then the more your owne mishap I rew,
That are so much by so meane love embased.
For, had the equall hevens so much you graced
In this as in the rest, ye mote invent
Some heavenly wit, whose verse could have enchased
Your glorious name in golden monument.
But since ye deign'd so goodly to relent
To me your thrall, in whom is little worth ;
That little, that I am, shall all be spent
In setting your immortal prayses forth :
 Whose lofty argument, uplifting me,
 Shall lift you up unto an high degree.

LXXXIII.

LET not one sparke of filthy lustfull fyre
Breake out, that may her sacred peace molest ;
Ne one light glance of sensuall desyre
Attempt to work her gentle mindes unrest :
But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,
And modest thoughts breathd from well-tempredd spirits,
Goe visit her, in her chaste bowre of rest,
Accompanyde with ángelick delightes.
There fill your selfe with those most ioyous sights,
The which my selfe could never yet attayne :
But speake no word to her of these sad plights,
Which her too constant stiffnesse doth constrayn.
 Onely behold her rare perfection,
 And blesse your fortunes fayre election.

LXXXIV.

THE world that cannot deeme of worthy things,
When I doe praise her, say I doe but flatter :
So does the cuckow, when the mavis sings,
Begin his witlesse note apace to clatter.
But they that skill not of so heavenly matter,
All that they know not, envy or admyre ;
Rather then envy, let them wonder at her,
But not to deeme of her desert aspyre.
Deepe, in the closet of my parts entyre,
Her worth is written with a golden quill,
That me with heavenly fury doth inspire,
And my glad mouth with her sweet prayses fill.
Which when as Fame in her shril trump shall thunder,
Let the world chuse to envy or to wonder.

LXXXV.

VENEMOUS tongue, tipt with vile adders sting,
Of that self kynd with which the Furies fell
Their snaky heads doe combe, from which a spring
Of poysoned words and spightfull speeches well ;
Let all the plagues, and horrid paines, of hell
Upon thee fall for thine accursed hyre ;
That with false forged lyes, which thou didst tell,
In my true Love did stirre up coles of yre ;
The sparkes whereof let kindle thine own fyre,
And, catching hold on thine own wicked hed,
Consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire
In my sweet peace such breaches to have bred !
Shame be thy meed, and mischief thy reward,
Due to thy selfe, that it for me prepard !

LXXXVI.

SINCE I did leave the presence of my Love,
Many long weary dayes I have outworne;
And many nights, that slowly seemd to move
Theyr sad protract from evening untill morn.
For, when as day the heaven doth adorne,
I wish that night the noyous day would end:
And, when as night hath us of light forlorne,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
And faine my grieve with chaunges to beguile,
That further seemes his terme still to extend,
And maketh every minute seem a myle.

So sorrowe still doth seem too long to last;
But ioyous houres do fly away too fast.

LXXXVII.

SINCE I have lackt the comfort of that light,
The which was wont to lead my thoughts astray;
I wander as in darknesse of the night,
Affrayd of every dangers least dismay.
Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,
When others gaze upon theyr shadowes vayne,
But th' only image of that heavenly ray,
Whereof some glance doth in mine eie remayne.
Of which beholding the idæa playne,
Through contemplation of my purest part,
With light thereof I doe my self sustayne,
And thereon feed my love-affamisht hart.

But, with such brightnesse whylest I fill my mind,
I starve my body, and mine eyes doe blynd.

LXXXVIII.

LYKE as the culver, on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate ;
And, in her songs, sends many a wishful vow
For his returne that seemes to linger late :
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourne to my selfe the absence of my Love ;
And, wandring here and there all desolate,
Seek with my playnts to match that mournful dove :
Ne ioy of ought, that under heaven doth hove,
Can comfort me, but her owne ioyous sight :
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasauns to delight.

Dark is my day, whyles her fayre light I mis,
And dead my life that wants such lively blis.

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SONNETS

WRITTEN BY SPENSER,

COLLECTED FROM THE ORIGINAL PUBLICATIONS IN
WHICH THEY APPEARED.

I.

*To the right worshipfull, my singular good frend,
M. Gabriell Harvey, Doctor of the Lawes.*

HARVEY, the happy above happiest men
I read; that, sitting like a Looker-on
Of this worldes stage, doest note with critique pen
The sharpe dislikes of each condition :
And, as one carelesse of suspition,
Ne fawnest for the favour of the great ;
Ne fearest foolish reprehension
Of faulty men, which daunger to thee threat :
But freely doest, of what thee list, entreat,
Like a great lord of peerelesse liberty ;
Lifting the Good up to high Honours seat,
And the Evill damning evermore to dy :

For Life, and Death, is in thy doomeful writing !
So thy renowme lives ever by endighting.

Dublin, this xvij. of July, 1586.

Your devoted friend, during life,

EDMUND SPENCER.

II.*

Whoso wil seeke, by right deserts, t' attaine
Unto the type of true Nobility ;
And not by painted shewes, and titles vaine,
Derived farre from famous Auncestrie :
Behold them both in their right visnomy
Here truly pourtray'd, as they ought to be,
And striving both for termes of dignitie,
To be advanced highest in degree.
And, when thou doost with equall insight see
The ods twixt both, of both thē deem aright,
And chuse the better of them both to thee ;
But thanks to him, that it deserves, behight ;
To Nenna first, that first this worke created,
And next to Jones, that truely it translated.

ED. SPENSER.

III.

*Upon the Historie of George Castriot, alias Scanderbeg,
king of the Epirots, translated into English.*

WHEREFORE doth vaine Antiquitie so vaunt
Her ancient monuments of mightie peeres,
And old heröes, which their world did daunt
With their great deedes and fild their childrens eares?

* Prefixed to " Nennio, or A Treatise of Nobility," &c.

Who, rapt with wonder of their famous praise,
Admire their statues, their colossoes great :
Their rich triumphall arcks which they did raise,
Their huge pyramids, which do heaven threat.
Lo ! one, whom Later Age hath brought to light,
Matchable to the greatest of those great ;
Great both by name, and great in power and might,
And meriting a meere triumphant seate.

The scourge of Turkes, and plague of infidels,
Thy acts, O Scanderbeg, this volume tels.

ED. SPENSER.

IV.*

THE antique Babel, Empresse of the East,
Upward her buildinges to the threatned skie :
And second Babell, Tyrant of the West,
Her ayry towers upraised much more high.
But, with the weight of their own surquedry,
They both are fallen, that all the earth did feare,
And buried now in their own ashes ly ;
Yet shewing, by their heapes, how great they were.
But in their place doth now a third appeare,
Fayre Venice, flower of the last worlds delight ;
And next to them in beauty draweth neare,
But farre exceedes in policie of right.

Yet not so fayre her buildinges to behold
As Lewkenors stile that hath her beautie told.

EDM. SPENCER.

* Prefixed to " The Commonwealth and Government of Venice," &c.

DAPHNAÏDA :

AN ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND VERTUOUS

DOUGLAS HOWARD,

Daughter and Heire of Henry Lord Howard, Viscount Byndon,
and Wife of Arthur Gorges, Esquier.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE LADIE

HELENA, MARQUESSE OF NORTHAMPTON.

BY ED. SP.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND VERTUOUS LADY,
HELENA, MARQUESSE OF NORTH HAMPTON.

I HAVE the rather presumed humbly to offer unto your Honour the dedication of this little Poëme, for that the noble and vertuous gentlewoman of whom it is written, was by match néere alied, and in affection greatly devoted, unto your Ladiship. The occasion why I wrote the same, was as well the great good fame which I heard of her deceassed, as the particular goodwill which I bear unto her husband Master Arthur Gorges, a lover of learning and vertue, whose house, as your Ladiship by marriage hath honoured, so doe I find the name of them, by many notable records, to be of great antiquitie in this realme, and such as have ever borne themselves with honourable reputation to the world, and unspotted loyaltie to their prince and countrey: besides, so lineally are they descended from the Howards, as that the Lady Anne Howard, eldest daughter to John Duke of Norfolke, was wife to Sir Edmund, mother to Sir Edward, and grandmother to Sir William and Sir Thomas Gorges, Knightes: and therefore I doe assure my selfe that no due honour done to the White Lyon, but will be most gratefull to your Ladiship, whose husband and children do so neerely participate with the bloud of that noble family. So in all dutie I recommend this Pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honourable favour and protection. London, this first of Ianuarie, 1591. Your Honours humbly ever.

Ed. Sp.

DAPHNAIDA.

WHAT-EVER man he be whose heavie mynd,
With griefe of mournefull great mishap opprest,
Fit matter for his cares increase would fynd,
Let reade the rufull plaint herein exprest,
Of one, I weene, the wofulst man alive, 5
Even sad Alcyon, whose empierced brest
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeces rive.

But whoso else in pleasure findeth sense,
Or in this wretched life doeth take delight,
Let him be banisht farre away from hence ; 10
Ne let the Sacred Sisters here be hight,
Though they of sorrowe heavilie can sing ;
For even their heavie song would breede delight ;
But here no tunes, save sobs and grones, shall ring.

In stead of them, and their sweet harmonie, 15
Let those three Fatall Sisters, whose sad hands
Doe weave the direfull threeds of Destinie,
And in their wrath break off the vitall bands,
Approach hereto ; and let the dreadfull Queene-
Of Darknes deepe come from the Stygian strands,
And grisly ghosts, to heare this dolefull teene. 20

In gloomy evening, when the wearie sun,
After his dayes long labour drew to rest,
And sweatie steedes, now having overrun
The compast skie, gan water in the west, 25
I walkt abroad to breath the freshing ayre
In open fields, whose flowring pride, opprest
With early frosts, had lost their beautie faire.

There came unto my mind a troublous thought,
Which dayly doth my weaker wit possesse, 30
Ne lets it rest untill it forth have brought
Her long borne infant, fruit of heavinesse,
Which she conceived hath through meditation
Of this worlds vainnesse and life's wretchednesse,
That yet my soule it deeply doth empassion. 35

So as I muzed on the miserie
In which men live, and I of many most,
Most miserable man ; I did espie
Where towards me a sory wight did cost,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray, 40
And Iacob staffe in hand devoutly crost,
Like to some pilgrim come from farre away.

His carelesse locks, uncombed and unshorne,
Hong long adowne, and beard all overgrowne,
That well he seemd to be some wight forlorne : 45
Downe to the earth his heavie eyes were throwne,
As loathing light ; and ever as he went
He sighed soft, and inly deepe did grone,
As if his heart in peeces would have rent.

Approaching nigh, his face I vewed nere, 50
And by the semblant of his countenaunce
Me seemd I had his person seene elsewhere,
Most like Alcyon seeming at a glaunce ;
Alcyon he, the iollie shepheard swaine,
That wont full merrilie to pipe and daunce, 55
And fill with pleasance every wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt, because of his disguise,
I softlie sayd, Alcyon ! There-withall
He lookt aside as in disdainefull wise,
Yet stayed not, till I againe did call : 60
Then, turning back, he saide, with hollow sound,
“ Who is it that dooth name me, wofull thrall,
The wretchedst man that treads this day on ground ? ” —

“ One, whom like wofulnesse, impressed deepe,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to heare, 65
And given like cause with thee to waile and weepe ;
Griefe finds some ease by him that like does beare.
Then stay, Alcyon, gentle Shepheard ! stay,
(Quoth I) till thou have to my trustie eare
Committed what thee dooth so ill apay.” 70

“ Cease, foolish Man ! ” (saide he, halfe wrothfully)
“ To seeke to heare that which cannot be told,
For the huge anguish, which doeth multiply
My dying paines, no tongue can well unfold ;
Ne doo I care that any should bemone 75
My hard mishap, or any weepe that would,
But seeke alone to weepe, and dye alone.”

“ Then be it so,” quoth I, “ that thou are bent
To die alone, unpitied, unplained ;
Yet, ere thou die, it were convenient 80
To tell the cause which thee thereto constrained,
Least that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,
And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,
That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt.”

“ Who life does loath, and longs to be unbound 85
From the strong shackles of fraile flesh,” quoth he,
“ Nought cares at all what they, that live on ground,
Deem the occasion of his death to bee ;
Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
Than question made of his calamitie ; 90
For harts deep sorrow hates both life and light.

“ Yet since so much thou seemst to rue my griefe,
And car’st for one that for himselfe cares nought,
(Sign of thy love, though nought for my reliefe,
For my reliefe exceedeth living thought ;) 95
I will to thee this heavie case relate :
Then harken well till it to end be brought,
For never didst thou heare more haplesse fate.

“ Whilome I usde (as thou right well doest know)
My little flocke on westerne downes to keep, 100
Not far from whence Sabrinaes streame doth flow,
And flowrie bancks with silver liquor steepe ;
Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaunce,
For all my ioy was on my gentle sheepe,
And to my pype to caroll and to daunce. 105

“ It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearlesse and free, a faire young Lionesse,
White as the native rose before the chaunge
Which Venus blood did in her leaves impresse,
I spied playing on the grassie plaine 110
Her youthfull sports and kindlie wantonnesse,
That did all other beasts in beawtie staine.

“ Much was I moved at so goodly sight,
Whose like before mine eye had seldome seene,
And gan to cast how I her compasse might, 115
And bring to hand that yet had never beene :
So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine,
That I her caught disporting on the greene,
And brought away fast bound with silver chaine.

“ And afterwarde I handled her so fayre, 120
That though by kind shee stout and salvage were,
For being borne an auncient Lions hayre,
And of the race that all wild beastes do feare,
Yet I her fram’d, and wan so to my bent,
That shee became so meeke and milde of cheare, 125
As the least lamb in all my flock that went :

“ For shee in field, where-ever I did wend,
Would wend with me, and waite by me all day ;
And all the night that I in watch did spend,
If cause requir’d, or els in sleepe, if nay, 130
Shee would all night by me or watch or sleepe ;
And evermore when I did sleepe or play,
She of my flock would take full warie keepe.

“ Safe then, and safest were my sillie sheepe,
Ne fear’d the wolfe, ne fear’d the wildest beast, 135
All were I drown’d in carelesse quiet deepe :
My lovely Lionesse without beheast
So careful was for them, and for my good,
That when I waked, neither most nor least
I found miscarried or in plaine or wood. 140

“ Oft did the shepheards, which my hap did heare,
And oft their lasses, which my luck envye,
Daylie resort to me from farre and neare,
To see my Lyonesse, whose praises wyde
Were spred abroad ; and when her worthinesse 145
Much greater than the rude report they tryde,
They her did praise, and my good fortune blesse.

“ Long thus I ioyed in my happinesse,
And well did hope my ioy would have no end ;
But oh ! fond Man ! that in worlds ficklenesse 150
Reposedst hope, or weenedst her thy frend
That glories most in mortall miseries,
And daylie doth her changefull counsels bend
To make new matter fit for tragedies ;

“ For whilst I was thus without dread or dout, 155
A cruel Satyre with his murderous dart,
Greddie of mischiefe, ranging all about,
Gave her the fatall wound of deadly smart,
And reft from me my sweete companion,
And reft from me my love, my life, my hart : 160
My Lyonesse (ah, woe is me !) is gon !

“ Out of the world thus was she reft away,
Out of the world, unworthy such a spoyle,
And borne to heaven, for heaven a fitter pray ;
Much fitter then the Lyon, which with toyle 165
Alcides slew, and fixt in firmament ;
Her now I seeke throughout this earthly soyle,
And seeking misse, and missing doe lament.”

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weepe,
That I for pittie of his heavie plight 170
Could not abstain mine eyes with teares to steepe ;
But, when I saw the anguish of his spright
Some deale alaid, I him bespake againe ;
“ Certes, Alcyon, painfull is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almost equall paine. 175

“ Yet doth not my dull wit well understand
The riddle of thy loved Lionesse ;
For rare it seemes in reason to be skand,
That man, who doth the whole worlds rule possesse,
Should to a beast his noble hart embase, 180
And be the vassall of his vassalesse ;
Therefore more plain areade this doubtfull case.”

Then sighing sore, “ Daphne thou knew'st,” quoth he,
“ She now is dead ;” ne more endur'd to say,
But fell to ground for great extremitie ; 185
That I, beholding it, with deepe dismay
Was much apald ; and, lightly him uprearing,
Revoked life, that would have fled away,
All were my selfe, through grief, in deadly drearing.

Then gan I him to comfort all my best, 190
And with milde counsaile strove to mitigate
The stormie passion of his troubled brest,
But he thereby was more empassionate ;
As stubborne steed, that is with curb restrained,
Becomes more fierce and fervent in his gate ; 195
And, breaking foorth at last, thus dearnely plained :

I.

“ What man henceforth that breatheth vitall aire
Will honour Heaven, or heavenly powers adore,
Which so uniustly doth their iudgements share
Mongst earthly wights, as to afflict so sore 200
The innocent, as those which do transgresse,
And doe not spare the best or fairest, more
Than worst or foulest, but doe both oppresse ?

“ If this be right, why did they then create
The world so faire, sith fairenesse is neglected ? 205
Or why be they themselves immaculate,
If purest things be not by them respected ?
She faire, she pure, most faire, most pure she was,
Yet was by them as thing impure reiected ;
Yet she in purenesse heaven it self did pas. 210

“ In purenesse and in all celestially grace,
That men admire in goodly womankind,
She did excell, and seem'd of angels race,
Living on earth like angell new divinde,
Adorn'd with wisdom and with chastitie, 215
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beautie much more beautifie.

“ No age hath bred (since faire Astræa left
The sinfull world) more vertue in a wight ;
And, when she parted hence, with her she reft 220
Great hope, and robd her race of bounty quight.
Well may the shepheard lasses now lament ;
For doubble losse by her hath on them light,
To loose both her and bounties ornament.

“ Ne let Elisa, royall shepheardesse, 225
The praises of my parted love envy,
For she hath praises in all plenteousnesse
Powr'd upon her, like showers of Castaly,
By her owne shepheard, Colin, her own shepheard,
That her with heavenly hymnes doth deifie, 230
Of rusticke Muse full hardly to be betterd.

“ She is the rose, the glory of the day,
And mine the primrose in the lowly shade :
Mine, ah ! not mine ; amisse I mine did say :
Not mine, but his, which mine awhile her made ; 235
Mine to be his, with him to live for ay.
O that so faire a flowre so soon should fade,
And through untimely tempest fall away !

“ She fell away in her first ages spring, 239
Whilst yet her leafe was greene, and fresh her rinde,
And whilst her braunch faire blossomes foorth did bring,
She fell away against all course of kinde.
For age to dye is right, but youth is wrong ;
She fell away like fruit blowne down with winde.
Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make my undersong. 245

II.

“ What hart so stonie hard but that would weepe,
And poure forth fountaines of incessant teares?
What Timon but would let compassion creepe
Into his breast, and pierce his frozen eares?
In stead of teares, whose brackish bitter well 250
I wasted have, my heart-bloud dropping weares,
To think to ground how that faire blossome fell.

“ Yet fell she not as one enforst to dye,
Ne dyde with dread and grudging discontent,
But as one toyld with travell downe doth lye, 255
So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,
And closde her eyes with carelesse quietnesse ;
The whiles soft Death away her spirit hent,
And soule assoyld from sinfull fleshlinesse.

“ Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake, 260
She, all resolv'd, and readie to remove,
Calling to me (ay me!) this wise bespake ;
‘ Alcyon ! ah, my first and latest love !
‘ Ah ! why does my Alcyon weepe and mourne,
‘ And grieve my ghost, that ill mote him behove, 265
‘ As if to me had chaunst some evill tourne !

‘ I, since the messenger is come for mee,
‘ That summons soules unto the bridale feast
‘ Of his great Lord, must needs depart from thee,
‘ And straight obey his soveraine behest ; 270
‘ Why should Alcyon then so sore lament
‘ That I, from miserie shall be releast,
‘ And freed from wretched long imprisonment !

‘ Our daies are full of dolour and disease,
‘ Our life afflicted with incessant paine, 275
‘ That nought on earth may lessen or appease ;
‘ Why then should I desire here to remaine !
‘ Or why should he, that loves me, sorrie bee
‘ For my deliverance, or at all complaine
‘ My good to heare, and toward ioyes to see ! 280

‘ I goe, and long desired have to goe ;
‘ I goe with gladnesse to my wished rest,
‘ Whereas no worlds sad care nor wasting woe
‘ May come, their happie quiet to molest ;
‘ But saints and angels in celestiaall thrones 285
‘ Eternally Him praise that hath them blest ;
‘ There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

‘ Yet, ere I goe, a pledge I leave with thee
‘ Of the late love the which betwixt us past,
‘ My young Ambrosia ; in lieu of mee, 290
‘ Love her ; so shall our love for ever last.
‘ Thus, Deare ! adieu, whom I expect ere long.’—
“ So having said, away she softly past :
Weepe, Shepherd ! weepe, to make mine undersong.

III.

“ So oft as I record those piercing words, 295
Which yet are deepe engraven in my brest,
And those last deadly accents, which like swords
Did wound my heart, and rend my bleeding chest,
With those sweet sugred speeches doe compare,
The which my soul first conquerd and possest, 300
The first beginners of my endlesse care :

“ And when those pallid cheekes and ashe hew,
In which sad Death his pourtraiture had writ,
And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the cloud of ghastly Night did sit, 305
I match with that sweete smile and chearful brow,
Which all the world subdued unto it,
How happie was I then, and wretched now !

“ How happie was I when I saw her leade
The shepheards daughters dauncing in a rownd ! 310
How trimly would she trace and softly tread
The tender grasse, with rosye garland crownd !
And when she list advaunce her heavenly voyce,
Both Nymphes and Muses nigh she made astownd,
And flocks and shepheards caused to reioyce. 315

“ But now, ye shepheard Lasses ! who shall lead
Your wandring troupes, or sing your virelayes ?
Or who shall dight your bowres, sith she is dead
That was the lady of your holy-dayes ?
Let now your blisse be turned into bale, 320
And into plaints convert your ioyous playes,
And with the same fill every hill and dale.

“ Let bagpipe never more be heard to shrill,
That may allure the senses to delight,
Ne ever shepheard sound his oaten quill 325
Unto the many that provoke them might
To idle pleasance ; but let ghastlinesse
And drearie horror dim the chearfull light,
To make the image of true heavinesse :

“ Let birds be silent on the naked spray, 330
And shady woods resound with dreadfull yells ;
Let streaming floods their hastie courses stay,
And parching drouth drie up the cristall wells ;
Let th’ earth be barren, and bring foorth no flowres,
And th’ ayre be fild with noyse of dolefull knells, 335
And wandring spirits walke untimely howres.

“ And Nature, nurse of every living thing,
Let rest her selfe from her long wearinesse,
And cease henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
But hideous monsters full of uglinesse ; 340
For she it is that hath me done this wrong,
No nurse, but stepdame, cruell, mercilesse.
Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make my undersong.
IV.

“ My litle Flock, whom earst I lov’d so well,
And wont to feed with finest grasse that grew, 345
Feede ye hencefoorth on bitter astrofell,
And stinking smallage, and unsaverie rew ;
And, when your mawes are with those weeds corrupted,
Be ye the pray of wolves ; ne will I rew
That with your carkasses wild beasts be glutted. 350

“ Ne worse to you, my sillie Sheepe ! I pray,
Ne sorer vengeance wish on you to fall
Than to my selfe, for whose confusde decay
To carelesse Heavens I doo daylie call ;
But Heavens refuse to heare a wretches cry ; 355
And cruell Death doth scorn to come at call,
Or graunt his boone that most desires to dye.

“ The good and righteous he away doth take,
To plague th’ unrighteous which alive remaine ;
But the ungodly ones he doth forsake, 360
By living long to multiplie their paine ;
Else surely death should be no punishment,
As the Great Iudge at first did it ordaine,
But rather riddance from long languishment.

“ Therefore, my Daphne they have tane away ; 365
For worthie of a better place was she :
But me unworthie willed here to stay,
That with her lacke I might tormented be.
Sith then they so have ordred, I will pay
Penance to her, according their decree, 370
And to her ghost doe service day by day.

“ For I will walke this wandering pilgrimage,
Throughout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction waste my better age :
My bread shall be the anguish of my mynd, 375
My drink the teares which fro mine eyes do raine,
My bed the ground that hardest I may fynd ;
So will I wilfully increase my paine.

“ And she, my love that was, my saint that is,
When she beholds from her celestiall throne 380
(In which shee ioyeth in eternall blis)
My bitter penance, will my case bemone,
And pittie me that living thus doo die ;
For heavenly spirits have compassion
On mortall men, and rue their miserie. 385

“ So when I have with sorrow satisfyde
Th’ importune Fates, which vengeance on me seeke,
And th’ Heavens with long languor pacifyde,
She, for pure pitie of my sufferance meeke,
Will send for me ; for which I daily long ; 390
And will till then my painfull penance eeke.
Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make my undersong.

v.

“ Hencefoorth I hate what ever Nature made,
And in her workmanship no pleasure finde,
For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade ; 395
So soone as on them blowes the northern winde,
They tarrie not, but flit and fall away,
Leaving behind them nought but grieve of minde,
And mocking such as thinke they long will stay.

“ I hate the Heaven, because it doth withhold 400
Me from my love, and eke my love from me ;
I hate the earth, because it is the mould
Of fleshly slime and fraile mortalitie ;
I hate the fire, because to nought it flies ;
I hate the ayre, because sighes of it be ; 405
I hate the sea, because it teares supplies.

“ I hate the day, because it lepdeth light
To see all things, and not my love to see ;
I hate the darknesse and the dreary night,
Because they breed sad balefulnesse in mee ; 410
I hate all times, because, all times doo’ fly
So fast away, and may not stayed bee,
But as a speedie post that passeth by.

“ I hate to speake, my voyce is spent with crying ;
I hate to heare, lowd plaints have duld mine eares ;
I hate to tast, for food withholds my dying ; 416
I hate to see, mine eyes are dimd with teares ;
I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left ;
I hate to feele, my flesh is numbd with feares :
So all my senses from me are bereft. 420

“ I hate all men, and shun all womankinde ;
The one, because as I they wretched are ;
The other, for because I doo not finde
My love with them, that wont to be their starre :
And life I hate, because it will not last ; 425
And death I hate, because it life doth marre ;
And all I hate that is to come or past.

“ So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Because it changeth ever to and fro,
And never standeth in one certaine state, 430
But, still unstedfast, round about doth goe
Like a mill-wheele in midst of miserie,
Driven with streames of wretchednesse and woe,
That dying lives, and living still does dye.

“ So doo I live, so doo I daylie die, 435
And pine away in selfe-consuming paine !
Sith she that did my vitall powres supplie,
And feeble spirits in their force maintaine,
Is fetcht fro me, why seeke I to prolong
My wearie daies in dolour and disdaine ! 440
Weepe, Shepherd ! weepe, to make my undersong.

VI.

“ Why doo I longer live in lifes despight,
And doo not dye then in despight of death ;
Why doo I longer see this loathsome light
And doo in darknesse not abridge my breath, 445
Sith all my sorrow should have end thereby,
And cares finde quiet ! Is it so uneath
To leave this life, or dolorous to dye ?

“ To live I finde it deadly dolorous,
For life drawes care, and care continuall woe ; 450
Therefore to dye must needes be ioyeous,
And wishfull thing this sad life to forgoe :
But I must stay ; I may it not amend,
My Daphne hence departing bad me so ;
She bad me stay, till she for me did send. 455

“ Yet, whilst I in this wretched vale doo stay,
My wearie feete shall ever wandring be,
That still I may be readie on my way
When as her messenger doth come for me ;
Ne will I rest my feete for feeblenesse, 460
Ne will I rest my limmes for fraïltie,
Ne will I rest mine eyes for heavinesse.

“ But, as the mother of the gods, that sought
For faire Euridyce, her daughter dere,
Throughout the world, with wofull heavie thought ;
So will I travell whilst I tarrie heere, 466
Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lin,
Ne, when as drouping Titan draweth nere
To loose his teeme, will I take up my inne.

“ Ne sleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights) 470
Shall ever lodge upon mine eye-lids more ;
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprights,
Nor failing force to former strength restore :
But I will wake and sorrow all the night
With Philumene, my fortune to deplore ; 475
With Philumene, the partner of my plight.

“ And ever as I see the starre to fall,
And under ground to goe to give them light
Which dwell in darknesse, I to mind will call
How my fair starre (that shind on me so bright) 480
Fell sodainly and faded under ground ;
Since whose departure, day is turnd to night,
And night without a Venus starre is found.

“ But soon as Day doth shew his deawie face,
And cals foorth men unto their toylsome trade, 485
I will withdraw me to some darkesome place,
Or some dere cave, or solitarie shade ;
There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares unlade.
Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make my undersong.

VII.

“ Henceforth mine eyes shall never more behold 491
Faire thing on earth, ne feed on false delight
Of ought that framed is of mortall mould,
Sith that my fairest flower is faded quight ;
For all I see is vaine and transitorie, 495
Ne will be held in any stedfast plight,
But in a moment loose their grace and glorie.

“ And ye, fond Men ! on Fortunes wheele that ride,
Or in ought under heaven repose assurance,
Be it riches, beautie, or honours pride, 500
Be sure that they shall have no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away ;
For nought of them is yours, but th’ only usance
Of a small time, which none ascértaine may.

“ And ye, true Lovers ! whom desastrous chaunce 505
Hath farre exiled from your ladies grace,
To mourne in sorrow and sad sufferance,
When ye doe heare me in that desert place
Lamenting loud my Daphnes elegie,
Helpe me to waile my miserable case, 510
And when life parts vouchsafe to close mine eye.

“ And ye, more happie Lovers ! which enioy
The presence of your dearest loves delight,
When ye doe heare my sorrowfull annoy,
Yet pittie me in your empassiond spright, 515
And thinke that such mishap, as chaunst to me,
May happen unto the most happiest wight ;
For all mens states alike unstedfast be.

“ And ye, my fellow Shepheards ! which do feed
Your carelesse flocks on hils and open plaines, 520
With better fortune than did me succeed,
Remember yet my undeserved paines ;
And when ye heare that I am dead or slaine,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow-swaines
That sad Alcyon dyde in lifes disdaine. 525,

“ And ye, faire Damsels ! shepheards deare delights,
That with your loves do their rude hearts possesse,
When as my hearse shall happen to your sightes,
Vouchsafe to deck the same with cyparesse ;
And ever sprinckle brackish teares among, 530
In pitie of my undeserv'd distresse,
The which, I, wretch, endured have thus long.

“ And ye, poore Pilgrims ! that with restlesse toyle
Wearie your selves in wandring desart wayes,
Till that you come where ye your vowes assoyle, 535
When passing by ye reade these wofull layes
On my grave written, rue my Daphnes wrong,
And mourne for me that languish' out my dayes.
Cease, Shepheard ! cease, and end thy undersong.”—

Thus when he ended had his heavie plaint, 540
The heaviest plaint that ever I heard sound,
His cheekes wext pale, and sprights began to faint,
As if againe he would have fallen to ground ;
Which when I saw, I, stepping to him light,
Amooved him out of his stonie swound, 545
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no waie recomforted would be,
Nor suffer solace to approach him nie,
But casting up a sdeinfull eie at me,
That in his traunce I would not let him lie, 550
Did rend his haire, and beat his blubbred face,
As one disposed wilfullie to die,
That I sore griev'd to see his wretched case.

Tho when the pang was somewhat overpast,
And the outrageous passion nigh appeased, 555
I him desyrde sith daie was overcast,
And darke night fast approched, to be pleased
To turne aside unto my cabinet,
And staie with me, till he were better eased
Of that strong stownd which him so sore beset. 560

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreate with me to staie,
But without taking leave he forth did goe
With staggering pace and dismall looks dismay,
As if that Death he in the face had seene, 565
Or hellish Hags had met upon the way ;
But what of him became I cannot weene. 567

•

ASTROPHEL.

A PASTORALL ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE AND VALOROUS
KNIGHT,

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

DEDICATED TO THE MOST BEAUTIFULL AND
VERTUOUS LADIE,

THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

•

SHEPHEARDS, that wont, on pipes of oaten reed,
Oft times to plaine your loves concealed smart ;
And with your piteous layes have learnd to breed
Compassion in a countrey lasses hart :
Hearken, ye gentle shepheards, to my song,
And place my dolefull plaint your plaints emong.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
The mournfulst verse that ever man heard tell :
To you whose softened hearts it may empierse
With dolours dart for death of Astrophel.
To you I sing and to none other wight,
For well I wot my rymes bene rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nycer wit
Shall hap to heare, or covet them to read :
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the living but the dead.
And if in him found pity ever place,
Let him be moov'd to pity such a case.

•

ASTROPHEL.

A GENTLE Shepherd borne in Arcady,
Of gentlest race that ever shepherd bore,
About the grassie bancks of Hæmony
Did keepe his sheep, his litle stock and store.
Full carefully he kept them day and night, 5
In fairest fields ; and Astrophel he hight.

Young Astrophel, the pride of shepherds praise,
Young Astrophel, the rusticke lasses love :
Far passing all the pastors of his daies,
In all that seemly shepherd might behove. 10
In one thing onely fayling of the best,
That he was not so happie as the rest.

For from the time that first the Nymph his mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to feed ;
A sclender swaine, excelling far each other, 15
In comely shape, like her that did him breed,
He grew up fast in goodnesse and in grace,
And doubly faire woxe both in mynd and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle usage and demeanure myld: 20
That all mens hearts with secret ravishment
He stole away, and weetingly beguyld.
Ne Spight it selfe, that all good things doth spill,
Found ought in him, that she could say was ill.

His sports were faire, his ioyance innocent, 25
Sweet without sowre, and honny without gall:
And he himselfe seemd made for meriment,
Merily masking both in bowre and hall.
There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,
When Astrophel so ever was away. 30

For he could pipe, and daunce, and caroll sweet,
Emongst the shepheards in their shearing feast;
As somers larke that with her song doth greet
The dawning day forth comming from the East.
And layes of love he also could compose: 35
Thrise happie she, whom he to praise did chose.

Full many Maydens often did him woo,
Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name,
Or make for them as he was wont to doo
For her that did his heart with love inflame. 40
For which they promised to dight for him
Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

And many a Nymph both of the wood and brooke,
Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill,

Both christall wells and shadie groves forsooke, 45
To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill;
And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,
Or mellow fruit if it were harvest time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
Yet Woodgods for them often sighed sore : 50
Ne for their gifts unworthie of his wit,
Yet not unworthie of the countries store.
For one alone he cared, for one he sigh't,
His lifes desire, and his deare loves delight.

Stella the faire, the fairest star in skie, 55
As faire as Venus or the fairest faire,
(A fairer star saw never living eie,)
Shot her sharp pointed beames through purest aire.
Her he did love, her he alone did honor,
His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all upon her. 60

To her he vovd the service of his daies,
On her he spent the riches of his wit :
For her he made hymnes of immortall praise,
Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ.
Her, and but her, of love he worthie deemed ; 65
For all the rest but litle he esteemed.

Ne her with ydle words alone he wowed,
And verses vaine, (yet verses are not vaine,)
But with brave deeds to her sole service vowed,
And bold atchievements her did entertaine. 70

For both in deeds and words he nourtred was,
Both wise and hardie, (too hardie alas !)

In wrestling nimble, and in renning swift,
In shooting steddie, and in swimming strong:
Well made to strike, to throw, to leape, to lift, 75
And all the sports that shepheards are emong.
In every one he vanquisht every one,
He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting such felicitie
Or rather infelicitie he found, 80
That every field and forest far away
He sought, where salvage beasts do most abound.
No beast so salvage but he could it kill ;
No chace so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill, matcht with such courage as he had, 85
Did prick him foorth with proud desire of praise
To seek abroad, of daunger nought ydrad,
His mistresse name, and his owne fame, to raise.
What needeth perill to be sought abroad,
Since, round about us, it doth make abroad ! 90

It fortun'd as he that perilous game
In forreine soyle pursued far away ;
Into a forest wide and waste he came,
Where store he heard to be of salvage pray.
So wide a forest and so waste as this, 95
Nor famous Ardeyn, nor fowle Arlo, is.

There his welwoven toyles, and subtil traines,
He laid the brutish nation to enwrap:
So well he wrought with practise and with paines,
That he of them great troupes did soone entrap. 100
Full happie man (misweening much) was hee,
So rich a spoile within his power to see.

Eftsoones, all heedlesse of his dearest hale,
Full greedily into the heard he thrust,
To slaughter them, and worke their finall bale, 105
Least that his toyle should of their troupes be burst.
Wide wounds emongst them many one he made,
Now with his sharp borespear, now with his blade.

His care was all how he them all might kill,
That none might scape, (so partiall unto none:) 110
Ill mynd so much to mynd anothers ill,
As to become unmyndfull of his owne.
But pardon that unto the cruell skies,
That from himselfe to them withdrew his eies.

So as he rag'd emongst that beastly rout, 115
A cruell beast of most accursed brood
Upon him turnd, (despeyre makes cowards stout,)
And, with fell tooth accustomed to blood,
Launched his thigh with so mischievous might,
That it both bone and muscles ryved quight. 120

So deadly was the dint and deep the wound,
And so huge streames of blood thereout did flow,

That he endured not the direfull stound,
But on the cold deare earth himselfe did throw;
The whiles the captive heard his nets did rend, 125
And, having none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while his shepheard peares,
To whom alive was nought so deare as hee:
And ye faire Mayds, the matches of his yeares,
Which in his grace did boast you most to bee! 130
Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need,
To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed!

Ah! wretched boy, the shape of dreryhead,
And sad ensample of mans suddein end:
Full litle faileth but thou shalt be dead, 135
Unpitied, unplaynd, of foe or frend!
Whilest none is nigh, thine eylids up to close,
And kisse thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

A sort of shepheards sewing of the chace,
As they the forest raunged on a day, 140
By fate or fortune came unto the place,
Where as the lucklesse boy yet bleeding lay;
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still have bled,
Had not good hap those shepheards thether led.

They stopt his wound, (too late to stop it was!) 145
And in their armes then softly did him reare:
Tho (as he wild) unto his loved lasse,
His dearest love, him dolefully did beare.

The dolefulst biere that ever man did see,
Was Astrophel, but dearest unto mee! 150

She, when she saw her Love in such a plight,
With crudled blood and filthie gore deformed,
That wont to be with flowers and gyrlonds dight,
And her deare favours dearly well adorned ;
Her face, the fairest face that eye mote see, 155
She likewise did deforme like him to bee.

Her yellow locks that shone so bright and long,
As sunny beames in fairest somers day,
She fiersly tore, and with outrageous wrong
From her red cheeks the roses rent away : 160
And her faire brest, the threasury of ioy,
She spoyled thereof, and filled with annoy.

His palled face, impictured with death,
She bathed oft with teares and dried oft :
And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath 165
Out of his lips like lillies pale and soft.
And oft she cald to him, who answerd nought,
But onely by his lookes did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret,
And piteous mone the which she for him made, 170
No toong can tell, nor any forth can set,
But he whose heart like sorrow did invade.
At last, when paine his vitall powres had spent,
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staid not a whit, 175
But after him did make untimely haste :
Forth-with her ghost out of her corps did flit,
And followed her make like turtle chaste :
To prove that death their hearts cannot divide,
Which living were in love so firmly tide. 180

The gods, which all things see, this same beheld,
And, pittying this paire of lovers trew,
Transformed them there lying on the field
Into one flowre that is both red and blew :
It first growes red, and then to blew doth fade, 185
Like Astrophel, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appeares,
As fairly formd as any star in skyes ;
Resembling Stella in her freshest yeares,
Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes : 190
And all the day it standeth full of deow,
Which is the teares, that from her eyes did flow.

That hearbe of some Starlight is cald by name,
Of others Penthia, though not so well :
But thou, where ever thou doest finde the same, 195
From this day forth do call it Astrophel :
And, when so ever thou it up doest take,
Do pluck it softly for that shepheards sake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did passe,
The shepheards all which loved him full deare, 200

And sure full deare of all he loved was,
Did thether flock to see what they did heare.
And when that pitteous spectacle they vewed,
The same with bitter teares they all bedewed.

And every one did make exceeding mone, 205
With inward anguish and great grieve opprest :
And every one did weep and waile, and mone,
And meanes deviz'd to shew his sorrow best.
That from that houre, since first on grassie greene
Shepheards kept sheép, was not like mourning seen.

But first his sister that Clorinda hight, 211
The gentlest shepheardesse that lives this day,
And most resembling both in shape and spright
Her brother deare, began this dolefull lay.
Which, least I marre the sweetnesse of the vearse,
In sort as she it sung I will rehearse. 216

THE DOLEFULL LAY OF CLORINDA.*

Ay me, to whom shall I my case complaine,
That may compassion my impatient grieve !
Or where shall I unfold my inward paine,
That my enriven heart may find reliefe !
Shall I unto the heavenly powres it show ? 5
Or unto earthly men that dwell below ?

* These verses are supposed to have been written by Mary Countess of Pembroke, sister to Sir Philip Sidney.

To heavens? ah! they alas! the authors were,
And workers of my unremédied wo:
For they foresee what to us happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffred this be so. 10
From them comes good, from them comes also il;
That which they made, who can them warne to spill!

To men? ah! they alas like wretched bee,
And subiect to the heavens ordinance:
Bound to abide what ever they decree, 15
Their best redresse is their best sufferance.
How then can they, like wretched, comfort mee,
The which no lesse need comforted to bee?

Then to my selfe will I my sorrow mourne,
Sith none alive like sorrowfull remaines: 20
And to my selfe my plaints shall back retourne,
To pay their usury with doubled paines.
The woods, the hills, the rivers, shall resound
The mournfull accent of my sorrowes ground.

Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate, 25
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace:
And all the fields do waile their widow state,
Sith death their fairest flowre did late deface.
The fairest flowre in field that ever grew,
Was Astrophel; that was, we all may rew. 30

What cruell hand of cursed foe unknowne,
Hath cropt the stalke which bore so faire a flowre?

Untimely cropt, before it well were growne,
And cleane defaced in untimely howre.

Great losse to all that ever him did see, 35
Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee!

Breake now your gyrlonds, O ye shepheards lasses,
Sith the faire flowre, which them adorn'd, is gon :
The flowre, which them adorn'd, is gone to ashes,
Never againe let lasse put gyrlond on. 40

In stead of gyrlond, weare sad Cypres nowe,
And bitter Elder, broken from the bowe.

Ne ever sing the love-layes which he made ;
Who ever made such layes of love as hee ?
Ne ever read the riddles, which he sayd 45
Unto your selves, to make you mery glee.
Your mery glee is now laid all abed,
Your mery maker now alas ! is dead.

Death, the devourer of all worlds delight,
Hath robbed you, and reft fro me my ioy : 50
Both you and me, and all the world he quight
Hath robd of ioyance, and left sad annoy.

Ioy of the world, and shepheards pride was hee !
Shepheards, hope never like againe to see !

Oh Death ! that hast us of such riches reft, 55
Tell us at least, what hast thou with it done ?
What is become of him whose flowre here left
Is but the shadow of his likenesse gone ?

Scarse like the shadow of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a shade did pas. 60

But that immortall spirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celestially grace,
By soveraine choyce from th' heavenly quires select,
And lineally deriv'd from Angels race,
O! what is now of it become aread. 65
Ay me, can so divine a thing be dead?

Ah! no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
But lives for aie, in blisfull Paradise:
Where like a new-borne babe it soft doth lie,
In bed of lillies wrapt in tender wise; 70
And compast all about with roses sweet,
And daintie violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds, all of celestially brood,
To him do sweetly caroll day and night;
And with straunge notes, of him well understood, 75
Lull him asleep in angelick delight;
Whilest in sweet dreame to him presented bee
Immortall beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure
Of their divine aspects, appearing plaine, 80
And kindling love in him above all measure;
Sweet love, still ioyous, never feeling paine.
For what so goodly forme he there doth see,
He may enioy from iealous rancor free.

There liveth he in everlasting blis, 85
Sweet Spirit never fearing more to die :
Ne dreading harme from any foes of his,
Ne fearing salvage beasts more crueltie.

Whilest we here, wretches, waile his private lack,
And with vaine vowes do often call him back. 90

But live thou there, still happie, happie Spirit,
And give us leave thee here thus to lament !
Not thee that doest thy heavens ioy inherit,
But our owne selves that here in dole are drent.
Thus do we weep and waile, and wear our eies,
Mourning, in others, our owne miseries. 96

WHICH when she ended had, another swaine
Of gentle wit and daintie sweet device,
Whom Astrophel full deare did entertaine,
Whilest here he liv'd, and held in passing price,
Hight Thestylis, began his mournfull tourne : 5
And made the Muses in his song to mourne.

And after him full many other moe,
As everie one in order lov'd him best,
Gan dight themselves t' expresse their inward woe,
With dolefull layes unto the time addrest. 10
The which I here in order will rehearse,
As fittest flowres to deck his mournfull hearse. 12

MOURNING MUSE OF THESTYLIS.*

COME forth, ye Nymphes, come forth, forsake your
 watry bowres,
 Forsake your mossy caves, and help me to lament :
 Help me to tune my dolefull notes to gurgling sound
 Of Liffies tumbling streames: Come, let salt teares of
 ours
 Mix with his waters fresh. O come, let one consent
 Ioyne us to mourne with wailfull plaints the deadly
 wound 6
 Which fatall clap hath made, decreed by higher powres ;
 The dreery day in which they have from us yrent
 The noblest plant that might from East to West be found.
 Mourne, mourn, great Phillips fall, mourn we his wofull
 end, 10
 Whom spitefull Death hath pluct untimely from the tree,
 Whiles yet his yeares in flowre did promise worthie frute.
 Ah dreadful Mars, why didst thou not thy knight
 defend ?
 What wrathfull mood, what fault of ours, hath moved
 thee

* This and the succeeding Poem are supposed to have been written by Lodowick Bryskett.

Of such a shining light to leave us destitute? 15
 Thou with benigne aspect sometime didst us behold,
 Thou hast in Britons valour tane delight of old,
 And with thy presence oft vouchsaft to attribute
 Fame and renowme to us for glorious martiall deeds.
 But now their [thy] ireful bemes have chill'd our harts
 with cold; 20
 Thou hast estrang'd thy self, and deignest not our land:
 Farre off to others now thy favour honour breeds,
 And high disdain doth cause thee shun our clime,
 (I feare;)
 For hadst thou not bene wroth, or that time neare at
 hand,
 Thou wouldst have heard the cry that wofull England
 made; 25
 Eke Zeland's piteous plaints, and Hollands toren heare,
 Would haply have appeas'd thy divine angry mynd:
 Thou shouldst have seen the trees refuse to yeeld their
 shade,
 And wailing to let fall the honor of their head;
 And birds in mournfull tunes lamenting in their kinde.
 Up from his tombe the mightie Corineus rose, 31
 Who cursing oft the Fates that this mishap had bred,
 His hoary locks he tare, calling the Heavens unkinde.
 The Thames was heard to roare, the Reyne and eke the
 Mose,
 The Schald, the Danow selfe, this great mischance did
 rue, 35
 With torment and with grief: their fountains pure and
 cleere

Were troubled, and with swelling fouds declar'd their
woes.

The Muses comfortles, the Nymphs with paled hue,
The Silvan gods likewise, came running farre and neere,
And all with teares bedewd, and eyes cast up on hie ;
O help, O help, ye gods, they ghastly gan to crie. 41
O chaunge the cruell fate of this so rare a wight,
And graunt that natures course may measure out his age.
The beasts their foode forsooke, and, trembling fearfully,
Each sought his cave or den, this cry did them so fright.
Out from amid the waves, by storme then stirr'd to rage,
This crie did cause to rise th' old father Ocean hoare,
Who grave with eld, and full of maiestie in sight, 48
Spake in this wise. " Refrain (quoth he) your teares
and plaints,

Cease these your idle words, make vaine requests no
more. 50

No humble speech, nor mone, may move the fixed stint
Of destinie or death : Such is His will that paints
The earth with colours fresh ; the darkest skies with
store

Of starry lights : And though your teares a hart of flint
Might tender make, yet nought herein they will pre-
vaile." 55

Whiles thus he said, the noble knight, who gan to
feele

His vitall force to faint, and death with cruell dint
Of direfull dart his mortall bodie to assaile,
With eyes lift up to heav'n, and courage franke as steele,
With cheerfull face, where valour lively was exprest,

But humble mynd, he said: "O Lord, if ought this
fraile 61

And earthly carcasse have thy service sought t' ad-
vance;

If my desire have bene still to relieve th' opprest;

If iustice to maintaine that valour I have spent

Which thou me gav'st; or if henceforth I might advance

Thy name, thy truth, then spare me (Lord) if thou think
best; 66

Forbeare these unripe yeares. But if thy will be bent,
If that prefixed time be come which thou hast set;

Through pure and fervent faith, I hope now to be plast

In th' everlasting blis, which with thy precious blood

Thou purchase didst for us." With that a sigh he set,

And straight a cloudie mist his sences overcast; 72

His lips waxt pale and wan, like damaske roses bud

Cast from the stalke, or like in field to purple flowre,

Which languisheth being shred by culter as it past. 75

A trembling chilly cold ran thogh their veines, which
were

With eies brimfull of teares to see his fatall howre,

Whose blustering sighes at first their sorrow did declare,

Next, murmuring ensude; at last they not forbear

Plaine outcries, all against the Heav'ns that enviously

Depriv'd us of a spright so perfect and so rare. 81

The Sun his lightsom beames did shrowd, and hide
his face

For grieve, whereby the earth feard night eternally:

The mountaines eachwhere shooke, the rivers turn'd
their streames,

And th' aire gan winterlike to rage and fret apacc: 85
 And grisly ghosts by night were seene, and fieric
 gleames,

Amid the clouds with claps of thunder, that did seeme
 To rent the skies, and made both man and beast afeard :
 The birds of ill presage this lucklesse chance foretold,
 By dernfull noise ; and dogs with howling made man
 deeme 90

Some mischief was at hand : for such they do esteeme
 As tokens of mishap, and so have done of old.

Ah ! that thou hadst but heard his lovely Stella plaine
 Her greevous losse, or seene her heavie mourning cheere,
 While she, with woe opprest, her sorrowes did unfold.
 Her haire hung lose, neglect, about her shoulders
 twaine ; 96

And from those two bright starres, to him sometime
 so deere,

Her heart sent drops of pearle, which fell in foyson
 downe

Twixt lilly and the rose. She wroong her hands with
 paine,

And piteously gan say : " My true and faithfull pheere,
 Alas, and woe is me, why should my fortune frowne

On me thus frowardly to rob me of my ioy ! 102

What cruell envious hand hath taken thee away,

And with thee my content, my comfort, and my stay ?

Thou onelie wast the ease of trouble and annoy, 105

When they did me assaile ; in thee my hopes did rest.

Alas, what now is left but grief, that night and day

Afflicts this wofull life, and with continuall rage

Torments ten thousand waies my miserable brest!
O greedie envious Heav'n, what needed thee to have
Enricht with such a Jewell this unhappie age; 111
To take it back againe so soone! Alas, when shall
Mine eies see ought that may content them, since thy
grave,

My onely treasure, hides the ioyes of my poore hart!
As here with thee on earth I liv'd, even so equall 115
Me thinkes it were with thee in heav'n I did abide:
And as our troubles all we here on earth did part,
So reason would that there of thy most happie state
I had my share. Alas, if thou my trustie guide
Were wont to be, how canst thou leave me thus alone
In darknesse and astray; weake, wearie, desolate, 121
Plung'd in a world of woe, refusing for to take
Me with thee to the place of rest where thou art gone!"
This said, she held her peace, for sorrow tide her toong;
And instead of more words, seemd that her eies a lake
Of teares had bene, they flow'd so plenteously therefro:
And, with her sobs and sighs, th' aire round about her
roong. 127,

If Venus, when she waild her deare Adonis slaine,
Ought moov'd in thy fiers hart compassion of her woe,
His noble sisters plaints, her sighes and teares emong,
Would sure have made thee milde, and inly rue her
paine: 131

Aurora halfe so faire her selfe did never show,
When, from old Tithons bed, shee weeping did arise.
The blinded Archer-boy, like larke in showre of raine,
Sat bathing of his wings, and glad the time did spend

Under those cristall drops, which fell from her faire
eies; 136

And at their brightest beames him proynd in lovely wise.
Yet sorie for her grief, which he could not amend,
The gentle boy gan wipe her eies, and clear those
lights,

Those lights through which his glory and his conquests
shine. 140

The Graces tuckt her hair, which hung like threds of
gold,

Along her yvorie brest, the treasure of delights.

All things with her to weep, it seemed, did encline,
The trees, the hills, the dales, the caves, the stones so
cold.

The aire did help them mourne, with dark clouds, raine,
and mist, 145

Forbearing many a day to cleare it selfe againe;
Which made them eftsoones feare the daies of Pirrha
shold

Of creatures spoile the earth, their fatall threds untwist.
For Phœbus gladsome raies were wished for in vaine,
And with her quivering light Latonas daughter faire,
And Charles-waine eke refus'd to be the shipmans
guide. 151

On Neptune warre was made by Aeolus and his traine,
Who, letting loose the winds, tost and tormented th'
aire,

So that on ev'ry coast men shipwrack did abide,
Or else were swallowed up in open sea with waves,
And such as came to shoare were beaten with despaire.

The Medwaies silver streames, that wont so still to
slide, 157

Were troubled now and wrothe; whose hidden hollow
caves,

Along his banks with fog then shrowded from mans eye,
Ay Phillip did resownd, aie Phillip they did crie. 160
His Nimphs were seen no more (thogh custom stil it
craves)

With haire spred to the wynd themselves to bath or
sport,

Or with the hooke or net, barefooted wantonly,

The pleasant daintie fish to entangle or deceive.

The shepheards left their wonted places of resort, 165
Their bagpipes now were still; their loving mery layes
Were quite forgot; and now their flocks men might
perceive

To wander and to straie, all carelesly neglect.

And, in the stead of mirth and pleasure, nights and dayes
Nought els was to be heard, but woes, complaints, and
mone. 170

But thou (O blessed soule!) doest haply not respect
These teares we shead, though full of loving pure affect,
Having affixt thine eyes on that most glorious throne,
Where full of maiestie the High Creator reignes;
In whose bright shining face thy ioyes are all complete,
Whose love kindles thy spright; where, happie alwaies
one, 176

Thou liv'st in blis that earthly passion never staines;
Where from the purest spring the sacred Nectar sweete
Is thy continuall drinke; where thou doest gather now

Of well employed life th' inestimable gaines. 180
There Venus on thee smiles, Apollo gives thee place,
And Mars in reverent wise doth to thy vertue bow,
And decks his fiery sphere, to do thee honour most.
In highest part whereof, thy valour for to grace,
A chaire of gold he setts to thee, and there doth tell
Thy noble acts arew, whereby even they that boast
Themselves of auncient fame, as Pirrhuss, Hanniball,
Scipio, and Cæsar, with the rest that did excell 188
In martiall prowesse, high thy glorie do admire.

All haile, therefore, O worthie Phillip immortall,
The flowre of Sydneyes race, the honour of thy name!
Whose worthie praise to sing, my Muses not aspire, 192
But sorrowfull and sad these teares to thee let fall;
Yet wish their verses might so farre and wide thy fame
Extend, that envies rage, nor time, might end the
same. 195

A

PASTORALL AEGLOGUE

UPON THE

DEATH OF SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT, &c.

LYCON. COLIN.

COLIN, well fits thy sad cheare this sad stownd,
This wofull stownd, wherein all things complaine
This great mishap, this greevous losse of owres.
Hear'st thou the Orown? how with hollow sownd
He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine, 5
And seemes to say unto the fading flowres,
Along his bankes, unto the bared trees ;
Phillisides is dead. Up, iolly swaine,
Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,
Help him to mourn. My hart with grief doth freese, 10
Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part
Sure would I beare, though rude: But, as I may,
With sobs and sighes I second will thy song,
And so expresse the sorrowes of my hart.

COLIN. Ah Lycon, Lycon, what need skill, to teach 15
A grieved mynd powre forth his plaints! how long
Hath the pore turtle gon to school (weenest thou)
To learne to mourne her lost make! No, no, each

Creature by nature can tell how to waile.
Seest not these flocks, how sad they wander now? 20
Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes
In dolefull sound. Like him, not one doth faile
With hanging head to shew a heaueie cheare.
What bird (I pray thee) hast thou seen, that prunes
Himselfe of late? did any cheerfull note 25
Come to thine eares, or gladsome sight appeare
Unto thine eies, since that same fatall howre?
Hath not the aire put on his mourning coat,
And testified his grief with flowing teares?
Sith then, it seemeth each thing to his powre 30
Doth us invite to make a sad consort;
Come, let us ioyn our mournfull song with theirs.
Griefe will endite, and sorrow will enforce,
Thy voice; and eccho will our words report. [frame,
LYCON. Though my rude rymes ill with thy verses
That others farre excell; yet will I force 36
My selfe to answere thee the best I can,
And honor my base words with his high name.
But if my plaints annoy thee where thou sit
In secret shade or cave; vouchsafe (O Pan) 40
To pardon me, and hear this hard constraint
With patience while I sing, and pittie it.
And eke ye rurall Muses, that do dwell
In these wilde woods; if ever piteous plaint
We did endite, or taught a wofull minde 45
With words of pure affect his griefe to tell,
Instruct me now. Now, Colin, then goe on,
And I will follow thee, though farre behinde.

COLIN. Phillisides is dead. O harmfull death,
O deadly harme ! Unhappie Albion, 50
When shalt thou see, emong thy shepheards all,
Any so sage, so perfect ? Whom uneath
Envie could touch for vertuous life and skill ;
Curteous, valiant, and liberall.
Behold the sacred Pales, where with haire 55
Untrust she sitts, in shade of yonder hill.
And her faire face, bent sadly downe, doth send
A floud of teares to bathe the earth ; and there
Doth call the Heav'ns despightfull, envious,
Cruell his fate, that made so short an end 60
Of that same life, well worthie to have bene
Prolongd with many yeares, happie and famous.
The Nymphs and Oreades her round about
Do sit lamenting on the grassie grene ;
And with shrill cries, beating their whitest breasts, 65
Accuse the direfull dart that death sent out
To give the fatall stroke. The starres they blame,
That deafe or carelesse seeme at their request.
The pleasant shade of stately groves they shun ;
They leave their cristall springs, where they wont frame
Sweet bowres of myrtel twigs and lawrel faire, 71
To sport themselves free from the scorching sun.
And now the hollow caves where horror darke
Doth dwell, whence banisht is the gladsome aire,
They seeke ; and there in mourning spend their time 75
With wailfull tunes, whiles wolves do howle and barke,
And seem to beare a bourdon to their plaint.

LYCON. Phillisides is dead. O dolefull ryme !

Why should my toong expresse thee? who is left
Now to uphold thy hopes, when they do faint, 80
Lyon unfortunate! What spitefull fate,
What lucklesse destinie, hath thee bereft
Of thy chief comfort; of thy onely stay!
Where is become thy wonted happie state,
(Alas!) wherein through many a hill and dale, 85
Through pleasant woods, and many an unknowne way,
Along the bankes of many silver streames,
Thou with him yodest; and with him didst scale
The craggie rocks of th' Alpes and Appenine!
Still with the Muses sporting, while those beames 90
Of vertue kindled in his noble brest,
Which after did so gloriously forth shine!
But (woe is me!) they now yquenched are
All suddeinly, and death hath them opprest.
Loe father Neptune, with sad countenance, 95
How he sitts mourning on the strond now bare,
Yonder, where th' Ocean with his rolling waves
The white feete washeth (wailing this mischance)
Of Dover cliffes. His sacred skirt about
The sea-gods all are set; from their moist caves 100
All for his comfort gathered there they be.
The Thamis rich, the Humber rough and stout,
The fruitfull Severne, with the rest are come
To helpe their lord to mourne, and eke to see
The dolefull sight, and sad pomp funerall, 105
Of the dead corps passing through his kingdome.
And all their heads, with cypres gyrlonds crown'd,
With wofull shrikes salute him great and small.

Eke wailfull Eccho, forgetting her deare
Narcissus, their last accents doth resownd. 110

COLIN. Phillisides is dead. O lucklesse age ;
O widow world ; O brookes and fountains cleere ;
O hills, O dales, O woods, that oft have rong
With his sweet caroling, which could asswage
The fiercest wrath of tygre or of beare : 115
Ye Silvans, Fawnes, and Satyres, that emong
These thickets oft have daunst after his pipe ;
Ye Nymphs and Nayades with golden heare,
That oft have left your purest cristall springs
To harken to his layes, that coulden wipe 120
Away all grieffe and sorrow from your harts :
Alas ! who now is left that like him sings ?
When shall you heare againe like harmonie ?
So sweet a sownd who to you now imparts ?
Loe where engraved by his hand yet lives 125
The name of Stella in yonder bay tree.

Happie name ! happie tree ! faire may you grow,
And spred your sacred branch, which honor gives
To famous Emperours, and Poets crowne.
Unhappie flock that wander scattred now, 130
What marvell if through grief ye woxen leane,
Forsake your food, and hang your heads adowne !
For such a shepheard never shall you guide,
Whose parting hath of weale bereft you cleane.

LYCON. Phillisides is dead. O happie sprite, 135
That now in heav'n with blessed soules doest bide :
Looke down a while from where thou sitst above,
And see how busie shepheards be to endite

Sad songs of grief, their sorrowes to declare,
And gratefull memory of their kynd love. 140
Behold my selfe with Colin, gentle swaine,
(Whose lerned Muse thou cherisht most whyleare,)
Where we, thy name recording, seeke to ease
The inward torment and tormenting paine,
That thy departure to us both hath bred; 145
Ne can each others sorrow yet appease.
Behold the fountains now left desolate,
And withred grasse with cypres boughes be spred;
Behold these floures which on thy grave we strew;
Which, faded, shew the givers faded state, 150
(Though eke they shew their fervent zeale and pure,)
Whose onely comfort on thy welfare grew.
Whose praiers importune shall the Heav'ns for ay,
That, to thy ashes, rest they may assure:
That learnedst shepheards honor may thy name 155
With yeerly praises, and the Nymphs alway
Thy tomb may deck with fresh and sweetest flowres;
And that for ever may endure thy fame.

COLIN. The Sun (lo!) hastned hath his face to steep
In western waves; and th' aire with stormy showres
Warnes us to drive homewards our silly sheep:
Lycon, lett's rise, and take of them good keep. 162

Virtute summa : cætera fortuna.

AN ELEGIE,

OR

FRIENDS PASSION, FOR HIS ASTROPHILL.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT,

LORD GOVERNOUR OF FLUSHING.

AS then, no winde at all there blew,
No swelling cloude accloid the aire ;
The skie, like grasse [glasse] of watchet hew,
Reflected Phœbus golden haire ;
The garnisht tree no pendants stird, 5
No voice was heard of anie bird.

There might you see the burly Beare,
The Lion king, the Elephant ;
The maiden Unicorne was there,
So was Actœons horned plant, 10
And what of wilde or tame are found,
Were coucht in order on the ground.

Alcides speckled poplar tree,
The palme that Monarchs do obtaine,

With love-juice staind the mulberie, 15
The fruit that dewes the poets braine ;
And Phillis philbert there away,
Comparde with mirtle and the bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorne,
With stately height threatning the skie ; 20
And, for the bed of Love forlorne,
The blacke and dolefull Ebonie ;
All in a circle compast were,
Like to an ampitheater.

Upon the branches of those trees, 25
The airie-winged people sat,
Distinguished in od degrees ;
One sort is this, another that :
Here Philomell, that knowes full well
What force and wit in love doth dwell. 30

The skiebred Eagle, roiall bird,
Percht there upon an oke above ;
The Turtle by him never stird,
Example of immortall love.
The Swan that sings, about to dy, 35
Leaving Meander stood thereby.

And, that which was of woonder most,
The Phœnix left sweet Arabie ;
And, on a Cædar in this coast,
Built up her tombe of spicerie, 40

As I coniecture, by the same
Preparde to take her dying flame.

In midst and center of this plot,
I saw one groveling on the grasse ;
A man or stone, I knew not that : 45
No stone ; of man the figure was,
And yet I could not count him one,
More than the image made of stone.

At length I might perceive him reare
His bodie on his elbow end : 50
Earthly and pale with ghastly cheare,
Upon his knees he upward tend,
Seeming like one in uncouth stound,
To be ascending out the ground.

A grievous sigh forthwith he throwes, 55
As might have torne the vitall strings ;
Then down his cheeks the teares so flows,
As doth the streame of many springs.
So thunder rends the cloud in twaine,
And makes a passage for the raine. 60

Incontinent, with trembling sound,
He wofully gan to complaine ;
Such were the accents as might wound,
And teare a diamond rocke in twaine :
After his throbs did somewhat stay, 65
Thus heavily he gan to say.

O sunne ! (said he) seeing the sunne,
On wretched me why dost thou shine ?
My star is falne, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of my eie : 70
 Shine upon those possesse delight,
 And let me live in endlesse night.

O grieve that liest upon my soule,
As heavie as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll, 75
Consort me quickly with the dead ;
 Halfe of this hart, this sprite, and will,
 Di'de in the brest of Astrophill.

And you, compassionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beasts, and shadie trees, 80
I am assurde ye long to kno
What be the sorrowes me agreev's ;
 Listen ye then to that insu'th,
 And heare a tale of teares and ruthe.

You knew, who knew not Astrophill ? 85
(That I should live to say I knew,
And have not in possession still !)
Things knowne permit me to renew ;
 Of him you know his merit such,
 I cannot say, you heare, too much. 90

Within these woods of Arcadie.
He chiefe delight and pleasure tooke,

And on the mountaine Parthenie,
Upon the chrystall liquid brooke,
The Muses met him ev'ry day, 95
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended downe to the mount,
His personage seemed most divine,
A thousand graces one might count
Upon his lovely cheerfull eie ; 100
To heare him speake and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
A full assurance given by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face, 105
The lineaments of Gospell bookes ;
I trowe that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.

Was never eie did see that face,
Was never eare did heare that tong, 110
Was never minde did minde his grace,
That ever thought the travell long ;
But eies, and eares, and ev'ry thought,
Were with his sweete perfections caught.

O God, that such a worthy man, 115
In whom so rare desarts did raigne,
Desired thus, must leave us than,
And we to wish for him in vaine !

O could the stars, that bred that wit,
In force no longer fixed sit ! 120

Then being fild with learned dew,
The Muses willed him to love ;
That instrument can aptly shew,
How finely our conceits will move :
As Bacchus opes dissembled harts, 125
So Love sets out our better parts.

Stella, a Nymph within this wood,
Most rare and rich of heavenly blis,
The highest in his fancie stood,
And she could well demerite this : 130
Tis likely they acquainted soone ;
He was a Sun, and she a Moone.

Our Astrophill did Stella love ;
O Stella, vaunt of Astrophill,
Albeit thy graces gods may move, 135
Where wilt thou finde an Astrophill !
The rose and lillie have their prime,
And so hath beautie but a time.

Although thy beautie do exceed,
In common sight of ev'ry eie, 140
Yet in his Poesies when we reede,
It is apparant more thereby,
He, that hath love and iudgement too,
Sees more than any other doo.

Then Astrophill hath honord thee ; 145
For when thy bodie is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternall be,
And live by virtue of his inke ;
For by his verses he doth give
The short-livde beautie aye to live. 150

Above all others this is hee,
Which erst approoved in his song,
That love and honor might agree,
And that pure love will do no wrong.
Sweet saints ! it is no sinne or blame, 155
To love a man of vertuous name.

Did never love so sweetly breath
In any mortall brest before,
Did never Muse inspire beneath
A Poets braine with finer store : 160
He wrote of love with high conceit,
And beautie reard above her height.

Then Pallas afterward attyrde
Our Astrophill with her device,
Whom in his armor heaven admyrde, 165
As of the nation of the skies ;
He sparkled in his armes afarrs,
As he were dight with fierie starrs.

The blaze whereof when Mars beheld,
(An envious eie doth see afar,) 170

Such maiestie (quoth he) is seeld,
Such maiestie my mart may mar;
Perhaps this may a suter be,
To set Mars by his deitie.

In this surmize he made with speede 175
An iron cane, wherein he put
The thunder that in cloudes do breede;
The flame and bolt together shut
With privie force burst out againe,
And so our Astrophill was slaine. 180

His word (was slaine!) straightway did move,
And natures inward life strings twitch;
The skiè immediately above
Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch,
The wrastling winds from out the ground 185
Fild all the aire with ratling sound.

The bending trees exprest a grone,
And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall;
The forrest beasts made ruthfull mone,
The birds did tune their mourning call, 190
And Philomell for Astrophill
Unto her notes annex a phill.

The Turtle dove with tunes of ruthe
Shewd feeling passion of his death;
Me thought she said, I tell thee truthe, 195
Was never he that drew in breath

Unto his love more trustie found,
Than he for whom our griefs abound.

The Swan, that was in presence heere,
Began his funerall dirge to sing: 200
Good things (quoth he) may scarce appeere,
But passe away with speedie wing.
This mortall life as death is tride,
And death gives life, and so he di'de.

The generall sorrow that was made, 205
Among the creatures of [each] kinde,
Fired the Phoenix where she laide,
Her ashes flying with the winde,
So as I might with reason see,
That such a Phoenix nere should bee. 210

Haply the cinders, driven about,
May breede an offspring neere that kinde,
But hardly a peere to that I doubt ;
It cannot sinke into my minde,
That under branches ere can bee 215
Of worth and value as the tree.

The Egle markt with pearcing sight
The mournfull habite of the place,
And parted thence with mounting flight,
To signifie to Iove the case, 220
What sorrow nature doth sustaine
For Astrophill by envie slaine.

And, while I followed with mine eie
The flight the Egle upward tooke,
All things did vanish by and by, 225
And disappeared from my looke :
The trees, beasts, birds, and grove was gone ;
So was the friend that made this mone.

This spectacle had firmly wrought
A deepe compassion in my spright ; 230
My molting hart issude, me thought,
In streames forth at mine eies aright :
And here my pen is forst to shrinke,
My teares discollar so mine inke.

AN EPITAPH

UPON THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT,

LORD GOVERNOR OF FLUSHING.

TO praise thy life, or waile thy worthie death,
And want thy wit, thy wit high, pure, divine,
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings lore, 5
And friendly care obscurde in secret brest,
And love that envie in thy life supprest,
Thy deere life done, and death, hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time, and living state,
Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought, 10
As one that seeld the rising sun hath sought,
With words and teares now waile thy timelesse fate.

Drawne was thy race aright from princely line;
Nor lesse than such, (by gifts that Nature gave,
The common mother that all creatures have,) 15
Doth vertue shew, and princely linage shine.

A king gave thee thy name ; a kingly minde,
That God thee gave, who found it now too deere
For this base world, and hath resumde it neere,
To sit in skies, and sort with powres divine. 20

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy youth ;
The heavens made hast, and staid nor yeers, nor time ;
The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime,
Thy will, thy words ; thy words the seales of truth.

Great gifts and wisdom rare imployd thee thence, 25
To treat from kings with those more great than kings ;
Such hope men had to lay the highest things
On thy wise youth, to be transported hence !

Whence to sharpe wars sweet honor did thee call,
Thy countries love, religion, and thy friends : 30
Of worthy men the marks, the lives, and ends,
And her defence, for whom we labor all.

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age,
Griefe, sorrow, sicknes, and base fortunes might :
Thy rising day saw never wofull night, 35
But past with praise from off this worldly stage.

Back to the campe, by thee that day was brought,
First thine owne death, and after thy long fame ;
Tears to the soldiers, the proud Castilians shame,
Vertue exprest, and honor truly taught. 40

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath woon?
Yoong yeeres for endles yeeres, and hope unsure
Of fortunes gifts for wealth that still shall dure;
Oh! happie race with so great praises run.

England doth hold thy lims that bred the same, 45
Flaunders thy valure where it last was tried,
The Campe thy sorrow where thy bodie died;
Thy friends, thy want; the world, thy vertues fame.

Nations thy wit, our mindes lay up thy lovè;
Letters thy learning, thy losse, yeeres long to come;
In worthy harts sorrow hath made thy tombe; 51
Thy soule and spright enrich the heavens above.

Thy liberall hart imbalmd in gratefull teares,
Yoong sighes, sweet sighes, sage sighes, bewaile thy
fall:

Envie her sting, and Spite hath left her gall; 55
Malice her selfe a mourning garment weares.

That day their Hanniball died, our Scipio fell;
Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time!
Whose vertues, wounded by my worthelesse rime,
Let Angels speake, and heaven thy praises tell. 60

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

SILENCE augmenteth grief, writing encreaseth rage,
Stald are my thoughts, which lov'd, and lost, the wonder
 of our age ;
Yet quickned now with fire, though dead with frost
 ere now,
Enrag'de I write, I know not what : dead, quick, I
 know not how.

Hard harted mindes relent, and Rigors teares abound,
And Envie strangely rues his end, in whom no fault she
 found ; 6
Knowledge her light hath lost, Valor hath slaine her
 knight ;
Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the worlds
 delight.

Place pensive wailes his fall, whose presence was her
 pride ;
Time crieth out, My ebbe is come ; his life was my spring
 tide : 10
Fame mournes in that she lost the ground of her
 reports ;
Ech living wight laments his lacke, and all in sundry
 sorts.

He was (wo worth that word!) to ech well thinking
 minde
A spotlesse friend, a matchles man, whose vertue ever
 shinde,
Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he writ,
Highest conceits, longest foresights, and deepest works
 of wit. 16

He, onely like himselfe, was second unto none,
Whose deth (though life) we rue, and wrong, and al in
 vain do mone:
Their losse, not him, waile they, that fill the world
 with cries;
Death slue not him, but he made death his ladder to
 the skies. 20

Now sinke of sorrow I, who live; the more the wrong;
Who wishing death, whom deth denies, whose thred is
 al-to long,
Who tied to wretched life, who lookes for no reliefe,
Must spend my ever dying daies in never ending grieve.

Harts ease and onely I, like parables run on, 25
Whose equall length keep equall bredth, and never
 meet in one;
Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my sorrowes
 cell,
Shall not run out, though leake they will, for liking him
 so well.

Farewell to you, my hopes, my wonted waking dreames ;
Farewell, sometimes enioyed, ioy ; eclipsed are thy
beames ! 30

Farewell selfe pleasing thoughts, which quietnes brings
foorth ;
And farewell friendships sacred league, uniting minds
of woorth.

And farewell mery hart, the gift of guiltlesse mindes,
And all sports, which, for lives restore, varietie assignes ;
Let all, that sweete is, voyd ; in me no mirth may
dwell : 35

Phillip, the cause of all this woe, my lives content,
farewell !

Now rime, the sonne of rage, which art no kin to skill,
And endles grieve, which deads my life, yet knowes not
how to kill,
Go, seeke that haples tombe ; which if ye hap to finde,
Salute the stones, that keep the lims that held so good a
minde. 40

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THE
TEARES OF THE MUSES.

BY ED. SP.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
THE LADIE STRANGE.

1591.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
THE LADIE STRANGE.

MOST brave and noble Ladie ; the things, that make ye so much honored of the world as ye bee, are such, as (without my simple lines testimonie) are throughlie knowen to all men ; namely, your excellent beautie, your vertuous behavior, and your noble match with that most honourable Lord, the very Paterne of right Nobilitie : But the causes, for which ye have thus deserved of me to be honoured, (if honour it be at all,) are, both your particular bounties, and also some private bands of affinitie, which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge. Of which whenas I found my selfe in no part woorthie, I devised this last slender meanes, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladiship, and also to make the same universallie knowen to the world ; that by honouring you they might know me, and by knowing me they might honor you. Vouchsafe, noble Lady, to accept this simple remembrance, though not worthy of your self, yet such, as perhaps by good acceptance thereof ye may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of your owne excellent deserts. So recommending the same to your Ladiships good liking, I humbly take leave.

Your La: humbly ever.

ED. SP.

THE
TEARES OF THE MUSES.

REHEARSE to me, ye sacred Sisters nine,
The golden brood of great Apolloes wit,
Those piteous plaints and sorowfull sad tine,
Which late ye powred forth as ye did sit
Beside the silver springs of Helicone, 5
Making your musick of hart-breaking mone!

For since the time that Phœbus foolish sonne
Ythundered, through Ioves avengefull wrath,
For traversing the charret of the Sunne
Beyond the compasse of his pointed path, 10
Of you his mournfull Sisters was lamented,
Such mournfull tunes were never since invented.

Nor since that faire Calliope did lose
Her loved Twinnes, the dearlings of her ioy,
Her Palici, whom her unkindly foes, 15
The Fatall Sisters, did for spight destroy,
Whom all the Muses did bewaile long space;
Was ever heard such wayling in this place.

For all their groves, which with the heavenly noyses
Of their sweete instruments were wont to sound, 20
And th' hollow hills, from which their silver voyces
Were wont redoubled echoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but rufull cries,
And yelling shrieks throwne up into the skies.

The trembling streames which wont in chanel cleare
To romble gently downe with murmur soft, 26
And were by them right tunefull taught to beare
A bases part amongst their consorts oft ;
Now, forst to overflowe with brackish teares,
With troublous noyse did dull their daintie eares. 30

The ioyous Nymphes and lightfoote Faëries
Which thether came to heare their musick sweet,
And to the measure of their melodies
Did learne to move their nimble-shifting feete ;
Now, hearing them so heavily lament, 35
Like heavily lamenting from them went.

And all that els was wont to worke delight
Through the divine infusion of their skill,
And all that els seemd faire and fresh in sight,
So made by nature for to serve their will, 40
Was turned now to dismall heavinesse,
Was turned now to dreadfull uglinesse.

Ay me ! what thing on earth that all thing breeds,
Might be the cause of so impatient plight ?

What furie, or what feend, with felon deeds 45
Hath stirred up so mischievous despight ?
Can grieve then enter into heavenly harts,
And pierce immortall breasts with mortall smarts ?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concernes,
To me those secret causes to display ; 50
For none but you, or who of you it learnes,
Can rightfully aread so dolefull lay.
Begin, thou eldest Sister of the crew,
And let the rest in order thee ensew.

CLIO.

HEARE, thou great Father of the gods on hie, 55
That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts ;
And thou our Sire, that reignst in Castalie
And Mount Parnasse, the god of goodly Arts :
Heare, and behold the miserable state
Of us thy daughters, dolefull desolate. 60

Behold the fowle reproach and open shame,
The which is day by day unto us wrought
By such as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning and each gentle thought ;
They, not contented us themselves to scorne, 65
Doo seeke to make us of the world forlorne.

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly dust,
The sonnes of darknes and of ignoraunce ;

But they, whom thou, great Iove, by doome uniuſt
Didſt to the type of honour earſt aduance ; 70
They now, puſt up with ſdeignfull inſolence,
Deſpise the brood of bleſſed Sapience.

The ſectaries of my ceſtiall ſkill,
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,
And learned Impes that wont to ſhoote up ſtill, 75
And grow to height of kingdomes government,
They underkeep, and with their ſpreading armes
Do beat their buds, that periſh through their harmes.

It moſt behoues the honorable race
Of mightie Peeres true wiſedome to ſtaine, 80
And with their noble countenaunce to grace
The learned forheads, without gifts or gaine :
Or rather learnd themſelves behoues to bee ;
That is the girlond of Nobilitie.

But (ah !) all otherwiſe they doo eſteeme 85
Of th' heavenly gift of wiſdomes influence,
And to be learned it a baſe thing deeme ;
Baſe minded they that want intelligence :
For God himſelfe for wiſedome moſt is praiſed,
And men to God thereby are nighſt raiſed. 90

But they doo onely ſtrive themſelves to raiſe
Through pompous pride, and fooliſh vanitie ;
In th' eyes of people they put all their praiſe,
And onely boalt of Armes and Aunceſtrie :

But vertuous deeds, which did those armes first give
To their grandsyres, they care not to atchive. 96

So I, that doo all noble feates professe
To register, and sound in trump of gold ;
Through their bad dooings, or base slothfulnesse,
Finde nothing worthie to be writ, or told : 100
For better farre it were to hide their names,
Then telling them' to blazon out their blames.

So shall succeeding ages have no light
Of things forepast, nor moniments of time ;
And all that in this world is worthie hight 105
Shall die in darknesse, and lie hid in slime !
Therefore I mourne with deep harts sorrowing,
Because I nothing noble have to sing.—

With that she raynd such store of streaming teares,
That could have made a stonie heart to weep ; 110
And all her Sisters rent their golden heares,
And their faire faces with salt humour steep.
So ended shee : and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

MELPOMENE.

O ! who shall powre into my swollen eyes 115
A sea of teares that never may be dryde,
A brasen voice that may with shrilling cryes
Pierce the dull heavens and fill the ayër wide,

And yron sides that sighing may endure,
To waile the wretchednes of world impure ? 120

Ah ! wretched world, the den of wickednesse,
Deformd with filth and fowle iniquitie ;
Ah ! wretched world, the house of heavinesse,
Fild with the wreacks of mortall miserie ;
Ah ! wretched world, and all that is therein, 125
The vassals of Gods wrath, and slaves to sin.

Most miserable creature under sky
Man without Understanding doth appeare ;
For all this worlds affliction he thereby,
And Fortunes freakes, is wisely taught to beare : 130
Of wretched life the onely ioy Shee is,
And th' only comfort in calamities.

She armes the brest with constant patience
Against the bitter throwes of Dolours darts :
She solaceth with rules of Sapience 135
The gentle minds, in midst of worldly smartts :
When he is sad, shee seeks to make him merie,
And doth refresh his sprights when they be werie.

But he that is of reasons skill bereft,
And wants the staffe of wisdom him to stay, 140
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left
Withouten helme or pilot her to sway :
Full sad and dreadfull is that ships event ;
So is the man that wants intendiment.

Why then doo foolish men so much despize 145
The precious store of this celestiaall riches?
Why doo they banish us, that patronize
The name of learning? Most unhappie wretches!
The which lie drowned in deep wretchednes,
Yet doo not see their owne unhappines. 150

My part it is and my professed skill
The Stage with Tragick Buskin to adorne,
And fill the Scene with plaint and outcries shrill
Of wretched persons, to misfortune borne:
But none more tragick matter I can finde 155
Then this, of men depriv'd of sense and minde.

For all mans life me seemes a tragedy,
Full of sad sights and sore catastrophes;
First comming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his dayes, like dolorous trophees, 160
Are heapt with spoyles of fortune and of feare,
And he at last laid forth on balefull beare.

So all with rufull spectacles is fild,
Fit for Megera or Persephone;
But I that in true Tragedies am skild, 165
The flowre of wit, finde nought to busie me:
Therefore I mourne, and pitifully mone,
Because that mourning matter I have none.—

Then gan she wofully to waile, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wise; 170

And all her Sisters, thereto answering,
Threw forth lowd shrieks and drerie dolefull cries.
So rested she: and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew. 174

THALIA.

WHERE be the sweete delights of learnings treasure,
That wont with Comick sock to beautefie
The painted Theaters, and fill with pleasure
The listners eyes and eares with melodie;
In which I late was wont to raine as Queene,
And maske in mirth with Graces well beseene? 180

O! all is gone; and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glorie of gay wits,
Is layd abed, and no where now to see;
And in her roome unseemly Sorrow sits,
With hollow browes and greisly countenance, 185
Marring my ioyous gentle dalliaunce.

And him beside sits ugly Barbarisme,
And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late
Out of dredd darknes of the deepe abysme,
Where being bredd, he light and heaven does hate:
They in the mindes of men now tyrannize, 191
And the faire scene with rudenes foule disguise.

All places they with follie have possest,
And with vaine toyes the vulgar entertaine;

But me have banished, with all the rest 195
That whilome wont to wait upon my traine,
Fine Counterfesaunce, and unhurtfull Sport,
Delight, and Laughter, deckt in seemly sort.

All these, and all that els the Comick Stage
With seasoned wit and goodly pleasaunce graced, 200
By which mans life in his likest image
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced ;
And those sweete wits, which wont the like to frame,
Are now despizd, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made 205
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah ! is dead of late :
With whom all ioy and iolly meriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent. 210

In stead thereof scoffing Scurrilitie,
And scornfull Follie with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of shamelesse ribaudrie
Without regard, or due decorum kept ;
Each idle wit at will presumes to make, 215
And doth the Learneds taske upon him take.

But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen
Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar flowe,
Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe ; 220

Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell.

So am I made the servant of the manie,
And laughing stocke of all that list to scorne,
Not honored nor cared for of anie ; 225
But loath'd of losels as a thing forlorne :
Therefore I mourne and sorrow with the rest,
Untill my cause of sorrow be redrest.—

Therewith she lowdly did lament and shrike,
Pouring forth streames of teares abundantly ; 230
And all her Sisters, with compassion like,
The breaches of her singulfs did supply.
So rested shee : and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

EUTERPE.

LIKE as the dearling of the Summers pryde, 235
Faire Philomele, when Winters stormie wrath
The goodly fields, that earst so gay were dyde
In colours divers, quite despoyled hath,
All comfortlesse doth hide her chearlesse head
During the time of that her widowhead : 240

So we, that earst were wont in sweet accord
All places with our pleasant notes to fill,
Whilest favourable times did us afford
Free libertie to chaunt our charmes at will ;

All comfortlesse upon the bared bow, 245
 Like wofull culvers, doo sit wayling now.

For far more bitter storme than winters stowre
 The beautie of the world hath lately wasted,
 And those fresh buds, which wont so faire to flowre,
 Hath marred quite, and all their blossoms blasted;
 And those yong plants, which wont with fruit t' abound,
 Now without fruite or leaves are to be found. 252

A stonie coldnesse hath benumbd the sence
 And livelie spirits of each living wight,
 And dimd with darknesse their intelligence, 255
 Darknesse more than Cymerians daylie night:
 And monstrous Error, flying in the ayre,
 Hath mard the face of all that semed fayre.

I mage of hellish horreur, Ignorance,
 Borne in the bosome of the black abyse, 260
 And fed with Furies milke for sustenance
 Of his weake infancie, begot amisse
 By awning Sloth on his owne mother Night;
 So hee his sonnes both syre and brother hight.

He, armed with blindnesse and with boldnes stout, 265
 (For blind is bold,) hath our fayre light defaced;
 And, gathering unto him a ragged rout
 Of Faunes and Satyres, hath our dwellings raced;
 And our chast bowers, in which all vertue rained,
 With brutishnesse and beastlie filth hath stained. 270

The sacred springs of horsefoot Helicon,
So oft bedew'd with our learned layes,
And speaking streames of pure Castalion,
The famous witnesse of our wonted praise,
They trampled have with their fowle footings trade,
And like to troubled puddles have them made. 276

Our pleasant groves, which planted were with paines,
That with our musick went so oft to ring,
And arbors sweet, in which the shepheards swaines
Were wont so oft their Pastoralls to sing, 280
They have cut downe, and all their pleasaunce mard,
That now no Pastorall is to bee hard.

In stead of them, fowle goblins and shriek-owles
With fearfull howling do all places fill ;
And feeble Eccho now laments, and howles, 285
The dreadfull accents of their outcries shrill.
So all is turned into wilderness,
Whilest Ignorance the Muses doth oppresse.

And I, whose ioy was earst with spirit full'
To teach the warbling pipe to sound aloft, 290
(My spirits now dismay'd with sorrow dull,)
Doo mone my miserie with silence soft.
Therefore I mourne and waile incessantly,
Till please the heavens affoord me remedy.—

Therewith shee wayled with exceeding woe, 295
And pitious lamentation did make ;

And all her Sisters, seeing her doo soe,
With equall plaints her sorrowe did partake.
So rested shee : and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew. 300

TERPSICHORE.

Whoso hath in the lap of soft Delight
Been long time luld, and fed with pleasures sweet,
Feareles through his own fault or Fortunes spight
To tumble into sorrow and regreet,
Yf chaunce him fall into calamitie, 305
Finds greater burthen of his miserie.

So wee that earst in ioyance did abound,
And in the bosome of all blis did sit,
Like Virgin Queenes, with laurell garlands cround,
For vertues meed and ornament of wit ; 310
Sith Ignorance our kingdome did confound,
Be now become most wretched wighes on ground.

And in our royall thrones, which lately stood
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accursed brood, 315
By him begotten of fowle Infamy ;
Blind Error, scornefull Follie, and base Spight,
Who hold by wrong that wee should have by right.

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,
And make them merrie with their fooleries ; 320

They cherelie chaunt, and rymes at randon fling,
The fruitfull 'spawne of their ranke fantasies ;
They feede the eares of fooles with flattery,
And good men blame, and losels magnify.

All places they doo with their toyes possesse, 325
And raigne in liking of the multitude ;
The Schooles they fill with fond new-fanglenesse,
And sway in Court with pride and rashnes rude ;
Mongst simple Shepheards they do boast their skill,
And say their musicke matcheth Phœbus quill. 330

The noble hearts to pleasures they allure,
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine ;
Faire Ladies loves they spot with thoughts impure,
And gentle mindes with lewd delights distaine ;
Clerks they to loathly idlenes entice, 335
And fill their bookes with discipline of vice.

So every where they rule, and tyrannize,
For their usurped kingdoms maintenaunce,
The whiles we silly Maides, whom they dispize
And with reprochfull scorne discountenaunce, 340
From our owne native heritage exile,
Walk through the world of every one revilde.

Nor anie one doth care to call us in,
Or once vouchsafeth us to entertaine,
Unlesse some one perhaps of gentle kin, 345
For pitties sake, compassion our paine,

And yeeld us some reliefe in this distresse ;
Yet to be so reliev'd is wretchednesse.

So wander we all carefull comfortlesse,
Yet none doth care to comfort us at all ; 350
So seeke we helpe our sorrow to redresse,
Yet none vouchsafes to answere to our call ;
Therefore we mourne and pittillesse complaine,
Because none living pittietieth our paine.—

With that she wept and wofullie waymented, 355
That naught on earth her grieve might pacifie ;
And all the rest her dolefull din augmented
With shrikes, and groanes, and grievous agonie.
So ended shee : and then the next in rew
Began her piteous plaint, as doth ensew. 360

ERATO.

YE gentle Spirits ! breathing from above,
Where ye in Venus silver bowre were bred,
Thoughts halfe devine, full of the fire of love,
With beawtie kindled, and with pleasure fed,
Which ye now in securitie possesse, 365
Forgetfull of your former heavinesse ;

Now change the tenor of your ioyous layes,
With which ye use your Loves to deifie,
And blazon foorth an earthlie Beauties praise
Above the compasse of the arched skie : 370

Now change your praises into piteous cries,
And Eulogies turne into Elegies.

Such as ye wont, whenas those bitter stounds
Of raging love first gan you to torment,
And launch your hearts with lamentable wounds 375
Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,
Before your Loves did take you unto grace ;
Those now renew, as fitter for this place.

For I that rule, in measure moderate,
The tempest of that stormie passion, 380
And use to paint in rimes the troublous state
Of lovers life in likest fashion,
Am put from practise of my kindlie skill,
Banisht by those that Love with leawdnes fill.

Love wont to be schoolmaster of my skill, 385
And the devicefull matter of my song ;
Sweete Love devoyd of villanie or ill,
But pure and spotles, as at first he sprong
Out of th' Almightyes bosome, where he nests ;
From thente infused into mortall breasts, 390

Such high concept of that celestiall fire,
The base-borne brood of Blindnes cannot gesse,
Ne ever dare their dunghill thoughts aspire
Unto so loftie pitch of perfectnesse,
But rime at riot, and doo rage in love ; 395
Yet little wote what doth thereto behove.

Faire Cytheree, the mother of Delight,
And queene of Beautie, now thou maist go pack ;
For lo ! thy Kingdome is defaced quight,
Thy scepter rent, and power put to wrack ; 400
And thy gay Sonne, the winged god of Love,
May now goe prune his plumes like ruffed dove.

And ye three Twins, to light by Venus brought,
The sweete companions of the Muses late,
From whom whatever thing is goodly thought, 405
Doth borrow gface, the fancie to aggrate ;
Go beg with us, and be companions still,
As heretofore of good, so now of ill.

For neither you nor we shall anie more
Find entertainment or in Court or Schoole : 410
For that, which was accounted heretofore
The learneds meede, is now lent to the foole ;
He sings of love, and maketh loving layes,
And they him heare, and they him highly prayse.—

With that she powred foorth a brackish flood 415
Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone ;
And all her Sisters, seeing her sad mood,
With lowd laments her answered all at one.
So ended she : and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew. 420

CALLIOPE.

To whom shall I my evill case complaine,
Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,

Sith none is left to remedie my paine,
Or deignes to pitie a perplexed hart ;
But rather seekes my sorrow to augment 425
With fowle reproach, and cruell banishment ?

For they, to whom I used to applie
The faithfull service of my learned skill,
The goodly off-spring of Loves progenie,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill ; 430
Whose living praises in heroick style,
It is my chiefe profession to comyle ;

They, all corrupted through the rust of time,
That doth all fairest things on earth deface,
Or through unnoble sloth, or sinfull crime, 435
That doth degenerate the noble race ;
Have both desire of worthie deeds forlorne,
And name of learning utterly doo scorne.

Ne doo they care to have the auncestrie
Of th' old Heroës memorizde anew ; 440
Ne doo they care that late posteritie
Should know their names, or speak their praises dew,
But die forgot from whence at first they sprong,
As they themselves shalbe forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious 445
Forefathers, or to have been nobly bredd ?
What oddes twixt Irus and old Inachus,
Twixt best and worst, when both alike are dedd ;

If none of neither mention should make,
Nor out of dust their memories awake ? 450

Or who would ever care to doo brave deed,
Or strive in vertue others to excell ;
If none should yeeld him his deserved meed,
Due praise, that is the spur of dooing well ?
For if good were not praised more than ill, 455
None would choose goodnes of his owne freewill.

Therefore the Nurse of Vertue I am hight,
And golden Trompet of Eternitie,
That lowly thoughts lift up to heavens hight,
And mortall men have powre to deifie : 460
Bacchus and Hercules I raisd to heaven,
And Charlemaine amongst the starris seaven.

But now I will my golden clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more ;
Sith I no more find worthie to commend 465
For prize of value, or for learned lore :
For noble Peeres, whom I was wont to raise,
Now onely seeke for pleasure, nought for praise.

Their great revenues all in sumptuous pride
They spend, that nought to learning they may spare ;
And the rich fee, which Poets wont divide, 471
Now Parasites and Sycophants doo share :
Therefore I mourne and endlesse sorrow make,
Both for my selfe and for my Sisters sake.—

With that she lowdly gan to waile and shrike, 475
And from her eyes a sea of teares did powre ;
And all her Sisters, with compassion like,
Did more increase the sharpnes of her showre.
So ended she : and then the next in rew
Began her plaint, as doth herein ensew. 480

URANIA.

WHAT wrath of gods, or wicked influence
Of starres conspiring wretched men t' afflict,
Hath powrd on earth this noyous pestilence,
That mortall mindes doth inwardly infect
With love of blindnesse and of ignorance, 485
To dwell in 'darknesse without sovenance ?

What difference twixt man and beast is left,
When th' heavenlie light of Knowledge is put out,
And th' ornaments of Wisdome are bereft ?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt, 490
Unweeting of the danger hee is in,
Through fleshes frailtie, and deceit of sin.

In this wide world in which they wretches stray,
It is the onelie comfort which they have,
It is their light, their loadstarre, and their day ; 495
But hell, and darknesse, and the grislie grave,
Is Ignorance, the enemy of Grace,
That mindes of men borne heavenlie doth debace.

Through Knowledge we behould the worlds creation,
How in his cradle first he fostred was ; 500

And iudge of Natures cunning operation,
How things she formed of a formlesse mas :
By Knowledge wee do learne our selves to knowe,
And what to man, and what to God, wee owe.

From hence wee mount aloft unto the skie, 505
And looke into the christall firmament ;
There we behold the heavens great Hierarchie,
The Starres pure light, the Spheres swift movèment,
The Spirites and Intelligences fayre,
And Angels waighting on th' Almightyes chayre. 510

And there, with humble minde and high insight,
Th' Eternall Makers maiestie wee viewe,
His love, his truth, his glorie, and his might,
And mercie more then mortall men can vew.
O soveraigne Lord, O soveraigne happinesse, 515
To see thee, and thy mercie measurelesse !

Such happines have they, that do embrace
The précepts of my heavenlie discipline ;
But shame and sorrow and accursed case
Have they, that scorne the schoole of Arts divine, 520
And banish me, which do professe the skill
To make men heavenly wise through humbled will.

However yet they mee despise and spight,
I feede on sweet contentment of my thought,
And please my selfe with mine owne selfe-delight, 525
In contemplation of things heavenlie wrought :

So, loathing earth, I looke up to the sky,
And, being driven hence, I thether fly.

Thence I behold the miserie of men,
Which want the bliss that Wisdom would them breed,
And like brute beasts doo lie in loathsome den 531
Of ghostly darknes, and of gastlie dread :
For whom I mourne, and for my selfe complaine,
And for my Sisters eake whom they disdaine.—

With that shee wept and waild so pityouslie, 535
As if her eyes had beene two springing wells ;
And all the rest, her sorrow to supplie,
Did throw forth shriekes and cries and dreery yells.
So ended shee : and then the next in rew
Began her mournfull plaint, as doth ensew. 540

POLYHYMNIA.

A DOLEFULL case desires a dolefull song,
Without vaine art or curious complements ;
And squallid Fortune, into basenes flong,
Doth scorne the pride of wonted ornaments.
Then fittest are these ragged rimes for mee, 545
To tell my sorrowes that exceeding bee.

For the sweet numbers and melodious measures,
With which I wont the winged words to tie,
And make a tunefull Diapase of pleasures,
Now being let to runne at libertie 550

By those which have no skill to rule them right,
Have now quite lost their naturall delight.

Heapes of huge words uphoorded hideously,
With horrid sound though having little sence,
They thinke to be chiefe praise of Poëtry; 555
And, thereby wanting due intelligence,
Have mard the face of goodly Poësie,
And made a monster of their fantasie.

Whilom in ages past none might professe
But Princes and high Priests that secret skill; 560
The sacred lawes therein they wont expresse,
And with deepe Oracles their verses fill:
Then was shee held in soveraigne dignitie,
And made the noursling of Nobilitie.

But now nor Prince nor Priest doth her maintayne,
But suffer her prophaned for to bee 566
Of the base vulgar, that with hands uncleane
Dares to pollute her hidden mysterie;
And treadeth under foote hir holie things,
Which was the care of Kesars and of Kings. 570

One onelie lives, her ages ornament,
And myrrour of her Makers maiestie,
That with rich bountie, and deare cherishment,
Supports the praise of noble Poësie;
Ne onelie favours them which it professe, 575
But is her selfe a peereles Poëtesse.

Most peereles Prince, most peereles Poëtesse,
The true Pandora of all heavenly graces,
Divine Elisa, sacred Emperesse !
Live she for ever, and her royall p'laces 580
Be fild with praises of divinest wits,
That her eternize with their heavenlie writs !

Some few beside this sacred skill esteme,
Admirers of her glorious excellence ;
Which, being lightned with her beawties beme, 585
Are thereby fild with happie influence,
And lifted up above the worldës gaze,
To sing with Angels her immortall praise.

But all the rest, as borne of salvage brood,
And having beene with acorns alwaies fed, 590
Can no whit savour this celestiall food,
But with base thoughts are into blindness led,
And kept from looking on the lightsome day :
For whome I waile and weepe all that I may.—

Eftsoones such store of teares shee forth did powre,
As if shee all to water would have gone ; 595
And all her Sisters, seeing her sad stowre,
Did weep and waile, and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned instruments did breake :
The rest untold no living tongue can speake. 600

THE
RUINES OF ROME:-

BY BELLAY

1591.

THE
RUINES OF ROME:

BY BELLAY.

I.

YE heavenly spirites, whose ashie cinders lie
Under deep ruines, with huge walls opprest,
But not your praise, the which shall never die
Through your faire verses, ne in ashes rest;
If so be shrilling voyce of wight alive
May reach from hence to depth of darkest hell,
Then let those deep abysses open rive,
That ye may understand my shreiking yell !
Thrice having seene under the heavens veale
Your toombs devoted compasse over all,
Thrice unto you with lowd voyce I appeale,
And for your antique furie here doo call,
The whiles that I with sacred horror sing
Your glorie, fairest of all earthly thing !

II.

Great Babylon her haughtie walls will praise,
And sharped steeples high shot up in ayre ;
Greece will the olde Ephesian buildings blaze ;
And Nylus nurslings their Pyramides faire ;
The same yet vaunting Greece will tell the storie
Of Ioves great Image in Olympus placed ;
Mansolus worke will be the Carians glorie ;
And Crete will boast the Labyrinth, now raced ;
The antique Rhodian will likewise set forth
The great Colosse, erect to Memoric ;
And what els in the world is of like worth,
Some greater learned wit will magnifie.

But I will sing above all monuments
Seven Romane Hills, the worlds Seven Wonderments.

III.

Thou stranger, which for Rome in Rome here seekest,
And nought of Rome in Rome perceivst at all,
These same olde walls, olde arches, which thou seest,
Olde palaces, is that which Rome men call.
Beholde what wreake, what ruine, and what wast,
And how that she, which with her mightie powre
Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd herselfe at last ;
The pray of Time, which all things doth devowre !
Rome now of Rome is th' onely funerall,
And onely Rome of Rome hath victorie ;
Ne ought save Tyber hastning to his fall
Remaines of all: O worlds inconstancie !

That which is firme doth flit and fall away,
And that is flitting doth abide and stay.

IV.

She, whose high top above the starres did sore,
One foote on Thetis, th' other on the Morning,
One hand on Scythia, th' other on the More,
Both heaven and earth in roundnesse compassing ;
Iove fearing, least if she should greater growe,
The Giants old should once againe arise, [nowe
Her whelm'd with hills, these Seven Hills, which be
Tombes of her greatnes which did threate the skies:
Upon her head he heapt Mount Saturnal,
Upon her bellie th' antique Palatine,
Upon her stomacke laid Mount Quirinal,
On her left hand the noysome Esquiline,
And Cælian on the right; but both her feete
Mount Viminal and Aventine doo meete.

V.

Who lists to see, what ever nature, arte,
And heaven, could doo; O Rome, thee let him see,
In case thy greatnes he can gesse in harte,
By that which but the picture is of thee!
Rome is no more: but, if the shade of Rome
May of the bodie yeeld a seeming sight,
It's like a corse drawne forth out of the tombe
By magicke skill out of eternall night:
The corpes of Rome in ashes is entombed,
And her great spirite, reioyned to the spirite
Of this great masse, is in the same enwombed;
But her brave writings, which her famous merite
In spite of Time out of the dust doth reare,
Doo make her Idole through the world appeare.

VI.

Such as the Berecynthian Goddess bright,
In her swifte charret with high turrets crownde,
Proud that so manie gods she brought to light ;
Such was this Citie in her good daies fownd:
This Citie, more than that great Phrygian mother
Renowm'd for fruite of famous progenie,
Whose greatnes by the greatnes of none other,
But by her selfe, her equall match could see:
Rome onely might to Rome compared bee,
And onely Rome could make great Rome to tremble :
So did the gods by heavenly doome decree,
That other earthlie power should not resemble
Her that did match the whole earths puissaunce,
And did her courage to the heavens aduance.

VII.

Ye sacred ruines, and ye tragick sights,
Which onely doo the name of Rome retaine,
Olde moniments, which of so famous sprights
The honour yet in ashes doo maintaine ;
Triumphant arcks, spyres, neighbours to the skie ;
That you to see doth th' heaven it selfe appall ;
Alas, by little ye to nothing flie,
The peoples fable, and the spoyle of all !
And though your frames do for a time make warre
Gainst Time, yet Time in time shall ruinate
Your workes and names, and your last reliques marre.
My sad desires, rest therefore moderate!
For if that Time make ende of things so sure,
It als will end the paine which I endure.

VIII.

Through armes and vassals Rome the world subdu'd,
That one would weene that one sole Cities strength
Both land and sea in roundnes had survey'd,
To be the measure of her bredth and length:
This peoples vertue yet so fruitfull was
Of vertuous nephewes, that posteritie,
Striving in power their grandfathers to passe,
The lowest earth ioin'd to the heaven hie;
To th' end that, having all parts in their power,
Nought from the Romane Empire might be quight;
And that though Time doth Commonwealths deyowre,
Yet no time should so low embase their hight,
That her head earth'd in her foundations deep
Should not her name and endles honour keep.

IX.

Ye cruell starres, and eke ye gods unkinde,
Heaven envious, and bitter stepdame Nature!
Be it by fortune, or by course of kinde,
That ye doo weld th'affaires of earthlie creature;
Why have your hands long sithence traveiled
To frame this world, that doth endure so long?
Or why were not these Romane palaces
Made of some matter no lesse firme and strong?
I say not, as the common voyce doth say,
That all things which beneath the Moone have being
Are temporall, and subiect to decay:
But I say rather, though not all agreeing
With some that weene the contrarie in thought,
That all this Whole shall one day come to nought.

X.

As that brave sonne of Aeson, which by charmes
Atcheiv'd the Golden Fleece in Colchid land,
Out of the earth engendred men of armes
Of dragons teeth, sowne in the sacred sand;
So this brave Towne, that in her youthlie daies
An hydra was of warriours glorious,
Did fill with her renowned nurslings praise
The fire sunnes both one and other hous :
But they at last, there being then not living
An Hercules so ranke seed to repressse,
Emongst themselves with cruell furie striving,
Mow'd downe themselves with slaughter mercilesse ;
Renewing in themselves that rage unkinde,
Which whilom did those earthborn brethren blinde.

XI.

Mars, shaming to have given so great head
To his off-spring, that mortall puissaunce,
Puft up with pride of Romane hardie-head,
Seem'd above Heavens powre it selfe to advaunce ;
Cooling againe his former kindled heate,
With which he had those Romane spirits fild,
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath,
Into the Gothicke colde, hot rage instil'd :
Then gan that Nation, th' earths new Giant brood,
To dart abroad the thunderbolts of warre,
And, beating downe these walls with furious mood
Into her mothers bosome, all did marre ;
To th' end that none, all were it love his sire,
Should boast himselfe of the Romane Empire.

XII.

Like as whilome the children of the Earth
Heapt hils on hils to scale the starrie skie,
And fight against the gods of heavenly berth,
Whiles Iove at them his thunderbolts let flie ;
All suddenly with lightning overthrowne,
The furious squadrons downe to ground did fall,
That th' Earth under her childrens weight did grone,
And th' Heavens in glorie triumpht over all :
So did that haughtie front, which heaped was
On these Seven Romane Hils, it selfe upreare
Over the world, and lift her loftie face
Against the heaven, that gan her force to feare.
But now these scorned fields bemone her fall,
And gods secure feare not her force at all.

XIII.

Nor the swift furie of the flames aspiring,
Nor the deep wounds of victours raging blade,
Nor ruthlesse spoyle of souldiers blood-desiring,
The which so oft thee, Rome, their conquest made ;
Ne stroke on stroke of fortune variable,
Ne rust of age hating continuance,
Nor wrath of gods, nor spight of men unstable,
Nor thou oppos'd against thine owne puissance ;
Nor th' horrible uprore of windes high blowing,
Nor swelling streames of that god snakie-paced,
Which hath so often with his overflowing
Thee drenched, have thy pride so much abaced ;
But that this nothing, which they have thee left,
Makes the world wonder what they from thee reft.

XIV.

As men in Summer fearles passe the foord,
Which is in Winter lord of all the plaine,
And with his tumbling streames doth beare aboard
The ploughmans hope and shepheards labour vaine:
And as the coward beasts use to despise
The noble Lion after his lives end,
Whetting their teeth, and with vaine foolhardise
Daring the foe that cannot him defend:
And as at Troy most dastards of the Greekes
Did brave about the corpes of Hector colde:
So those, which whilome went with pallid cheekes
The Romane triumphs glorie to behold,
Now on these ashie tombes shew boldnesse vaine,
And, conquer'd, dare the Conquerour disdaine.

XV.

Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashie ghoasts,
Which, ioying in the brightnes of your day,
Brought forth those signes of your presumptuous boasts
Which now their dusty reliques do bewray;
Tell me, ye spirits! (sith the darksome river
Of Styx, not passable to soules returning,
Enclosing you in thrice three wards for ever,
Doo not restraine your images still mourning,)
Tell me then, (for perhaps some one of you
Yet here above him secretly doth hide,)
Doo ye not feele your torments to accrewe,
When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride
Of these old Romane works, built with your hands,
Now to become nought els but heaped sands?

XVI.

Like as ye see the wrathfull sea from farre
In a great mountaine heap't with hideous noyse,
Eftsoones of thousand billowes shouldred narre,
Against a rocke to breake with dreadfull poysse:
Like as ye see fell Boreas with sharpe blast
Tossing huge tempests through the troubled skie,
Eftsoones having his wide wings spent in wast,
To stop his wearie cãriere suddenly:
And as ye see huge flames spred diverslie,
Gathered in one up to the heavens to spyre,
Eftsoones consum'd to fall downe feebily:
So whilom did this Monarchie aspyre
As waves, as winde, as fire, spred over all,
Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall.

XVII.

So long as Ioves great bird did make his flight,
Bearing the fire with which heaven doth us fray,
Heaven had not feare of that presumptuous might,
With which the Giaunts did the gods assay;
But all so soone, as scortching sunne had brent
His wings which wont the earth to overspredd,
The Earth out of her massie wombe forth sent
That antique horror, which made heaven adredd.
Then was the Germane Raven in disguise
That Romane Eagle seene to cleave asunder,
And towards heaven freshly to arise
Out of these mountaines, now consum'd to poudre;
In which the foule, that serves to beare the lightning,
Is now no more seen flying, nor alighting.

XVIII.

These heapes of stones, these old wals, which ye see,
Were first enclosures but of salvage soyle ;
And these brave pallaces, which maystred bee
Of Time, were shepheards cottages sometime.
Then tooke the shepheards kingly ornaments,
And the stout lynde arm'd his right hand with steele :
Eftsoones their rule of yearely Presidents
Grew great, and sixe months greater a great deelee ;
Which, made perpetuall, rose to so great might,
That thence th' Imperiall Eagle rooting tooke,
Till th' heaven it selfe, opposing gainst her might,
Her power to Peters successor betooke ;
Who, shepheardlike, (as Fates the same foreseeing,)
Doth shew that all things turne to their first being.

XIX.

All that is perfect, which th' heaven beautefies ;
All that's imperfect, borne belowe the Moone ;
All that doth feede our spirits and our eies ;
And all that doth consume our pleasures soone ;
All the mishap, the which our daies outweares,
All the good hap of th' oldest times afore ;
Rome, in the time of her great ancesters,
Like a Pandora, locked long in store.
But Destinie this huge Chaos turmoyling,
In which all good and evill was enclosed,
Their heavenly vertues from these woes assoyling,
Caried to heaven, from sinfull bondage losed :
But their great sinnes, the causers of their paine,
Under these antique ruines yet remaine.

XX.

No otherwise than raynie cloud, first fed
With earthly vapours gathered in the ayre,
Eftsoones in compas arch't, to steepe his hed,
Doth plunge himsele in Tethys bosome faire;
And, mounting up againe from whence he came,
With his great bellie spreads the dimmed world,
Till at the last, dissolving his moist frame,
In raine, or snowe, or haile, he forth is horld;
This Citie, which was first but shepheards shade,
Uprising by degrees, grewe to such height,
That Queene of land and sea her selfe she made.
At last, not able to beare so great weight,

Her power, disperst, through all the world did vade;
To shew that all in th' end to nought shall fade.

XXI.

The same, which Pyrrhus and the puissaunce
Of Afrike could not tame, that same brave Citie,
Which, with stout courage arm'd against mischaunce,
Sustein'd the shooke of common enmitie;
Long as her ship, tost with so manie freakes,
Had all the world in armes against her bent,
Was never seene, that anie fortunes wreakes
Could breake her course begun with brave intent.
But, when the obiect of her vertue failed,
Her power it selfe against it selfe did arme;
As he that having long in tempest sailed,
Faine would arive, but cannot for the storme,
If too great winde against the port him drive,
Doth in the port it selfe his vessell rive.

■ XXII.

When that brave honour of the Latine name,
Which mear'd her rule with Africa, and Byzé,
With Thames inhabitants of noble fame,
And they which see the dawning day arize ;
Her nourslings did with mutinous uprore
Harten against her selfe, her conquer'd spoile,
Which she had wonne from all the world afore,
Of all the world was spoyl'd within a while :
So, when the compast course of the universe
In sixe and thirtie thousand yeares is ronne,
The bands of th' elements shall backe reverse
To their first discord, and be quite undonne :
The seedes, of which all things at first were bred,
Shall in great Chaos wombe againe be hid.

XXIII.

O warie wisdom of the man, that would
That Carthage towres from spoile should be forborne,
To th' end that his victorious people should
With cancring laisure not be overworne !
He well foresaw, how that the Romane courage,
Impatient of pleasures faint desires,
Through idlenes would turne to civill rage,
And be her selfe the matter of her fires.
For, in a people given all to ease,
Ambition is engendred easily ;
As, in a vicious bodie, grose disease
Soone growes through humours superfluitie.
That came to passe, when, swolne with plenties pride,
Nor prince, nor peere, nor kin, they would abide.

XXIV.

If the blinde Furie, which warres breedeth oft,
Wonts not t' enrage the hearts of equal beasts,
Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,
Or armed be with clawes, or scalie creasts ;
What fell Erynnis, with hot burning tongs,
Did grype your hearts with noysome rage imbew'd,
That, each to other working cruell wrongs,
Your blades in your owne bowels you embrew'd ?
Was this (ye Romanes) your hard destinie ?
Or some old sinne, whose unappeased guilt
Powr'd vengeance forth on you eternallie ?
Or brothers blood, the which at first was spilt
 Upon your walls, that God might not endure
 Upon the same to set foundation sure ?

XXV.

O that I had the Thracian Poets harpe,
For to awake out of th' infernall shade
Those antique Cæsars, sleeping long in darke,
The which this auncient Citie whilome made !
Or that I had Amphions instrument,
To quicken, with his vitall notes accord,
The stonie ioynts of these old walls now rent,
By which th' Ausonian light might be restor'd !
Or that at least I could, with pencill fine,
Fashion the pourtraicts of these palacis,
By paterne of great Virgils spirit divine !
I would assay with that which in me is,
 To builde, with leuell of my loftie style,
 That which no hands can evermore compyle.

XXVI.

Who list the Romane greatnes forth to figure,
Him needeth not to seeke for usage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or sqaire, to measure
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her hight ;
But him behooves to vew in compasse round
All that the Ocean graspes in his long armes ;
Be it where the yerely starre doth scortch the ground,
Or where colde Boreas blowes his bitter stormes.
Rome was th' whole world, and al the world was Rome ;
And if things nam'd their names doo equalize,
When land and sea ye name, then name ye Rome ;
And, naming Rome, ye land and sea comprize :
For th' auncient plot of Rome, displayed plaine,
The map of all the wide world doth containe.

XXVII.

Thou that at Rome astonisht dost behold
The antique pride which menaced the skie,
These haughtie heapes, these palaces of olde,
These wals, these arcks, these baths, these temples hie ;
Iudge, by these ample Ruines vew, the rest
The which iniurious Time hath quite outworne,
Since of all workmen helde in reckning best ;
Yet these olde fragments are for paternes borne :
Then also marke, how Rome, from day to day,
Repayring her decayed fashion,
Renewes herselfe with buildings rich and gay ;
That one would iudge, that the Romaïne Dæmon
Doth yet himselfe with fatall hand enforce,
Againe on foote to reare her pouldred corse.

XXVIII.

He that hath seene a great oke drie and dead,
Yet clad with reliques of some trophees olde,
Lifting to heaven her aged hoarie head,
Whose foote in ground hath left but feeble holde,
But halfe disbowel'd lies above the ground,
Shewing her wreathed rootes, and naked armes,
And on her trunke all rotten and unsound
Onely supports herselfe for meate of wormes ;
And, though she owe her fall to the first winde,
Yet of the devout people is ador'd,
And manie yong plants spring out of her rinde ;
Who such an oke hath seene, let him record
That such this Cities honour was of yore,
And mongst all Cities florished much more.

XXIX.

All that which Aegypt whilome did devise ;
All that which Greece their temples to embrace,
After th' Ionicke, Atticke, Doricke guise ;
Or Corinth skil'd in curious workes to grave ;
All that Lysippus practike arte could forme ;
Apelles wit ; or Phidias his skill ;
Was wont this auncient Citie to adorne,
And the heaven it selfe with her wide wonders fill.
All that which Athens ever brought forth wise ;
All that which Afrike ever brought forth strange ;
All that which Asie ever had of prise ;
Was here to see. O mervelous great change !
Rome, living, was the worlds sole ornament ;
And, dead, is now the worlds sole moniment.

XXX.

Like as the seeded field greene grasse first shoves,
Then from greene grasse into a stalke doth spring,
And from a stalke into an eare forth-growes,
Which eare the frutefull graine doth shortly bring ;
And as in season due the husband mowes
The waving lockes of those faire yeallow heares,
Which bound in sheaves, and layd in comely rowes,
Upon the naked fields in stalkes he reares :
So grew the Romane Empire by degree,
Till that Barbarian hands it quite did spill,
And left of it but these olde markes to see,
Of which all passers by doo somewhat pill :
As they, which gleane, the reliques use to gather,
Which th' husbandman behind him chanst to scater.

XXXI.

That same is now nought but a champion wide,
Where all this worlds pride once was situate.
No blame to thee, whosoever dost abide
By Nyle, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate ;
Ne Afrike thereof guiltie is, nor Spaine,
Nor the bolde people by the 'Thamis brincks,
Nor the brave warlicke brood of Alemaine,
Nor the borne souldier which Rhine running drinks :
Thou onely cause, O Civill Furie, art !
Which, sowing in th' Aemathian fields thy spight,
Didst arme thy hand against thy proper hart ;
To th' end that when thou wast in greatest hight
To greatnes growne, through long prosperitie,
Thou then adowne might'st fall more horriblie.

XXXII.

Hope, ye, my Verses, that posteritie
Of age ensuing shall you ever read?
Hope ye, that ever immortalitie
So meane Harpes worke may challenge for her meed?
If under heaven anie endurance were,
These moniments, which not in paper writ,
But in porphyre and marble doo appeare,
Might well have hop'd to have obtained it.
Nath'les my Lute, whom Phœbus deign'd to give,
Cease not to sound these olde antiquities:
For if that Time doo let thy glorie live,
Well maist thou boast, how ever base thou bee,
That thou art first, which of thy Nation song
Th' olde honour of the people gown'd long.

L' Envoy.

Bellay, first garland of free Poësie [wits,
That France brought forth, though fruitfull of brave
Well worthie thou of immortalitie,
That long hast traveld, by thy learned writs,
Olde Rome out of her ashes to revive,
And give a second life to dead decays!
Needes must he all eternitie survive,
That can to other give eternall dayes:
Thy dayes therefore are endles, and thy prayse
Excelling all, that ever went before.
And, after thee, gins Bartas hie to rayse
His heavenly Muse, th' Almighty to adore.
Live, happie spirits, th' honour of your name,
And fill the world with never dying fame!

THE
RUINES OF TIME.

BY ED. SP.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND BEAUTIFULL LADIE,

THE LA : MARIE,
COUNTESSE OF PEMBROOKE.

1591.

DEDICATED
TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND BEAUTIFULL LADIE,
THE LA : MARIE,
COUNTESSE OF PEMBROOKE.

MOST Honourable and bountifull Ladie, there bee long sithens deepe sowed in my-brest the seedes of most entire love and humble affection unto that most brave Knight, your noble brother deceased; which, taking roote, began in his life time somewhat to bud forth, and to shew themselves to him, as then in the weaknes of their first spring; and would in their riper strength (had it pleased High God till then to drawe out his daies) spired forth fruit of more perfection. But since God hath disdeigned the world of that most noble Spirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the Patron of my young Muses; together with him both their hope of anie further fruit was cut off, and also the tender delight of those their first blossoms nipped and quite dead. Yet, sithens my late cumming into England, some frends of mine, (which might much prevaile with me, and indeede commaund me,) knowing with howe straight bandes of duetie I was tied to him, as also bound unto that noble House, (of which the chiefe hope then rested in him,) have sought to revive them by upbraiding me, for that I have not shewed anie thankefull remembrance towards him or any of them; but suffer their names to sleep in silence and forgetfulnessse. Whome chieflie to satisfie, or els to avoide that fowle blot of unthankfulnessse, I have conceived this small Poeme, intituled by a generall name of *The Worlds Ruines*; yet speciallie intended to the renowming of that noble Race, from which both you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of some of the chiefe of them late deceased. The which I dedicate unto your La. as whome it most specially concerneth; and to whome I acknowledge my selfe bounden by many singular favours and great graces. I pray for your Honourable happinesse: and so humbly kisse your hands.

Your Ladiships ever humblie at commaund,

E. S.

RUINES OF TIME.

IT chaunced me on day beside the shore
 Of silver-streaming Thamesis to bee,
 Nigh where the goodly Verlame stood of yore,
 Of which there now remaines no memorie,
 Nor anie little moniment to see, 5
 By which the travailer, that fares that way,
This once was she, may warned be to say.

There, on the other side, I did behold
 A Woman sitting sorrowfullie wailing,
 Rending her yellow locks, like wyrie gold 10
 About her shoulders careleslie downe trailing,
 And streames of teares from her faire eyes forth railing:
 In her right hand a broken rod she held,
 Which towards heaven shee seemd on high to weld.

Whether she were one of that Rivers Nymphes, 15
Which did the losse of some dere Love lament,
I doubt; or one of those three fatall Impes,
Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent;
Or th' auncient Genius of that Citie brent:
But, seeing her so piteouslie perplexed, 20
I (to her calling) askt what her so vexed.

“ Ah! what delight (quoth she) in earthlie thing,
Or comfort can I, wretched creature, have?
Whose happines the heavens envying,
From highest staire to lowest step me drave, 25
And have in mine owne bowels made my grave,
That of all nations now I am forlorne,
The worlds sad spectacle, and fortunes scorne.”

Much was I mooved at her piteous plaint,
And felt my heart nigh riven in my brest 30
With tender ruth to see her sore constraint;
That, shedding teares a while, I still did rest,
And, after, did her name of her request.
“ Name have I none (quoth she) nor any being,
Bereft of both by Fates uniust decreeing. 35

“ I was that Citie, which the garland wore
Of Britaines pride, delivered unto me
By Romane Victors, which it wonne of yore;
Though nought at all but ruines now I bee,
And lye in mine owne ashes, as ye see: 40
Verlame I was; what bootes it that I was,
Sith now I am but weedes and wastefull gras?

“ O vaine worlds glorie, and unstedfast state
Of all that lives on face of sinfull earth!
Which, from their first untill their utmost date, 45
Taste no one houre of happines or merth ;
But like as at the ingate of their berth
They crying creep out of their mothers woomb,
So wailing back, go to their wofull toomb.

“ Why then dooth flesh, a bubble-glas of breath, 50
Hunt after honour and advauncement vaine,
And reare a trophee for devouring death,
With so great labour and long-lasting paine,
As if his daies for ever should remaine?
Sith all, that in this world is great or gaie, 55
Dooth as a vapour vanish, and decaie.

“ Looke backe, who list, unto the former ages,
And call to count, what is of them become :
Where be those learned wits and antique sages,
Which of all wisdom knew the perfect somme? 60
Where those great warriors, which did overcome
The world with conquest of their might and maine,
And made one meare of th' earth and of their raine?

“ What nowe is' of th' Assyrian Lyonesse,
Of whom no footing now on earth appeares? 65
What of the Persian Beares outrageousnesse,
Whose memorie is quite worne out with yeares?
Who of the Grécian Libbard now ought heares,
That over-ran the East with greedie powre,
And left his whelps their kingdomes to devoure? 70

“ And where is that same great seven-headed Beast,
That made all nations vassals of her pride,
To fall before her feete at her beheast,
And in the necke of all the world did ride?
Where doth she all that wondrous welth nowe hide? 75
With her owne weight downe pressed now shee lies,
And by her heapes her hugeness testifies.

“ O Rome, thy ruine I lament and rue,
And in thy fall my fatall overthrowe,
That whilom was, whilst heavens with equall vewe 80
Deignd to behold me and their gifts bestowe,
The picture of thy pride in pompous shew :
And of the whole world as thou wast the Empresse,
So I of this small Northerne world was Princesse.

“ To tell the beawtie of my buildings fayre, 85
Adorn'd with purest golde and precious stone;
To tell my riches, and endowments rare,
That by my foes are now all spent and gone ;
To tell my forces, matchable to none ;
Were but lost labour, that few would beleewe, 90
And, with rehearsing, would me more agreeve.

“ High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
Strong walls, rich porches, princelie pallaces,
Large streetes, brave houses, sacred sepulchers,
Sure gates, sweete gardens, stately galleries, 95
Wrought with faire pillours and fine imageries;
All those (O pitie!) now are turnd to dust,
And overgrowne with black oblivions rust.

“ Thereto for warlike power, and peoples store,
In Britannie was none to match with mee, 100
That manie often did abie full sore :
Ne Troynovant, though elder sister shee,
With my great forces might compared bee ;
That stout Pendragon to his perill felt,
Who in a siege seaven yeres about me dwelt. 105

“ But long ere this, Bunduca, Britonnesse,
Her mightie boast against my bulwarkes brought ;
Bunduca ! that victorious conqueresse,
That, lifting up her brave heroick thought
Bove womens weaknes, with the Romanes fought, 110
Fought, and in field against them thrice prevailed :
Yet was she foyld, when as she me assailed.

“ And though at last by force I conquered were
Of hardie Saxons, and became their thrall ;
Yet was I with much bloodshed bought full deere,
And priz’d with slaughter of their Generall : 116
The moniment of whose sad funerall,
For wonder of the world, long in me lasted ;
But now to nought, through spoyle of time, is wasted.

“ Wasted it is, as if it never were ; 120
And all the rest, that me so honord made,
And of the world admired ev’rie where,
Is turnd to smoake, that doth to nothing fade ;
And of that brightnes now appeares no shade,
But greislie shades, such as doo haunt in hell 125
With fearfull fiends, that in deep darknes dwell.

“ Where my high steeples whilom usde to stand,
On which the lordly faulcon wont to towre,
There now is but an heap of lyme and sand
For the shriche-owle to build her balefull bowre: 130
And where the nightingale wont forth to powre
Her restles plaints, to comfort wakefull lovers,
There now haunt yelling mewes and whining plovers.

“ And where the christall Thamis wont to slide
In silver channell, downe along the lee, 135
About whose flowrie bankes on either side
A thousand Nymphes, with mirthfull iollitee,
Were wont to play, from all annoyance free;
There now no rivers course is to be seene,
But moorish fennes, and marshes ever greene. 140

“ Seemes, that that gentle river for great grieve
Of my mishaps, which oft I to him plained;
Or for to shunne the horrible mischiefe,
With which he saw my cruell foes me pained,
And his pure streames with guiltles bloud oft stained;
From my unhappie neighborhood farre fled, 146
And his sweete waters away with him led.

“ There also, where the winged ships were seene
In liquid waves to cut their fomie waie,
And thousand fishers numbred to have been, 150
In that wide lake looking for plenteous praie
Of fish, which they with baits usde to betraie,
Is now no lake, nor anie fishers store,
Nor ever ship shall saile there anie more.

- “ They all are gone, and all with them is gone ! 155
Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament
My long decay, which no man els doth mone,
And mourne my fall with dolefull dreriment.
Yet it is comfort in great languishment,
To be bemoned with compassion kinde, 160
And mitigates the anguish of the minde.
- “ But me no man bewaileth, but in game,
Ne sheddeth teares from lamentable eie :
Nor anie lives that mentioneth my name
To be remembred of posteritie, 165
Save One, that maugre Fortunes iniurie,
And Times decay, and Envies cruell tort,
Hath writ my record in true-seeming sort.
- “ Cambden! the nourice of antiquitie,
And lanterne unto late succeding age, 170
To see the light of simple veritie
Buried in ruines, through the great outráge
Of her owne people led with warlike rage :
Cambden! though Time all moniments obscure,
Yet thy iust labours ever shall endure. 175
- “ But whie (unhappie wight!) doo I thus crie,
And grieve that my remembrance quite is raced
Out of the knowledge of posteritie,
And all my antique moniments defaced ?
Sith I doo dailie see things highest placed, 180
So soone as Fates their vitall thred have shorne,
Forgotten quite as they were never borne.

“ It is not long, since these two eyes beheld
A mightie Prince, of most renowned race,
Whom England high in count of honour held, 185
And greatest ones did sue to gaine his grace;
Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
Sate in the bosome of his Soveraine,
And *Right and Loyall* did his word maintaine.

“ I saw him die, I saw him die, as one 190
Of the meane people, and brought foorth on beare;
I saw him die, and no man left to mone
His dolefull fate, that late him loved deare:
Scarse anie left to close his eylids neare;
Scarse anie left upon his lips to laie 195
The sacred sod, or Requiem to saic.

“ O trustlesse state of miserable men,
That builde your blis on hope of earthly thing,
And vainly thinke your selves halfe happie then,
When painted faces with smooth flattering 200
Doo fawne on you, and your wide praises sing;
And, when the courting masker louteth lowe,
Him true in heart and trustie to you trow!

“ All is but fained, and with oaker dide,
That everie shower will wash and wipe away; 205
All things doo change that under heaven abide,
And after death all friendship doth decaie.
Therefore, what ever man bearest worldlie sway,
Living, on God and on thy selfe relie;
For, when thou diest, all shall with thee die. 210

“ He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
Save what in heavens storehouse he uplaid:
His hope is faild, and come to passe his dread,
And evill men (now dead) his deedes upbraid:
Spite bites the dead, that living never baid. 215
He now is gone, the whiles the Foxe is crept
Into the hole, the which the Badger swept.

“ He now is dead, and all his glorie gone,
And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,
That as a glasse upon the water shone, 220
Which vanisht quite, so soone as it was sought:
His name is worne alreadie out of thought,
Ne anie Poet seekes him to revive;
Yet manie Poets honourd him alive.

“ Ne doth his Colin, carelesse Colin Cloute, 225
Care now his idle bagpipe up to raise,
Ne tell his sorrow to the listning rout
Of shepheard groomes, which wont his songs to praise:
Praise who so list, yet I will him dispraise,
Untill he quite him of this guiltie blame: 230
Wake, shepherds boy, at length awake for shame.

“ And who so els did goodnes by him gaine,
And who so els his bounteous minde did trie,
Whether he shepheard be, or shepherds swaine,
(For manie did, which doo it now denie,) 235
Awake, and to his Song a part applie:
And I, the whilest you mourne for his decease,
Will with my mourning plaints your plaint increase.

“ He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,
His brother Prince, his brother noble Peere, 240
That whilest he lived was of none envyde,
And dead is now, as living, counted deare,
Deare unto all that true affection beare :
But unto thee most deare, O dearest Dame,
His noble Spouse, and Paragon of Fame. 245

“ He, whilest he lived, happie was through thee,
And, being dead, is happie now much more ;
Living, that lincked chaunst with thee to bec,
And dead, because him dead thou dost adore
As living, and thy lost deare Love deplore. 250
So whilst that thou, faire flower of chastitie,
Dost live, by thee thy Lord shall never die.

“ Thy Lord shall never die, the whiles this verse
Shall live, and surely it shall live for ever :
For ever it shall live, and shall rehearse 255
His worthie praise, and vertues dying never,
Though death his soule doo from his bodie sever :
And thou thy selfe herein shalt also live ;
Such grace the heavens doo to my verses give.

“ Ne shall his Sister, ne thy Father, die ; 260
Thy Father, that good Earle of rare renowne,
And noble Patrone of weake povertie !
Whose great good deeds in countrey, and in towne,
Have purchast him in heaven an happie crowne :
Where he now liveth in eternall blis, 265
And left his sonne to ensue those steps of his.

“ He, noble Bud, his Grandsires livelie hayre,
Under the shadow of thy countenaunce
Now ginnes to shoote up fast, and flourish fayre
In learned artes, and goodlie gouvernaunce, 270
That him to highest honour shall advaunce.
Brave Impe of Bedford, grow apace in bountie,
And count of wisdom more than of thy countie !

“ Ne may I let thy husbands Sister die,
That goodly Ladie, sith she eke did spring 275
Out of his stocke and famous familie,
Whose praises I to future age doo sing;
And foorth out of her happie womb did bring
The sacred brood of learning and all honour;
In whom the heavens powrde all their gifts upon her.

“ Most gentle spirite breathed from above, 281
Out of the bosome of the Makers blis,
In whom all bountie and all vertuous love
Appeared in their native propertis,
And did enrich that noble breast of his 285
With treasure passing all this worldës worth,
Worthie of heaven it selfe, which brought it forth.

“ His blessed spirite, full of power divine
And influence of all celestiaall grace,
Loathing this sinfull earth and earthlie slime, 290
Fled backe too soone unto his native place;
Too soone for all that did his love embrace,
Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

“ Yet, ere his happie soule to heaven went 295
Out of this fleshlie gaole, he did devise
Unto his heavenlie Maker to present
His bodie, as a spotles sacrifice ;
And chose, that guiltie hands of enemies
Should powre forth th’ offering of his guiltles blood :
So life exchanging for his countries good. 301

“ O noble spirite, live there ever blessed,
The worlds late wonder, and the heavens new ioy ;
Live ever there, and leave me here distressed
With mortall cares and cumbrous worlds anoy ! 305
But, where thou dost that happines enioy,
Bid me, O bid me quicklie come to thee,
That happie there I maie thee alwaies see !

“ Yet, whilst the Fates affoord me vitall breath,
I will it spend in speaking of thy praise, 310
And sing to thee, untill that timelie death
By Heavens doome doo ende my earthlie daies :
Thereto doo thou my humble spirite raise,
And into me that sacred breath inspire,
Which thou there breathest perfect and entire. 315

“ Then will I sing ; but who can better sing
Than thine owne Sister, peerles Lady bright,
Which to thee sings with deep harts sorrowing,
Sorrowing tempered with deare delight,
That her to heare I feeble my feeble spright 320
Robbed of sense, and ravished with ioy ;
O sad ioy, made of mourning and anoy !

“ Yet will I sing ; but who can better sing
Than thou thy selfe, thine owne selves valiance,
That, whilst thou livedst, madest the forrests ring, 325
And fields resownd, and flockes to leap and daunce,
And shepheards leave their lambs unto mischaunce,
To runne thy shrill Arcadian Pipe to heare:
O happie were those dayes, thrice happie were !

“ But now more happie thou, and wretched wee, 330
Which want the wonted sweetnes of thy voice,
Whiles thou now in Elysian fields so free,
With Orpheus, and with Linus, and the choice
Of all that ever did in rimes reioyce,
Conversest, and doost heare their heavenlie layes, 335
And they heare thine, and thine doo better praise.

“ So there thou livest, singing evermore,
And here thou livest, being ever song
Of us, which living loved thee afore,
And now thee worship mongst that blessed throng 340
Of heavenlie Poets and Heroës strong.
So thou both here and there immortall art,
And everie where through excellent desart.

“ But such as neither of themselves can sing,
Nor yet are sung of others for reward, 345
Die in obscure oblivion, as the thing
Which never was; ne ever with regard
Their names shall of the later age be heard,
But shall in rustie darknes ever lie,
Unles they mentioned be with infamie. 350

“ What booteth it to have beene rich alive?
What to be great? what to be gracious?
When after death no token doth survive
Of former beeing in this mortall hous,
But sleepes in dust dead and inglorious, 355
Like beast, whose breath but in his nostrels is,
And hath no hope of happinesse or blis.

“ How manie great ones may remembred be,
Which in their daies most famouslie did florish;
Of whome no word we heare, nor signe now see, 360
But as things wipt out with a sponge do perishe,
Because they living cared not to cherishe
No gentle wits, through pride or covetize,
Which might their names for ever memorize!

“ Provide therefore (ye Princes) whilst ye live, 365
That of the Muses ye may friended bee,
Which unto men eternitie do give;
For they be daughters of Dame Memorie
And Iove, the father of Eternitie,
And do those men in golden thrones repose, 370
Whose merits they to glorifie do chose.

“ The seven-fold yron gates of grislie Hell,
And horrid house of sad Proserpina,
They able are with power of mightie spell
To breake, and thence the soules to bring awaie 375
Out of dread darkenésse to eternall day,
And them immortall make which els would die
In foule forgetfulnesse, and nameles lie.

“ So whilome raised they the puissant brood
Of golden-girt Alcmena, for great merite, 380
Out of the dust, to which the Oetæan wood
Had him consum'd, and spent his vitall spirite,
To highest heaven, where now he doth inherite
All happinesse in Hebes silver bowre,
Chosen to be her dearest Paramoure. 385

“ So raisde they eke faire Ledaes warlike twinnes,
And interchanged life unto them lent,
That, when th' one dies, the other then beginnes
To shew in heaven his brightnes orient ;
And they, for pittie of the sad wayment, 390
Which Orpheus for Eurydice did make,
Her back againe to life sent for his sake.

“ So happie are they, and so fortunate,
Whom the Pierian sacred Sisters love,
That freed from bands of implacable fate, 395
And power of death, they live for aye above,
Where mortall wreakes their blis may not remove :
But with the gods, for former vertues meede,
On Nectar and Ambrosia do feede.

“ For deeds doe die, how ever noblie donne, 400
And thoughts of men do as themselves decay :
But wise wordes taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muses, live for ay ;
Ne may with storming showers be washt away,
Ne bitter-breathing windes with harmfull blast, 405
Nor age, nor envie, shall them ever wast.

“ In vaine doo earthly Princes then, in vaine,
Seeke with Pyramides, to heaven aspired ;
Or huge Colosses, built with costlie paine ;
Or brasen Pillours, never to be fired ; 410
Or Shrines, made of the mettall most desired ;
To make their memories for ever live :
For how can mortall immortalitie give ?

“ Such one Mausolus made, the worlds great wonder,
But now no remnant doth thereof remaine : 415
Such one Marcellus, but was torne with thunder :
Such one Lisippus, but is worne with raine :
Such one King Edmond, but was rent for gaine.
All such vaine moniments of earthlie masse,
Devour'd of Time, in time to nought doo passe. 420

“ But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
Above the reach of ruinous decay,
And with brave plumes doth beate the azure skie,
Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away :
Then who so will with vertuous deeds assay 425
To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
And with sweete Poets verse be glorifide.

“ For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake,
Could save the sonne of Thetis from to die ;
But that blinde Bard did him immortall make 430
With verses, dipt in deaw of Castalie :
Which made the Easterne Conquerour to crie,
O fortunate yong-man ! whose vertue found
So brave a Trompe, thy noble acts to sound.

“ Therefore in this halfe happie I doo read 435
Good Melibæ, that hath a Poet got
To sing his living praises being dead,
Deserving never here to be forgot,
In spight of envie, that his deeds would spot :
Since whose decease, learning lies unregarded, 440
And men of armes doo wander unrewarded.

“ Those two be those two great calamities,
That long agoe did grieve the noble spright
Of Salomon with great indignities ;
Who whilome was alive the wisest wight. 445
But now his wisdom is disprooved quite ;
For he, that now welds all things at his will,
Scorns th’ one and th’ other in his deeper skill.

“ O grieffe of griefes ! O gall of all good heartes !
To see that vertue should dispised bee 450
Of him, that first was raisde for vertuous parts,
And now, broad spreading like an aged tree,
Lets none shoot up that nigh him planted bee :
O let the man, of whom the Muse is scorned,
Nor alive nor dead be of the Muse adorned ! 455

“ O vile worlds trust ! that with such vaine illusion
Hath so wise men bewicht, and overkest,
That they see not the way of their confusion :
O vainesse ! to be added to the rest,
That do my soule with inward grieffe infest : 460
Let them behold the piteous fall of mee,
And in my case their owne ensample see.

“ And who so els that sits in highest seate
Of this worlds glorie, worshipped of all,
Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threate, 465
Let him behold the horror of my fall,
And his owne end unto remembrance call ;
That of like ruine he may warned bee,
And in himselfe be moov'd to pittie mee.”—

Thus having ended all her piteous plaint, 470
With dolefull shrikes shee vanished away,
That I through inward sorrowe wexen faint,
And all astonished with deepe dismay
For her departure, had no word to say ;
But sate long time in sencelesse sad affright, 475
Looking still, if I might of her have sight.

Which when I missed, having looked long,
My thought returned greeved home againe,
Renewing her complaint with passion strong,
For ruth of that same womans piteous paine ; 480
Whose wordes recording in my troubled braine,
I felt such anguish wound my feeble heart,
That frozen horror ran through everie part.

So inlie'greeving in my groning brest,
And deepelie musing at her doubtfull speech, 485
Whose meaning much I labored foorth to wreste,
Being above my slender reasons reach ;
At length, by demonstration me to teach,
Before mine eies strange sights presented were,
Like tragicke Pageants seeming to appeare. 490

I.

I saw an Image, all of massie gold,
Placed on high upon an Altare faire,
That all, which did the same from farre beholde,
Might worship it, and fall on lowest staire.
Not that great Idoll might with this compaire, 495
To which th' Assyrian Tyrant would have made
The holie brethren falslie to have praid.
But th' Altare, on the which this Image staid,
Was (O great pitie !) built of brickle clay,
That shortly the foundation decaid, 500
With showres of heaven and tempests worne away ;
Then downe it fell, and low in ashes lay,
Scorned of everie one, which by it went ;
That I, it seeing, dearelie did lament.

II.

Next unto this a statelie Towre appeared, 505
Built all of richest stone that might bee found,
And nigh unto the Heavens in height upreared,
But placed on a plot of sandie ground :
Not that great Towre, which is so much renownd
For tongues confusion in Holie Writ, 510
King Ninus worke, might be compar'd to it.
But O vaine labours of terrestriall wit,
That buildes so stronglie on so frayle a soyle,
As with each storme does fall away, and flit,
And gives the fruit of all your travailes toyle, 515
To be the pray of Tyme, and Fortunes spoyle !
I saw this Towre fall sodainelie to dust,
That nigh with grieve thereof my heart was Brust.

III.

Then did I see a pleasant Paradize,
Full of sweete flowres and daintiest delights, 520
Such as on earth man could not more devise,
With pleasures choyce to feed his cheerefull sprights :
Not that, which Merlin by his magicke slights
Made for the gentle Squire, to entertaine
His fayre Belphebe, could this gardine staine. 525
But O short pleasure bought with lasting paine !
Why will hereafter anie flesh delight
In earthlie blis, and ioy in pleasures vaine,
Since that I sawe this gardine wasted quite,
That where it was scarce seemed anie sight? 530
That I, which once that beautie did beholde,
Could not from teares my melting eyes with-holde.

IV.

Soone after this a Giaunt came in place,
Of wondrous powre, and of exceeding stature,
That none durst vewe the horror of his face, 535
Yet was he milde of speach, and mecke of nature :
Not he, which in despight of his Creatour
With railing tearmes defied the Iewish hoast,
Might with this mightie one in hugenes boast ;
For from the one he could to th' other coast 540
Stretch his strong thighes, and th' ocean overstride,
And reatch his hand into his enemies hoast.
But see the end of pompe and fleshlie pride !
One of his feete unwares from him did slide,
That downe hee fell into the deepe abisse, 545
Where drownd with him is all his earthlie blisse.

V.

Then did I see a Bridge, made all of golde,
Over the sea from one to other side,
Withouten prop or pillour it t'upholde,
But like the coloured rainbowe arched wide : 550
Not that great Arche, which Traian edifide,
To be a wonder to all age ensuing,
Was matchable to this in equall vewing.
But (ah !) what bootes it to see earthlie thing
In glorie or in greatnes to excell, 555
Sith time doth greatest things to ruine bring?
This goodlie Bridge, one foote not fastned well,
Gan faile, and all the rest downe shortlie fell,
Ne of so brave a building ought remained,
That grieve thereof my spirite greatly pained. 560

VI.

I saw two Beares, as white as anie milke,
Lying together in a mightie cave,
Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as silke,
That salvage nature seemed not to have,
Nor after greedie spoyle of bloud to crave : 565
Two fairer beasts might not elsewhere be found,
Although the compast world were sought around.
But what can long abide above this ground
In state of blis, or stedfast happinesse ?
The Cave, in which these Beares lay sleeping sound,
Was but of earth, and with her weightinesse 571
Upon them fell, and did unwares oppresse ;
That, for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

¶ Much was I troubled in my heaue spright, 575
At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
That all my senses were bereaued quight,
And I in minde remained sore agast,
Distraught twixt feare and pitie; when at last
I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called, 580
That with the suddein shrill I was appalled.

Behold (said it) and by ensample see,
That all is vanitie and grieve of minde,
Ne other comfort in this world can be,
But hope of heaven, and heart to God inclinde; 585
For all the rest must needs be left behinde:
With that it bad me, to the other side
To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide.

I.

UPON that famous Rivers further shore,
There stood a snowie Swan of heavenly hiew, 590
And gentle kinde, as ever Fowle afore;
A fairer one in all the goodlie crieu
Of white Strimonian brood might no man view:
There he most sweetly sung the prophecie
Of his owne death in dolefull Elegie. 595
At last, when all his mourning melodie
He ended had, that both the shores resounded,
Feeling the fit that him forewarnd to die,
With loftie flight aboue the earth he bounded,
And out of sight to highest heaven mounted, 600
Where now he is become an heavenly signe;
There now the ioy is his, here sorrow mine.

II.

Whilest thus I looked, loe ! adowne the lee
I saw an Harpe stroong all with silver twyne,
And made of golde and costlie yvorie, 605
Swimming, that whilome seemed to have been
The Harpe on which Dan Orpheus was seene
Wylde beasts and forrests after him to lead,
But was th' Harpe of Philisides now dead.
At length out of the river it was reard, 610
And borne above the cloudes to be divin'd,
Whilst all the way most heavenly noyse was heard
Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both ioy and sorrow in my mind :
So now in heaven a signe it doth appeare, 615
The Harpe well knowne beside the Northern Beare.

III.

Soone after this I saw on th' other side
A curious Coffe made of Heben wood,
That in it did most precious treasure hide,
Exceeding all this baser world's good : 620
Yet through the overflowing of the flood
It almost drowned was, and done to nought,
That sight thereof much griev'd my pensive thought.
At length, when most in perill it was brought,
Two Angels, downe descending with swift flight, 625
Out of the swelling streame it lightly caught,
And twixt their blessed armes it carried quight
Above the reach of anie living sight :
So now it is transform'd into that starre,
In which all heavenly treasures locked are. 630

IV.

Looking aside I saw a stately Bed,
Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,
That might for anie Princes couche be red,
And deckt with daintie flowres, as if it shold
Be for some Bride, her ioyous night to hold : 635
Therein a goodly Virgine sleeping lay ;
A fairer wight saw never summers day.
I heard a voyce that called farre away,
And her awaking bad her quickly dight,
For lo ! her Bridegrome was in readie ray 640
To come to her, and seeke her loves delight :
With that she started up with cherefull sight,
When suddeinly both Bed and all was gone,
And I in languor left there all alone.

V.

Still as I gazed, I beheld where stood 645
A Knight all arm'd, upon a winged steed,
The same that was bred of Medusaes blood,
On which Dan Perseus, borne of heavenly seed,
The faire Andromeda from perill freed :
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was, 650
That streames of blood foorth flowed on the gras :
Yet was he deckt (small ioy to him alas!)
With manie garlands for his victories,
And with rich spoyles, which late he did purchas
Through brave atcheivements from his enemies : 655
Fainting at last through long infirmities,
He smote his steed, that straight to heaven him bore,
And left me here his losse for to deplore.

VI.

Lastly I saw an Arke of purest golde
Upon a brazen pillour standing hie, 660
Which th' ashes seem'd of some great Prince to hold,
Enclosde therein for endles memorie
Of him, whom all the world did glorifie :
Seemed the heavens with the earth did disagree,
Whether should of those ashes keeper bee. 665
At last me seem'd wing-footed Mercurie,
From heaven descending to appease their strife,
The Arke did beare with him above the skie,
And to those ashes gave a second life,
To live in heaven, where happines is rife : 670
At which the earth did grieve exceedingly,
And I for dole was almost like to die.

L' Envoy.

Immortall spirite of Philisides,
Which now art made the heavens ornament,
That whilome wast the worldës chiefst richés ; 675
Give leave to him that lov'de thee to lament
His losse, by lacke of thee to heaven hent,
And with last duties of this broken verse,
Broken with sighes, to decke thy sable Herse !
And ye, faire Ladie ! th' honour of your daies, 680
And glorie of the world, your high thoughts scorne ;
Vouchsafe this moniment of his last praise
With some few silver-dropping teares t' adorne ;
And as ye be of heavenlie off-spring borne,
So unto heaven let your high minde aspire,
And loath this drosse of sinfull worlds desire ! 686

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MUIOPOTMOS:

OR THE

FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.

BY ED. SP.

DEDICATED TO THE MOST FAIRE AND VERTUOUS LADIE,

THE LADIE CAREY.

1590.

•

TO

THE RIGHT WORTHY AND VERTUOUS LADIE,

THE LA: CAREY.

MOST brave and bountifull La: for so excellent favours as I have received at your sweet handes, to offer these few leaves as in recompence, should be as to offer flowers to the gods for their divine benefites. Therefore I have determined to give my selfe wholly to you, as quite abandoned from my selfe, and absolutely vowed to your services: which in all right is ever held for full recompence of debt or damage, to have the person yeelded. My person I wot wel how little worth it is. But the faithfull minde and humble zeale which I bear unto your La: may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and use the poore service therof; which taketh glory to advance your excellent partes and noble vertues, and to spend it selfe in honouring you; not so much for your great bounty to my self, which yet may not be unminded; nor for name or kindreds sake by you vouchsafed; being also regardable; as for that honorable name, which yee have by your brave deserts purchast to your selfe, and spread in the mouths of all men: with which I have also presumed to grace my verses; and, under your Name, to commend to the world this small Poëme. The which beseeching your La: to take in worth, and of all things therein according to your wonted graciousnes to make a milde construction, I humbly pray for your happiness.

Your La: ever humbly;

E. S.

MUIOPOTMOS:

OR THE

FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.

I SING of deadly dolorous debate,
Stir'd up through wrathfull Nemesis despight,
Betwixt two mightie ones of great estate,
Drawne into armes, and prooffe of mortall fight,
Through prowde ambition and hart-swelling hate, 5
Whilst neither could the others greater might
And sdeignfull scorne endure ; that from small iarre
Their wraths at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragicall effect,
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournfulst Muse of nyne, 10
That wont'st the tragick stage for to direct,
In funerall complaints and wailefull tyne,
Reveale to me, and all the meanes detect,
Through which sad Clarion did at last decline
To lowest wretchednes : And is there then 15
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men ?

Of all the race of silver-winged Flies
Which doo possesse the empire of the aire,
Betwixt the centred earth, and azure skies,
Was none more favourable, nor more faire, 20

Whilst Heaven did favour his felicities,
Then Clarion, the eldest sonne and heire
Of Muscaroll, and in his fathers sight
Of all alive did sceme the fairest wight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breast he fed 25
Of future good, which his young toward yeares,
Full of brave courage and bold hardyhed
Above th' ensample of his equall Peares,
Did largely promise, and to him fore-red,
(Whilst oft his heart did melt in tender teares,) 30
That he in time would sure prove such an one,
As should be worthie of his fathers throne.

The fresh young Flie, in whom the kindly fire
Of lustfull yongth began to kindle fast,
Did much disdaine to subiect his desire 35
To loathsome sloth, or houres in ease to wast ;
But ioy'd to range abroad in fresh attire,
Through the wide compas of the ayrie coast ;
And, with unwearied wings, each part t'inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowned sire. 40

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dar'd to stie
Up to the clowdes, and thence with pineons light
To mount aloft unto the cristall skie,
To view the workmanship of heavens hight : 45
Whence down descending he along would flie
Upon the streaming rivers, sport to finde ;
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous winde.

So on a summers day, when season milde
With gentle calme the world had quieted, 50
And high in heaven Hyperion's fierie childe
Ascending did his beames abroad dispred,
Whiles all the heavens on lower creatures smilde ;
Young Clarion, with vauntfull lustiehed,
After his guize did cast abroad to fare ; 55
And thereto gan his furnitures prepare.

His breast-plate first, that was of substance pure,
Before his noble heart he firmly bound,
That mought his life from yron death assure,
And ward his gentle corps from cruell wound : 60
For it by arte was framed, to endure
The bit of balefull steele and bitter stownd,
No lesse then that which Vulcane made to shield
Achilles life from fate of Troyan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw 65
An hairie hide of some wild beast, whom hee
In salvage forrest by adventure slew,
And reft the spoyle his ornament to bee ;
Which, spredding all his backe with dreadfull view,
Made all, that him so horrible did see, 70
Thinke him Alcides with the Lyons skin,
When the Næméan conquest he did win.

Upon his head his glistering burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous device,
And curiously engraven, he did set : 75
The metall was of rare and passing price ;

Not Bilbo steele, nor brasse from Corinth fet,
Nor costly oricalche from strange Phœnice ;
But such as could both Phœbus arrowes ward,
And th' hayling darts of heaven beating hard. 80

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunched towards either side,
Like two sharpe speares, his enenies to gore :
Like as a warlike brigandine, applyde
To fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes afore, 85
The engines which in them sad death doo hyde :
So did this Flie outstretch his fearefull hornes,
Yet so as him their terrour more adornes.

Lastly his shinie wings as silver bright,
Painted with thousand colours passing farre 90
All painters skill, he did about him dight :
Not halfe so manie sundrie colours arre
In Iris bowe ; ne heaven doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with manie a twinckling starre ;
Nor Iunoes bird, in her ey-spotted traine, 95
So many goodly colours doth containe.

Ne (may it be withouten perill spoken)
The Archer god, the sonne of Cytheree,
That ioyes on wretched lovers to be wroken,
And heaped spoyles of bleeding harts to see, 100
Beares in his wings so manie a changefull token.
Ah ! my liege Lord, forgive it unto mee,
If ought against thine honour I have tolde ;
Yet sure those wings were fairer manifolde.

Full many a Ladie faire, in Court full oft 105
 Beholding them, him secretly envide,
 And wisht that two such fannes, so silken soft,
 And golden faire, her Love would her provide ;
 Or that, when them the gorgeous Flie had doft,
 Some one, that would with grace be gratifide, 110
 From him would steale them privily away,
 And bring to her so precious a pray.

Report is that dame Venus on a day,
 In spring when flowres doo clothe the fruitfull ground,
 Walking abroad with all her nymphes to play, 115
 Bad her faire damzels flocking her arownd
 To gather flowres, her forehead to array :
 Emongst the rest a gentle Nymph was found,
 Hight Astery, excelling all the crewe
 In curteous usage and unstained hewe. 120

Who beeing nimbler ioynted then the rest,
 And more industrious, gathered more store
 Of the fields honour, than the others best ;
 Which they in secret harts envying sore,
 Tolde Venus, when her as the worthiest 125
 She praised, that Cupide (as they heard before)
 Did lend her secret aide, in gathering
 Into her lap the children of the Spring.

Whereof the goddesse gathering iealous feare,
 Not yet unmindfull, how not long agoe 130
 Her sonne to Psyche secrete love did beare,
 And long it close conceal'd, till mickle woe

Thereof arose, and manie a rufull teare ;
Reason with sudden rage did overgoe ;
And, giving hastie credit to th' accuser, 135
Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Eftsoones that Damzell, by her heavenly might,
She turn'd into a winged Butterflie,
In the wide aire to make her wandring flight ;
And all those flowres, with which so plenteouslie 140
Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,
She placed in her wings, for memorie
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were :
Since which that Flie them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the fresh Clarion, being readie dight, 145
Unto his iourney did himselfe addresse,
And with good speed began to take his flight :
Over the fields, in his frank lustinesse,
And all the champaine o're he soared light ;
And all the countrey wide he'did possesse, 150
Feeding upon their pleasures bounteouslie,
That none gainsaid, nor none did him envie.

The woods, the rivers, and the medowes greene,
With his aire-cutting wings he measured wide,
Ne did he leave the mountaines bare unseene, 155
Nor the ranke grassie fennes delights untride.
But none of these, how ever sweet they beene,
Mote please his fancie, nor him cause t' abide :
His choicefull sense with every change doth slit ;
No common things may please a wavering wit. 160

To the gay gardins his unstaid desire
Him wholly caried, to refresh his sprights :
There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
Powres forth sweete odors and alluring sights ;
And Arte, with her contending, doth aspire, 165
T' excell the naturall with made delights :
And all, that faire or pleasant may be found,
In riotous excesse doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth flie,
From bed to bed, from one to other border ; 170
And takes survey, with curious busie eye,
Of every flowre and herbe there set in order ;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feete their silken leaves deface ; 175
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore with most varietie,
And change of sweetnesse, (for all change is sweete,)
He casts his glutton sense to satisfie,
Now sucking of the sap of herbe most meet, 180
Or of the deaw, which yet on them does lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feete :
And then he pearcheth on some braunch thereby,
To weather him, and his moyst wings to dry.

And then againe he turneth to his play, 185
To spoyle the pleasures of that Paradise ;
The wholesome saulge, and lavender still gray,
Ranke-smelling rue, and cummin good for eyes,

The roses raining in the pride of May,
 Sharpe isope good for greene wounds remedies, 190
 Faire marigoldes, and bees-alluring thime,
 Sweet marioram, and daysies decking prime :

Coole violets, and orpine growing still,
 Embathed balme, and chearfull galingale,
 Fresh costmarie, and breathfull canomill, 195
 Dull poppy, and drink-quickning setuale,
 Veyne-healing veruen, and hed-purging dill,
 Sound savorie, and bazil hartie-hale,
 Fat colworts, and comforting perseline,
 Cold lettuce, and refreshing rosmarine. 200

And whatso else of vertue good or ill
 Grewe in this Gardin, fetcht from farre away,
 Of everie one he takes, and tastes at will,
 And on their pleasures greedily doth pray.
 Then when he hath both plaid, and fed his fill, 205
 In the warme sunne he doth himselfe embay,
 And there him rests in riotous suffisaunce
 Of all his gladfulnes, and kingly ioyauunce.

What more felicitie can fall to creature
 Then to enioy delight with libertie, 210
 And to be lord of all the workes of Nature,
 To raigne in th' aire from th' earth to highest skie,
 To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious feature,
 To take what ever thing doth please the eie?
 Who rests not pleased with such happines, 215
 Well worthy he to taste of wretchednes.

But what on earth can long abide in state?
Or who can him assure of happy day?
Sith morning faire may bring fowle evening late,
And least mishap the most blisse alter may! 220
For thousand perills lie in close awaite
About us daylie, to worke our decay;
That none, except a God, or God him guide,
May them avoyde, or remedie provide.

And whatso Heavens in their secret doome 225
Ordained have, how can fraile fleshly wight
Forecast, but it must needs to issue come?
The sea, the aire, the fire, the day, the night,
And th' armies of their creatures all and some
Do serve to them, and with importune night 230
Warre against us the vassals of their will.
Who then can save what they dispose to spill?

Not thou, O Clarion, though fairest thou
Of all thy kinde, unhappie happie Flie,
Whose cruell fate is woven even now 235
Of Ioves owne hand, to worke thy miserie!
Ne may thee help the manie hartie vow,
Which thy old sire with sacred pietie
Hath powred forth for thee, and th' altars sprent:
Nought may thee save from Heavens avengement!

It fortun'd (as Heavens had behight) 241
That in this Gardin, where yong Clarion
Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight,
The foe of faire things, th' author of confusion,

The shame of Nature, the bondslave of Spight, 245
Had lately built his hatefull mansion ;
And, lurking closely, in awaite now lay
How he might any in his trap betray.

But when he spide the ioyous Butterflie
In this faire plot dispacing to and fro, 250
Feareles of foes and hidden ieopardie,
Lord! how he gan for to bestirre him tho,
And to his wicked worke each part applie!
His heart did earne against his hated foe,
And bowels so with rankling poyson swelde, 255
That scarce the skin the strong contagion helde.

The cause, why he this Flie so maliced,
Was (as in stories it is written found)
For that his mother, which him bore and bred,
The most fine-fingred workwoman on ground, 260
Arachne, by his meanes was vanquished
Of Pallas, and in her owne skill confound,
When she with her for excellence contended,
That wrought her shame, and sorrow never ended.

For the Tritonian goddessse having hard 265
Her blazed fame, which all the world had fild,
Came downe to prove the truth, and due reward
For her praise-worthie workmanship to yield:
But the presumptuous Damzell rashly dar'd
The goddessse selfe to chalenge to the field, 270
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill.

Minerva did the challenge not refuse,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make :
So to their worke they sit, and each doth chuse 275
What storie she will for her tapet take.

Arachne figur'd how Love did abuse
Europa like a Bull, and on his backe
Her through the Sea did beare ; so lively seene,
That it true Sea, and true Bull, ye would weene. 280

Shee seem'd still backe unto the land to looke,
And her play-fellowes ayde to call, and feare
The dashing of the waves, that up she tooke
Her daintie feet, and garments gathered neare :
But (Lord !) how she in everie member shooke, 285
When as the land she saw no more appeare,
But a wilde wildernes of waters deepe :
Then gan she greatly to lament and weepe.

Before the Bull she pictur'd winged Love,
With his yong brother Sport, light fluttering 290
Upon the waves, as each had been a Dove ;
The one his bowe and shafts, the other Spring
A burning teade about his head did move,
As in their syres new love both triumphing :
And manie Nymphes about them flocking round, 295
And many Tritons which their hornes did sound.

And, round about, her 'worke she did empale
With a faire border wrought of sundrie flowres,
Enwoven with an yvie-winding trayle :
A goodly worke, full fit for kingly bowres ; 300

Such as dame Pallas, such as Envie pale,
That all good things with venomous tooth devowres,
Could not accuse. Then gan the goddesse bright
Her selfe likewise unto her worke to dight.

She made the storie of the olde debate, 305
Which she with Neptune did for Athens trie :
Twelve gods doo sit around in royall state,
And Iove in midst with awfull maiestic,
To iudge the strife betweene them stirred late :
Each of the gods, by his like visnomie 310
Eathe to be knowne; but Iove above them all,
By his great lookes and power imperiall.

Before them stands the god of Seas in place,
Clayming that sea-coast Citie as his right,
And strikes the rockes with his three-forked mace ;
Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in sight, 316
The signe by which he chalengeth the place ;
That all the gods, which saw his wondrous might,
Did surely deeme the victorie his due :
But seldome seene, foreiudgement proveth true.

Then to herselfe she gives her Aegide shield, 321
And steel-hed speare, and morion on her hedd,
Such as she oft is secne in warlike field :
Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dredd
She smote the ground, the which streight foorth did yield
A fruitfull Olyve tree, with berries spredd, 326
That all the Gods admir'd; then all the storie
She compact with a wreathe of Olyves hoarie.

Emongst these leaves she made a Butterflie,
With excellent device and wondrous slight, 330
Fluttring among the Olives wantonly,
That seem'd to live, so like it was in sight :
The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The silken downe with which his backe is dight,
His broad outstretched hornes, his hayrie thies, 335
His glorious colours, and his glistering eies.

Which when Arachne saw, as overlaid,
And mastered with workmanship so rare,
She stood astonied long, ne ought gainesaid;
And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare, 340
And by her silence, signe of one dismaid,
The victorie did yeeld her as her share ;
Yet did she inly fret and felly burne,
And all her blood to poysonous rancor turne :

That shortly from the shape of womanhed, 345
Such as she was when Pallas she attempted,
She grew to hideous shape of dryrihed,
Pined with grieve of folly late repented :
Eftsoones her white streight legs were altered
To crooked crawling shankes, of marrowe emptied; 350
And her faire face to foule and loathsome hewe,
And her fine corpes to' a bag of venim grewe.

This cursed creature, mindfull of that olde
Enfested grudge, the which his mother felt,
So soone as Clarion he did beholde, 355
His heart with vengefull malice inly swelt;

And weaving straight a net with manie a fold
About the cave, in which he lurking dwelt,
With fine small cords about it stretched wide,
So finely sponne, that scarce they could be spide. 360

Not anie damzell, which her vaunteth most
In skilfull knitting of soft silken twyne ;
Nor anie weaver, which his worke doth boast
In diaper, in damaske, or in lyne ;
Nor anie skil'd in workmanship embost ; 365
Nor anie skil'd in loupes of fingring fine ;
Might in their divers cunning ever dare
With this so curious networke to compare.

Ne doo I thinke, that that same subtil gin,
The which the Lemnian god framde craftily, 370
Mars sleeping with his wife to compasse in,
That all the gods with common mockerie
Might laugh at them, and scorne their shamefull sin,
Was like to this. This same he did applic
For to entrap the careles Clarion, 375
That rang'd eachwhere without suspition.

Suspition of friend, nor feare of foe,
That hazarded his health, had he at all,
But walkt at will, and wandred to and fro,
In the pride of his freedome principall : 380
Little wist he his fatall future woe,
But was secure ; the liker he to fall.
He likest is to fall into mischaunce,
That is regardles of his governaunce.

Yet still Aragnoll (so his foe was hight) 385
Lay lurking covertly him to surprise ;
And all his gins, that him entangle might,
Drest in good order as he could devise.
At length, the foolish Flie without foresight,
As he that did all daunger quite despise, 390
Toward those parts came flying carelesse,
Where hidden was his hatefullemie.

Who, seeing him, with secret ioy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in everie vaine ;
And his false hart, fraught with all treasons store, 395
Was fill'd with hope his purpose to obtaine :
Himselſe he close upgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceitfull traine
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne anie noyse, ne anie motion made. 400

Like as a wily foxe, that, having spide
Where on a sunnie banke the lames doo'play,
Full closely creeping by the hinder side,
Lyes in ambúshment of his hoped pray,
Ne stirreth limbe ; till, seeing readie tide, 405
He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away
One of the litle yonglings unawares :
So to his worke Aragnoll him prepares.

Who now shall give unto my heavie eyes
A well of teares, that all may overflow ? 410
Or where shall I find lamentable cries,
And mournfull tunes, enough my grieve to show ?

Helpe, O thou Tragick Muse, me to devise
Notes sad enough, t' expresse this bitter throw :
For loe, the drierie stownd is now arrived, 415
That of all happines hath us deprived.

The luckles Clarion, whether cruell Fate
Or wicked Fortune faultles him misled,
Or some ungracious blast out of the gate
Of Aeoles raine perforce him drove on hed, 420
Was (O sad hap and howre unfortunate !)
With violent swift flight forth caried
Into the cursed cobweb, which his foe
Had framed for his finall overthrowe.

There the fond Flie, entangled, struggled long, 425
Himselfe to free thereout ; but all in vaine.
For, striving more, the more in laces strong
Himselfe he tide, and wrapt his winges twaine
In lymie snares the subtill loupes among ;
That in the ende he breathlesse did remaine, 430
And, all his yongthly forces idly spent,
Him to the mercie of th' avenger lent.

Which when the greisly tyrant did espie,
Like a grimme lyon rushing with fierce might
Out of his den, he seized greedelie 435
On the resistles pray ; and, with fell spight,
Under the left wing strooke his weapon slie
Into his heart, that his deepe-groning spright
In bloodie streames forth fled into the aire,
His bodie left the spectacle of care. 440

“BRITAIN'S IDA.

WRITTEN BY THAT RENOWNED POËT,

EDMOND SPENCER.

LONDON:

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THE EPISTLE.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE LADY,

MARY,

DAUGHTER TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE,

GEORGE, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

MOST noble Lady ! I have presumed to present this Poëm to your honourable hand, encouraged onely by the worth of the famous Author, (for I am certainly assured, by the ablest and most knowing men, that it must be a worke of SPENCERS, of whom it were pittie that any thing should bee lost,) and doubting not but your Lady-ship will graciously accept, though from a meane hand, this humble present, since the man that offers it is a true honourer and observer of your selfe and your princely family, and shall ever remaine

The humblest of your devoted servants,

THOMAS WALKLEY.

•

MARTIAL.

*Accipe facundi Calicem studiose Maronis,
Ne nugis positus, arma virūmq; canas.*

SEE here that stately Muse, that erst could raise
In lasting numbers great Elizaes praise,
And dresse fair Vertue in so rich attire,
That even her foes were forced to admire
And court her heavenly beauty ! Shee that taught
The Graces grace, and made the Vertues thought
More vertuous than before, is pleased here
To slacke her serious flight, and feed your eare
With love's delightesome toys : doe not refuse
These harmlesse sports ; 'tis learned Spencer's Muse ;
But think his loosest poems worthier then
The serious follies of unskillfull men.

BRITTAİN'S IDA.

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The youthly Shepheards winning here,
And Beauties rare displayd, appeare ;
What exercise hee chiefe affects,
His name and scornefull love neglects.

I.

IN Ida vale (who knowes not Ida vale ?)
When harmlesse Troy yet felt not Græcian spite,
An hundred shepheards wonn'd, and in the dale,
While their faire flockes the three-leav'd pastures bite,
The shepheards boyes with hundred sportings light,
Gave winges unto the times too speedy hast :
Ah, foolish Lads ! that strove with lavish wast
So fast to spend the time that spends your time as fast.

II.

Among the rest, that all the rest excel'd,
A dainty boy there wonn'd, whose harmlesse yeares
Now in their freshest budding gently sweld ;

His nimph-like face nere felt the nimble sheeres,
Youth's downy blossome through his cheekke appeares ;
His lovely limbes (but love he quite discarded)
Were made for play (but he no play regarded)
And fit love to reward, and with love be rewarded.

III.

High was his fore-head, arch't with silver mould,
(Where never anger churlish rinkle dighted,)
His auburne lockes hung like darke threds of gold,
That wanton aires (with their faire length incited)
To play among their wanton curles delighted ;
His smiling eyes with simple truth were stor'd :
Ah! how should truth in those thiefe eyes be stor'd,
Which thousand loves had stol'n, and never one re-
stor'd ?

IV.

His lilly-cheeke might seeme an ivory plaine,
More purely white than frozen Apenine,
Where lovely Bashfulnesse did sweetly raine,
In blushing scarlet cloth'd and purple fine.
A hundred hearts had this delightfull shrine,
(Still cold it selfe) inflam'd with hot desire,
That well the face might seem, in divers tirc,
To be a burning snow, or else a freezing fire.

V.

His cheerfull lookes and merry face would proove
(If eyes the index be where thoughts are read)
A dainty play-fellow for naked Love ;
Of all the other parts enough is sed,
That they were fit twins for so fayre a head :

Thousand boyes for him, thousand maidens dy'de ;
Dye they that list, for such his rigorous pride,
He thousand boyes (ah, Foole !) and thousand maids
deni'd.

VI.

His ioy was not in musiques sweete delight,
(Though well his hand had learnt that cunning arte,)
Or dainty songs to daintier eares indite,
But through the plaines to chace the nimble hart
With well-tun'd hounds ; or with his certaine dart
The tusked boare or savage beare to wound ;
Meane time his heart with monsters doth abound ;
Ah, Foole ! to seeke so farre what neerer might be
found !

VII.

His name (well knowne unto those woody shades,
Where unrewarded lovers oft complaine them,)
Anchises was ; Anchises oft the glades
And mountains heard, Anchises had disdain'd them ;
Not all their love one gentle looke had gain'd them,
That rocky hills, with ecchoing noyse consenting,
Anchises plain'd ; but he no whit relenting,
Harder then rocky hils, laught at their vaine la-
menting.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Diones Garden of Delight
With wonder holds Anchises sight ;
While from the bower such musique sounds,
As all his senses neere confounds.

I.

ONE day it chanc't as hee the deere persude,
Tyred with sport, and faint with weary play,
Faire Venus grove not farre away he view'd,
Whose trembling leaves invite him there to stay,
And in their shades his sweating limbes display ;
There in the cooling glade he softly paces,
And much delighted with their even spaces,
What in himselfe he scorn'd, hee prais'd their kind
imbraces.

II.

The woode with Paphian myrtles peöpled,
(Whose springing youth felt never winters spiting,)
To laurels sweete were sweetely married,
Doubling their pleasing smels in their uniting ;
When single much, much more when mixt, delighting :
No foot of beaste durst touch this hallowed place,
And many a boy that long'd the woods to trace,
Entred with feare, but soone turn'd back his frighted
face.

III.

The thicke-lockt boughs shut out the tell-tale Sunne,
(For Venus hated his all-blabbing light,
Since her knowne fault, which oft she wisht undon,)
And scattered rayes did make a doubtfull sight,
Like to the first of day or last of night :

The fittest light for lovers gentle play :
Such light best shewes the wandring lovers way,
And guides his erring hand : night is Love's holly-
day.

IV.

So farre in this sweet labyrinth he stray'd
That now he views the Garden of Delight,
Whose breast, with thousand painted flowers array'd,
With divers ioy captiv'd his wandring sight ;
But soon the eyes rendred the eares their right ;
For such strange harmony he seem'd to heare,
That all his senses flockt into his eare,
And every faculty wisht to be seated there.

V.

From a close bower this dainty musique flow'd,
A bower appareld round with divers roses,
Both red and white, which by their liveries show'd
Their mistris faire, that there her selfe reposes ;
Seem'd that would strive with those rare musique clozes,
By spreading their faire bosomes to the light,
Which the distracted sense should most delight ;
That, raps the melted eare ; this, both the smel and
sight.

VI.

The boy 'twixt fearefull hope, and wishing feare,
Crept all along (for much he long'd to see
The bower, much more the guest so lodged there ;)
And, as he goes, he marks how well agree
Nature and Arte in discord unity,
Each striving who should best performe his part,
Yet Arte now helping Nature, Nature Arte ;
While from his cares a voyce thus stole his heart.

VII.

" Fond Men! whose wretched care the life soone ending,
By striving to increase your ioy, do spend it ;
And, spending ioy, yet find no ioy in spending ;
You hurt your life by striving to amend it ;
And, seeking to prolong it, soonest end it :
Then, while fit time affords thee time and leasure,
Enioy while yet thou mayst thy lifes sweet pleasure :
Too foolish is the man that starves to feed his treasure.

VIII.

" Love is lifes end ; (an end, but never ending ;)
All ioyes, all sweetes, all happinesse, awarding ;
Love is lifes wealth (nere spent, but ever spending,)
More rich by giving, taking by discarding ;
Love's lifes reward, rewarded in rewarding :
Then from thy wretched heart fond care remooove ;
Ah! shouldst thou live but once loves sweetes to proove,
Thou wilt not love to live, unlesse thou live to love."

IX.

To this sweet voyce a dainty musique fitted
Its well-tun'd strings, and to her notes consorted,

And while with skilfull voyce the song she dittied,
The blabbing Echo had her words retorted ;
That now the boy, beyond his soule transported,
Through all his limbes feeles run a pleasant shaking,
And, twixt a hope and feare, suspects mistaking,
And doubts he sleeping dreames, and broad awake
feares waking.

CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Faire Cythereas limbes beheld,
The straying lads heart so inthral'd,
That in a trance his melted spright
Leaves th' sences slumbring in delight.

I.

Now to the bower hee sent his theevish eyes
To steale a happy sight ; there doe they finde
Faire Venus, that within halfe naked lyes ;
And straight amaz'd (so glorious beauty shin'd)
Would not returne the message to the minde ;
But, full of feare and superstitious awe,
Could not retire, or backe their beams withdraw,
So fixt on too much seeing made they nothing saw.

II.

Her goodly length stretcht on a lilly-bed,
(A bright foyle of a beauty farre more bright,)

Few roses round about were scattered,
As if the lillies learnt to blush, for spight
To see a skinne much more then lilly-white :
The bed sanke with delight so to be pressed,
And knew not which to thinke a chance more blessed,
Both blessed so to kisse, and so agayne be kissed.

III.

Her spacious fore-head, like the clearest moone,
Whose full-growne orbe begins now to be spent,
Largely display'd in native silver shone,
Giving wide room to Beauty's regiment,
Which on the plaine with Love tryumphing went ;
Her golden haire a rope of pearle imbraced,
Which, with their dainty threds oft-times enlaced,
Made the eie think the pearle was there in gold in-
chased.

IV.

Her full large eye, in ietty-blacke array'd,
Prov'd beauty not confin'd to red and white,
But oft her selfe in blacke more rich display'd ;
Both contraries did yet themselves unite,
To make one beauty in different delight ;
A thousand Loves sate playing in each eye ;
And smiling Mirth, kissing fair Courtesie,
By sweete perswasion wan a bloodlesse victory.

V.

The whitest white, set by her silver cheeke,
Grew pale and wan, like unto heavy lead ;
The freshest purple fresher dyes must seeke,

That dares compare with them his fainting red :
On these Cupido winged armies led
Of little Loves that, with bold wanton traine
Under those colours, marching on the plaine,
Force every heart, and to low vasselage constraine.

VI.

Her lips, most happy each in other's kisses,
From their so wisht imbracements seldome parted,
Yet seem'd to blush at such their wanton blisses ;
But, when sweet words their ioyning sweet departed,
To th' eare a dainty musique they imparted :
Upon them fitly sate, delightfull smiling,
A thousand soules with pleasing stealth beguiling :
Ah ! that such shews of ioyes should be all ioyes exiling.

VII.

The breath came slowly thence, unwilling leaving
So sweet a lodge ; but when she once intended
To feast the aire with words, the heart deceiving,
More fast it thronged so to be expended ;
And at each word a hundred Loves attended,
Playing i' th' breath, more sweete than is that firing
Where that Arabian onely bird, expiring, [spiring.
Lives by her death, by losse of breath more fresh re-

VIII.

Her chin, like to a stone in gold inched,
Seem'd a fair iewell wrought with cunning hand,
And, being double, doubly the face graced :
This goodly frame on her round necke did stand ;
Such pillar well such curious work sustain'd ;

And, on his top the heavenly spheare up-rearing,
Might well present, with daintier appearing,
A lesse but better Atlas, that faire heaven bearing.

IX.

Lower two breasts stand, all their beauties bearing,
Two breasts as smooth and soft ; but, ah, alas !
Their smoothest softnes farre exceedes comparing ;
More smooth and soft, but naught that ever was,
Where they are first, deserves the second place ;
Yet each as soft and each as smooth as other ;
And when thou first tri'st one, and then the other,
Each softer seemes then each, and each then each
seemes smother.

X.

Lowly betweene their dainty hemisphæres,
(Their hemisphæres the heav'nly globes excelling,)
A path more white than is the name it beares,
The Lacteal Path, conducts to the sweet dwelling
Where best Delight all ioyes sits freely dealing ;
Where hundred sweetes, and still fresh ioyes at-
tending,
Receive in giving ; and, still love dispending,
Grow richer by their losse, and wealthy by expending.

XI.

But stay, bold Shepheard ! here thy footing stay,
Nor trust too much unto thy new-borne quill,
As farther to those dainty limbs to stray,
Or hope to paint that vale or beautilous hill
Which past the finest hand or choycest skill :

But were thy verse and song as finely fram'd
As are those parts, yet should it soone be blam'd,
For now the shameles world of best things is asham'd.

XII.

That cunning artist, that old Greece admir'd,
Thus farre his Venus fitly portrayed,
But there he left, nor farther ere aspir'd ;
His dædale hand, that Nature perfected
By Arte, felt Arte by Nature limited.
Ah ! well he knew, though his fit hand could give
Breath to dead colours, teaching marble live,
Yet would these lively parts his hand of skill deprive.

XIII.

Such when this gentle boy her closly view'd,
'Onely with thinnest silken vaile o'er-layd,
Whose snowy colour much more snowy shew'd
By being next that skin, and all betray'd,
Which best in naked beauties are array'd,
His spirits, melted with so glorious sight,
Ran from their worke to see so splendid light,
And left the fainting limbes sweet slumbring in de-
light.

CANTO IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The swonding swaine recovered is
By th' goddessse; his soule-rapting blisse :
Their mutual conference, and how
Her service she doth him allow.

I.

SOFT-SLEEPING Venus, waked with the fall,
Looking behind, the sinking boy espies ;
With all she starts, and wondereth withall ;
She thinks that there her faire Adonis dyes,
And more she thinkes the more the boy she eyes :
So, stepping neerer, up begins to reare him ;
And now with Love himselfe she will confer him,
And now before her Love himselfe she will prefer him.

II.

The lad, soone with that dainty touch reviv'd,
Feeling himselfe so well, so sweetly seated,
Begins to doubt whether he yet here liv'd,
Or else his flitting soul, to heav'n translated,
Was there in starry throne and blisse instated ;
Oft would he dye, so to be often saved ;
And now with happy wish he closly craved
For ever to be dead, to be so sweet ingraved.

III.

The Paphian princesse (in whose lovely breast
Spiteful disdaine could never find a place)
When now she saw him from his fit releast,
(To Juno leaving wrath and scolding base,)
Comforts the trembling boy with smiling grace :
But oh ! those smiles (too full of sweete delight)
Surfeit his heart, full of the former sight ;
So, seeking to revive, more wounds his feeble sprite.

IV.

“ Tell me, fair Boy ! (sayd she) what erring chance
Hither directed thy unwary pace ?
For sure Contempt or Pride durst not advance
Their foule aspect in thy so pleasant face :
Tell me, what brought thee to this hidden place ?
Or lacke of love, or mutuall answering fire ?
Or hindred by ill chance in thy desire ?
Tell me, what ist thy faire and wishing eyes require ? ”

V.

The boy (whose sence was never yet acquainted
With such a musique) stood with cares arected,
And, sweetly with that pleasant spell enchanted,
More of those sugred straines long time expected ;
Till seeing she his speeches not reiected,
First sighes arising from his heart's low center,
Thus gan reply, when each word bold would venter,
And strive the first that dainty labyrinth to enter.

VI.

“ Fair Cyprian Queene, (for well that heavenly face
Prooves thee the mother of all-conquering Love,)

Pardon, I pray thee, my unweeting pace ;
For no presumptuous thoughts did hither moove
My daring feete to this thy holy grove ;
But lucklesse chance (which, if you not gaine-say,
I still must rue,) hath caus'd me here to stray,
And lose my selfe (alas !) in losing of my way.

VII.

“ Nor did I come to right my wronged fire ;
Never till now I saw what ought be loved ;
And now I see, but never dare aspire
To moove my hope, where yet my love is mooved ;
Whence though I would, I would it not remooved ;
Only since I have plac't my love so high,
Which sure thou must, or sure thou wilt, deny,
Grant me yet still to love, though in my love to dye.”

VIII.

But shee that in his eyes Loves face had seen,
And flaming heart, did not such suite disdaine,
(For cruelty fits not sweete Beauties queene,)
But gently could his passion entertain,
Though she Loves princesse, he a lowly swain :
First of his bold intrusion she acquites him,
Then to her service (happy Boy !) admits him,
And, like another Love, with bow and quiver fits him.

IX.

And now with all the Loves he grew acquainted,
And Cupids selfe, with his like face delighted,
Taught him a hundred wayes with which he daunted
The prouder hearts, and wronged lovers righted,
Forcing to love that most his love despited :

And now the practique boy did so approve him,
And with such grace and cunning arte did move him,
That all the pritty Loves and all the Graces love him.

CANTO V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The lovers sad despairing plaints
Bright Venus with his love acquaints ;
Sweetly importun'd, he doth shew
From whom proceedeth this his woe.

I.

YET never durst his faint and coward heart
(Ah, Foole ! faint heart faire lady ne're could win !)
Assaile faire Venus with his new-learnt arte,
But kept his love and burning flame within,
Which more flam'd out, the more he prest it in ;
And thinking oft how iust shee might disdain him,
While some cool mirtle shade did entertaine him,
Thus sighing would he sit, and sadly would he plain
him :

II.

“ Ah, fond and haplesse Boy ! nor know I whether
More fond or haplesse more, that all so high
Hast plac't thy heart, where love and fate together

May never hope to end thy misery,
Nor yet thy self dare wish a remedy :
All hindrances (alas !) conspire to let it ;
Ah, fond, and hapless Boy ! if canst not get it !
In thinking to forget, at length learne to forget it.

III.

“ Ah, farre too fond, but much more haplesse Swaine !
Seeing thy love can be forgotten never,
Serve and observe thy love with willing paine ;
And though in vaine thy love thou doe persever,
Yet all in vaine doe thou adore her ever.
No hope can crowne thy thoughts so farre aspiring,
Nor dares thy selfe desire thine owne desiring,
Yet live thou in her love, and dye in her admiring.”

IV.

Thus oft the hopelesse boy complayning lyes ;
But she, that well could guesse his sad lamenting,
(Who can conceal love from Loves mothers eyes ?)
Did not disdaine to give his love contenting ;
Cruel the soule that feeds on soules tormenting :
Nor did she scorne him, though not nobly borne,
(Love is nobility) nor could she scorne
That with so noble skill her title did adorne.

V.

One day it chanc't, thrice happy day and chance !
While Loves were with the Graces sweetly sporting,
And to fresh musique sounding play and dance,
And Cupids selfe, with shepheards boyes consorting,
Laugh'd at their pritty sport and simple courting,

Faire Venus seats the fearfull boy close by her,
Where never Phœbus jealous lookes might eye her,
And bids the boy his mistris and her name descry her.

VI.

Long time the youth bound up in silence stood,
While hope and feare with hundred thoughts begun
Fit prologue to his speech ; and fearefull blood
From heart and face with these post-tydings runne,
That eyther now he's made, or now undon ; [weake,
At length his trembling words, with feare made
Began his too long silence thus to breake, [speake.
While from his humble eies first reverence seem'd to

VII.

" Faire Queene of Love ! my life thou maist command,
Too slender price for all thy former grace,
Which I receive at thy so bounteous hand ;
But never dare I speak her name and face ;
My life is much lesse-priz'd than her disgrace :
And, for I know if I her name relate
I purchase anger, I must hide her state,
Unlesse thou sweare by Stix I purchase not her hate."

VIII.

Faire Venus well perceiv'd his subtile shift,
And, swearing gentle patience, gently smil'd,
While thus the boy persud his former drift :
" No tongue was ever yet so sweetly skil'd,
Nor greatest orator so highly stil'd,
Though helpt with all the choicest artes direction,
But when he durst describe her heaven's perfection,
By his imperfect praise disprais'd his imperfection.

IX.

“ Her forme is as her selfe, perfect coelestriall,
No mortall spot her heavenly frame disgraces :
Beyond compare such nothing is terrestriall?
More sweete than thought or pow'rfull wish embraces ;
The map of heaven, the summe of all her graces :
But if you wish more truely limb'd to eye her,
'Than fainting speech or words can well descry her,
Look in a glasse, and there more perfect you may
spy her.”

CANTO VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The boyes short wish, her larger grant,
That doth his soule with blisse enchant ;
Whereof impatient uttering all,
Inraged Jove contrives his thrall.

I.

“ Thy crafty arte,” reply'd the smiling queene,
“ Hath well my chiding and not rage prevented,
Yet might'st thou thinke that yet 'twas never scene
That angry rage and gentle love consented ;
But if to me thy true love is presented,
What wages for thy service must I owe thee ?
For by the selfe-same vow I here avow thee,
Whatever thou require I frankly will allow thee.”

II.

"Pardon," replies the boy, "for so affecting
Beyond mortality, and not discarding
Thy service, was much more than my expecting
But if thou (more thy bounty-hood regarding)
Wilt needs heap up reward upon rewarding,
Thy love I dare not aske, or mutual fixing,
One kisse is all my love and prides aspiring,
And after starve my heart, for my too much desiring."

III.

"Fond Boy!" (sayd she) "too fond, that askt no more ;
Thy want by taking is no whit decreased,
And giving spends not our increasing store:"—
Thus with a kisse his lips she sweetly pressed ;
Most blessed kisse ! but hope more than most blessed.
The boy did thinke heaven fell while thus he ioy'd,
And while ioy he so greedily enioy'd,
He felt not halfe his ioy by being over-joyd.

IV.

"Why sighst? faire Boy!" (sayd she) "dost thou
repent thee
Thy narrow wish in such straight bonds to stay?"
"Well may I sigh" (sayd he) "and well lament me,
That never such a debt may hope to pay."
"A kisse," (sayd she) "a kisse will back repay."
"Wilt thou" (reply'd the boy, too much delighted,)
Content thee with such pay to be requited?"
She grants; and he his lips, heart, soule, to pay-
ment cited.

V.

Look as a ward, long from his lands detain'd,
And subiect to his guardians cruel lore,
Now spends the more, the more he was restrain'd ;
So he ; yet though in laying out his store
He doubly takes, yet finds himself grow poore ;
 With that he markes, and tels her out a score,
 And doubles them, and trebles all before.
Fond boy ! the more thou paist, thy debt still grows
 the more.

VI.

At length, whether these favours so had fir'd him
With kindly heate, inflaming his desiring,
Or whether those sweete kisses had inspir'd him,
He thinkes that something wants for his requiring,
And still aspires, yet knows not his aspiring ;
 But yet though that hee knoweth so she gave.
 That he presents himselfe her bounden slave,
 Still his more wishing face seem'd somewhat else
 to crave.

VII.

And, boldned with successe and many graces,
His hand, chain'd up in feare, he now releast,
And asking leave, courag'd with her imbraces,
Againe it prison'd in her tender breast :
Ah, blessed prison ! prisners too much blest !
 There with those sisters long time doth he play,
 And now full boldly enters loves highway,
 While downe the pleasant vale his creeping hand
 doth stray.

VIII.

She, not displeas'd with this his wanton play,
Hiding his blushing with a sugred kisse,
With such sweete heat his rudenesse doth allay,
That now he perfect knowes whatever blisse
Elder Love taught, and he before did misse ;
That moul't with ioy, in such untri'd ioyes trying,
He gladly dies ; and, death new life applying,
Gladly againe he dyes, that oft he may be dying.

IX.

Long thus he liv'd, slumbring in sweete delight,
Free from sad care and fickle worlds annoy,
Bathing in liquid ioyes his melted sprite ;
And longer mought, but he (ah, foolish Boy!)
Too proud, and too impatient of his ioy,
To woods, and heav'n, and earth, his blisse imparted,
That Jove upon him downe his thunder darted,
Blasting his splendent face, and all his beauty swarted.

X.

Such be his chance that to his love doth wrong ;
Unworthy he to save so worthy place,
That cannot hold his peace and blabbing tongue ;
Light ioyes float on his lips, but rightlly grace
Sinckes deepe, and th' heart's low center doth imbrace.
Might I enioy my love till I unfold it,
I'd lose all favours when I blabbing told it :
He is not fit for love that is not fit to hold it.

GLOSSARY.

A.

Abace, in the two old quartos ; but in the folios *Abase*, to lower, to let fall.

Aband, to abandon.

Abash, to terrify, make ashamed.

Abear, to bear, carry, demean, behave.

Abet, to vindicate, and, to maintain.

Abide, *Aby*, *Abyde*, to abide, suffer, endure.

Abjected, thrown down.

Abode, staying, or delay.

Abraid, awake, awoke.

Abray out of sleep, raise, awake. *Abrayd*, awaked.

Abusion, fraud, abuse.

Abye, abide by.

Accloy, to cloy, fill up. *Accloyes*, chokes up, fills up.

Accorage, to encourage.

According, granting.

Accoste, to approach.

Accosting, in falconry, to crouch or stoop.

Account, tell over.

Accoy'd, soothed, appeased.

Accoyled, stood around, gathered together.

Accrewed, increased, united, collected.

Achates, 1st and 2d quartos. The folios *Cates*, i. e. provisions.

Acquit, released.

Acrates, intemperance.

Adaw, to daunt. Sometimes signifies to abate.

Addeme, adjudge, deem.

Address, to dress, prepare, order, make ready.

Admirance, admiration.

Adoe, business.

Adore, for adorn.

Adorne (substantively), adorning, ornament.

Adredd, *Adrad*, frightened, to be afraid, to dread.

Advance, to hasten, to set forward.

Advauance, to recommend.

Advauanced, incited, inflamed.

Advewed, considered.

Advise, to consult, deliberate, consider.

Advisement, counsel, advice, circumspection.

Adward, award, judgment, sentence.

Aery, a hawk's-nest.

Affear, to frighten.

Affect, affection, passion.

Affrap, to encounter, to strike down.

Affray, terror, tumult. To *Affray*, to terrify.

Affrended, made friends.

Affret, rencounter, hasty meeting.

Affronting, opposing front to front ; meeting face to face.

Affy, betroth. *Affide*, betrothed, affianced.

Aggrace, favour, kindness.

Aggrate, to gratify, to please.

Aghast, frightened, astonished.

Aglets, see *Aygulets*.

Agraste, did so much aggrace ; showed so much grace and favour.

Agrise, to dread and fear greatly ; to astonish, to give abhorrence.

Aguise, to put on an appearance ; to set off after a new manner.

Albe, albeit, although.

Aligates, by all means, any way, wholly, nevertheless.

All, altogether, wholly ; also used for although.

- Alla Turchesca*, in the Turkish manner.
Allege, alleviate, lighten.
Alleggeaunce, alleviation, ease, comfort.
Alew, howling, lamentation.
Aloofe, at some distance.
Alow, low ; the *a* added.
Als, also.
Amaine, with vehemence.
Amate. 1. to subdue, to daunt, to distress, to terrify. 2. To associate with, to keep company.
Amearsd, fined.
Amenage, manage, carriage.
Amenaunce, carriage, behaviour.
Amis, apparel, garment.
Amoves, moves ; the particle *a* is added.
Annoyes, annoyances, injury, mischief, hurt.
Anticks, antique odd figures of men, beasts, birds, &c.
Apall, to discourage, daunt, terrify.
Apay, to pay, content, satisfy, require.
Appeach, impeach, accuse, censure.
Appele, it seems to be used for *accuse*.
Arabic or *Araby*, Arabia.
Arborett, a flowering shrub.
Aread, *Areed*, show, advise, declare, tell.
Areare, backwards ; a lagging or backward pace.
Areeds, advices, discourses.
Arew, in a row together, all together.
Arke, chest or coffer.
Arraught, did reach, seize on ; reached, snatched, seized.
Array, order, apparel, dress.
Arere, backward.
Arret, sometimes signifies decree.
Askauunce, to look askance, enviously, obliquely, sideways, awry.
Aslake, to appease.

- Aspects*, appearances.
Assay, proof, trial, attempt, attack.
Assoile, to free, to quit. *Assoiled*, absolved, discharged.
Assot, to besot, deceive, make a fool of.
Assotted, stupefied.
Assynd, marked out.
Astart, to startle.
Astond, *astound*, astonished.
Atchievement, enterprise, or performance.
At earst, instantly.
Ate, did eat.
Atone, i. e. friends again, at one; *Atoned*, reconciled.
Attacht, apprehended, laid hold on.
Attaint, it did attaint; it seemed to absorb it, and to put it out by its superior splendor.
Attempter, tempter,
Attente. most heedfully.
Attonce, once for all; at one and the same time.
Attone, bereaved, taken away altogether.
Attrapt, trapped, adorned.
Atween, between.
Avale, to lower, abate, bring down, descend.
Avaunting, vaunting, the *a* superadded. According to *Hughes* it signifies advancing.
Avenge, vengeance. *Avengement*, revenge.
Aventured, it seems to be of the same signification with *couched*.
Avize, *Avyse*, *Avise*, to perceive, to consider. To behold, to observe, to be sensible of. *Hughes*.
Avour, confession, acknowledgment.
Avmayld, enamelled.
Awarned, warned, premonished.
Awhape, to astonish, to terrify.
Aye, ever.
Aygulets, tagged points.

B.

Bace, low, the lower parts, the bottom.

Bad, asked, entreated, prayed.

Baffuld, baffled, beat, defeated.

Baile, power, a limit, a bound.

Bains, banns.

Baisemains, compliments, respects.

Bale, evil, mischief, misery, sorrow, burden.

Baleful, sorrowful, unfortunate, full of harm.

Balke, to disappoint, baffle, frustrate.

Bannerall, a little flag worn by knights on the top of their lances.

Bannes, curses. To *Ban*, to curse. *Band*, did curse.

Barbed, embossed, adorned as the trappings.

Barbes, bosses or ornaments in the trappings of a horse.

Barbican, an outer-work, gate, or watch-tower.

Base, unto the base, below, bottom.

Bases, any coverings for the legs.

Basen, as, Big looks basen wide [*Mother Hubbard's Tale*] i. e. extended as with wonder.

Basenet, a helmet.

Bashed, abashed.

Basted, wrought, slightly, sewed.

Bate, did beat, *Hughes*. Did bite, *Upton*.

Battill, to grow fat.

Bauldrick, a belt; *Bauldrick of the heavens*, the zodiack, in which are the twelve signs.

Bay, to bark, Faery Queene, Book i. Canto 7. Stanza 3. it signifies to bathe, cherish, or foment. To hold or keep at bay, is the hunter's phrase of the stag, when the hounds are *baying*, or barking at him.

Bayt, to rest.

Beacon, a raised building of combustible matter, to be fired in order to give notice to distant people of invasions. *Upton*.

Beadmen, prayer-men.

Beadroll, properly a catalogue of prayers, but used for a catalogue in general.

Beard him, affront him to his face ; brave him.

Beare, a bier.

Beathed in fire, hardened in the fire.

Beavy, a company.

Beauperes, equals, fair companions.

Bed, for *bid*, to pray.

Bedight, dressed, adorned.

Bodyde, dyed.

Begored, smeared with gore.

Behaved, kept within bounds.

Behest, command.

Behight, or *behote*, called, named ; and sometimes bid, promised, gave.

Behoofe, convenience.

Belamay, fair friend.

Belamoure, a lover.

Belayd, laid over.

Beldame, good lady, good dame.

Bell-accoyle, fair reception, kind salutation.

Bellgards, beautiful looks.

Bellibone, fair maid.

Bends, bars placed cross-ways, a term in heraldry.

Benempt, bequeathed, named.

Bent, the propensity or inclination ; sometimes yielding or complying.

Bents, rushes, bent grass ; bulrushes.

Bere, sometimes signifies weight, pressure, or bearing.

Bereave, to bereave, to take away.

Beseek, beseech.

Beseem, to become, to grace, to look seemly.

Beseen, *well beseen*, i. e. courtesy, bearing a good aspect, handsome treatment.

Bêsits, becomes.

-
- Besprint*, or *Besprent*, besprinkled.
Bestadde, ill used, distressed.
Bestead, beset, oppressed ; *ill bestead*, bad plight, condition.
Bet, did beat.
Betake, took into his hand, bestow upon.
Beteem, deliver, bestow.
Betide, happen to, befall.
Betight, betide, befall.
Bever, the sight or visor of a head-piece.
Bevie, a company, a troop.
Bewray, to discover.
Bickermert, contention, strife.
Bidding his beads, saying his prayers.
Bilive, forthwith, immediately.
Bittur, a bittern.
Blame, reproach.
Blatant Beast, Detraction represented as a monster.
Blaze, to divulge, or spread abroad.
Bleard, dimmed, darkened.
Blemishment, blemish, stain.
Blend, not only to mix, but to spoil with mixing, to confound.
 It also sometimes signifies to blind.
Bless, Spenser has used this word to signify the waving or brandishing of a sword.
Blin, to cease, give over.
Blist for *Blest*, blessed, B. iv. C. 7. St. 46. But in B. 6. C. 8. St. 13. *all about so blest*, i. e. injured, wounded.
Blive, forthwith, presently.
Bloosme, blossom. Pronounce it *bloom*, B. iv. C. 8. St. 2.
Bode, did abide.
Boli, an arrow.
Bond, bound ; kept as bond-slaves.
Bonnibel, a fair maid.
Boon, favour, request, petition.
Boot, advantage, help, profit.

Bootless, unavailing, unprofitable.

To *bord*, to accost, to approach. *Bord*, a jest.

Bordragings, ravagings or incursions on the borders.

Borrel, rude, clownish.

Bosse, a protuberance in the middle of the shield.

Boughts, circular folds or windings.

Boulted, sifted.

Bounty, goodness, generosity.

Bourn, a brook or rivulet.

Bouzing can, a large drinking pot.

Bowre, often used for an inner chamber or private apartment.

Brade, for broad.

Brag, proudly.

Braided, knitted, plaited, wreathed.

Brakes, bushes, brambles, fern.

Brame, vexation; *Breem*, fierce.

Brand, sometimes a fire-brand, sometimes a sword.

Bransles, brawls, a sort of tune.

Brast, or *Brac'd*, burst.

Brave, not only valiant and bold, but fine and spruce.

Brawned bours, well sinewed arms.

Bray, sound shrill.

Breme, chill, bitter.

Brenne, to burn.

Brent, burnt

Brigandine, a coat of mail.

Brigantine, a swift vessel for sea.

Brigants, robbers, free-booters.

Brockage [*Moth. Hub. Tale*], pimping.

Brond, *Brond-iron*, vide *Brand*.

Brooke, bear, endure, digest.

Brunt, violent attack, accident.

Brush, small wood, brush-wood.

Brust, burst.

- Bruteness*, sottishness, stupidity, brutishness.
To buckle, to buckle on armour ; to prepare for battle.
Buffè, a blow, buffet.
Bug, a bugbear.
Bugle, a small bugle-horn.
Burganet, a helmet.
Burgein, to spring forth or bud.
Bushets, little bushes.
But, unless, except.
Buxome, yielding.
Bylive. See *Bilive*.
Bynempt. See *Benempt*.

C.

- Camis*, *Camus*, a thin gown.
Can, is often used, as *gan*, began.
Canon-bit, that part of the bit which is let into the horse's mouth ; the ruling bit.
Capias, a special warrant.
Capon, a cock cut ; metaphorically a cow-herd.
Caprefole, woodbine, honey-suckle.
Captive, to captivate.
Captivaunce, captivity.
Carke, care.
Carle, a clown, a churl.
Carol, to sing songs of joy.
Carven, to cut.
To *Cast* in one's mind, to think, to contrive. *Cast* is also used for time, or a throw.
A Cast of faulcons, a set of falcons.
Castory, beaver's oil.
Causen, to argue or debate.
Cav'd, made hollow.
Caytive, *Caitive*, mean, vile, captive, slave.
Certes, certainly.

Cesse, cease.

Cesure, a cutting off.

To *Chaffer*, to bargain, to traffic, to exchange.

Chamelot, stuff mixed with camel's hair, camlet.

Chamfred, bent, crooked.

Charmes, tempers, orders.

Chast, chased.

Chaufe, anger, heat, wrath.

Chaunticlere, so named from *chaunting* or *singing* with a clear and silver voice.

Chayre, charily, with great care and caution.

Checklaton, a kind of chequered or motley stuff.

Checkmate, a word borrowed from the game of chess.

Cheere, countenance, air, mien.

Cherry, for cherish.

Chevalrie, knighthood, knightly exploits.

Chevisaunce, atchievement, enterprise, feat, performance.

Chiefrie, principality.

Chylded, brought forth.

Circumvent, to beguile.

Clame, call.

Cleped, called, named.

Clouch, gathered together.

Colled, embraced.

Colourable, counterfeited.

Commen, commune, discourse together. Also to come.

Comment, devise, feign.

Compare, procure.

Compast creast, his crest compassed around, or well-rounded, proportioned, or framed.

Compeld, called upon.

Coimplot, a plot, combination, or contrivance.

Comportance, behaviour, carriage.

Compylde, brought together.

Con, to learn, to know.

Concept, imagination, fancy.

Concent, harmony.

Concrew, to grow together.

Connd, learned.

Condigne, worthy.

Congè, bow, reverence, leave.

Conspiring, agreeing in sentiment.

Constrained, tormented, made uneasy.

Containe, hold together.

Contecke, contention.

Contrive, spend, consume, reckon, count, invent, imagine.

Convenable, agreeable.

Couvent, to summon to appear.

Convince, to convict.

Coosen passions, kindred passions.

Coportion, a portion or share with you.

Corb, crooked.

Corbes, ornaments in building, brackets, or shouldering pieces in wood work.

Cordwayne, Spanish leather, so called from Corduba in Spain.

Coronal, crown, garland.

Cosset, a lamb brought up without the ewe.

Cotes, sheep-folds.

Cott, floating cottage, a little boat.

Could, as *Could his good to all*; i. e. dispensed his bounty.

Count, account, reckoning.

Countercaſt, a counter contrivance or cunning.

Counterchange, mutual exchange.

Counterfeasaunce, counterfeiting, dissimulation.

Counterpriſe, counterpoise, weigh equally.

Counterſtoke, an opposite stroke.

Countervayle, sweet counterwayle, i. e. pleasing requital.

Couplement, union, marriage, coupling together.

Cour'd, for covered, hung over, leant over.

Court, courteousness, pleasantry.

- Couth*, to know or be skilful in.
Cowheard, coward.
Cragg, neck.
Crakes, boastings.
Cranks, same as *Crankles*; *i. e.* turnings, windings.
Craples, claws.
Craven, coward, or cowardly.
Credence, belief.
Crooke, gallows.
Cruddy-blood, crudled, coagulated.
Crumenal, purse.
Culver (Saxon word), dove, pigeon.
Culverin, a piece of ordnance.
Curat, *Curiets*, *Curats*, thus differently spelled; armour for the back and breast.

D.

- Dadale*, skilful, artificial.
Damnifyde, injured, impaired.
Dan, an old title signifying master.
Darrayne, to hazard, venture, attempt, or prepare to fight.
Darred larke, alluding to catching of larks by what they call a *daring glass*.
Dayes-man, umpire, arbitrator.
Daynt, dainty, delicate.
Dayr'house, dairy-house.
Dealth, dealeth, gives.
Dearnly, *Dernly*, eagerly, earnestly.
Dearnely, sadly.
Debonaire, sprightly, courteous, good, kind.
Decetto, deceit.
Decretals, a volume of the Canon Law, or books containing the decrees of sundry popes.—*Blount's Dict.*
Decréwed, decreased.
Deemen, deem, suppose.

- Defeasance*, defeating.
Defeature, destruction.
Defend, keep off, forbid.
Defetto, defamation.
Defly, finely or nimbly.
Define, to end, to determine or decide.
Defould, defiled or brought to shame.
Defray'd, furnished.
Delay'd, put away, removed.
Delices, delight, pleasure.
Delve, a pit or hollow place.
Demeane, treatment.
Demeane, *Demayne*, demeanour, carriage, behaviour; sometimes it signifies to debate, *Demeasnure*, *Demeanure*, as above.
Dempt, deemed, adjudged, supposed.
Dent, or *Dint*, blow.
Depeinten, painted.
Derring doe, bold deeds, manhood, chivalry.
Describe, describe.
Despiteous, spiteful, malicious.
Dessignment, plot, conspiracy.
Desse, a seat.
Deviseful, full of rare devices or invention.
Devoir, duty.
Diapase, a term in music including all tones.
Dight, to order, prepare, dress, adorn.
Dilate, enlarge upon.
Dirk, dark, or to darken.
Disadvauunce, to withdraw, to stop.
Disaventurous, ill adventurous, unhappy, unlucky.
Discided, cut in two parts.
Disclosed, disengaged, untied.
Discure, discover.
Discust, shaken off, to remove, or put away.
Disease, for uneasiness.

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- Disentrayled*, drawn along floatingly.
Dishabled, lessen'd.
Disleal knight, perfidious, traiterous.
Disloignd, disloined, remote, far.
Dismayd, ugly, ill-shaped.
Dispence, consumption, expence, profusion.
Disple, discipline, correction.
Disport, sport, diversion, pastime.
Dispredden, spread, diffused around.
Dispurveyance, want of provision.
Disseized, made to quit or relinquish, dispossessed of.
Dissolute, languid, broken, B. i. C. 7. St. 51.
Disthronized, dethroned.
Distinct, varied, marked, beset.
Distraine, i. e. draw it, or break it asunder.
Distraught, drawn aside, distracted.
Dites, orders, directions.
A Ditt, a ditty, a song.
Doale, a dealing out.
Doale, or *Dole*, sorrow, portion.
Doe, doe him not to dye, put him not to death.
Dofte, do off, put off.
Dolor, Dolour, grief, pain, sorrow.
Doole, complaint, sorrow, pain, grief.
Don, to do on, to put on.
Dortours, dormitories, or lodgings for Monks.
Doted, doting, impaired.
Doucëpere, from the French, les douze pairs : one of the twelve peers of France.
Doughtie, stout, valiant, courageous.
Drad, dread, dreed, dreaded ; to be feared, honoured, revered.
Drapets, linen clothes.
Draught, a military detachment, B. ii. C. 20. St. 51. resemblance.
Dreare, Drere, sorrow, sadness.
Drent, drenched or drowned.

Dreriment, heaviness, sorrowfulness.
Drerihedd, a sorrowful and dreary state.
Drest, ordered, prepared.
Drevill, a driveller, a fool.
Drift, impulse, force, or driving on, purpose.
Drowsyhedd, drowsiness.
Duresse, confinement, imprisonment, hardship.

E.

Earne, *Erne*, to yern, to be moved with compassion.
Earst, *Erst*, first, first of all, at first, before, formerly.
Easely, gently.
Easterlings, the Germans so called by the Britons.
Eath, easy.
Eeke, *Eke*, also; it signifies likewise to add, to increase, to augment.
Effierced, made fierce and mad.
Efforce, to force open, also to violate.
Effraide, frightened, afraid.
Eft, again, likewise, soon.
Eftsoones, again, presently, quickly, forthwith.
Eglantine, sweet brier, or wild rose.
Eld, old age.
Elf, a Fairy. *Elfin*, the adjective of *Elf*.
Elles, else, already.
Embase, to leasen, make base, dishonoured.
Embar'd, shut up.
Embattled cart, a warlike chariot.
Embay, to bathe; also to cherish and delight.
Embayld, inclosed; also to make up into bales or packs.
Embosome, entertain.
Emboss, has different significations—*Arms embost*, arms of embossed work. *Emboss with gold*, raised as in relievo. *Emboss with pearles*, raised or overlaid. *In case embost*, hid, concealed. *The salvage bedst embost in weary chace*, mean-

ing hard run and wearied out. *To embosse his speare in his body, i. e.* to lodge, to inclose. But the most difficult place seems in B. iii. C. 1. St. 64. *Embosse themselves in so glorious spoile*, probably from the Italian *Imboscarsi, i. e.* by ambuscade to avail themselves of so glorious a spoil.
Upton.

Embowed, imbewed, arched; covered archwise.

Emboyled, emboyling wrath, B. ii. C. 5. St. 18. the same as boyled, boyling.

Embrave, adorn, make brave or fine; to dress.

Eme, an uncle by the mother's side.

Emparlance, a law term, used in petitioning the court for respite.

Empeach, to hinder.

Emperill, quartos; folios *Imperill*, endanger.

Emperisht, perished, gone to ruin.

Empight, placed, fixed.

Emprise, enterprize, undertaking.

Enaunter, lest that.

Enchased, engraven, adorned, set.

Encheason, occasion, accident; cause or reason wherefore any thing is done.

Encomberment, molestation.

Endosse, to write on the back, to engrave.

Endurd, hardened.

Enduren, indure, continue.

Enfeloned, hurried on by wicked and felonious intents; become fierce.

Enfouldred smoke, smoke mixed with flame.

Englut, satiate, glut.

Engore, to pierce, to prick; to make bloody or gory.

Engorged yre, anger arising to the very gorge or throat; anger which cannot be suppressed.

Engrafted, ingrafted, implanted.

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- Engroste*, made thick.
Enhaunst, raised, lifted up.
Enrace, enroot, implant.
Enriven, torn asunder.
Enseams, i. e. fattens.
Ensew, follow. *Ensude*, followed.
Ensnarle, insnare, intangle as a skein of silk.
Entayle, engraving.
Entayled with antiicks, engraven or carved with images.
Enterdeale, meditation, negociation.
Enterprize, sometimes signifies to give reception to one.
Entertake, to entertain.
Entirely, or *entyrely*, earnestly.
Entrailed, intermingled, interlaced, interwoven.
Enure, accustom to, make use of, practise.
Enured, effected, committed.
Envy, to vie with, emulate, refuse to give.
Errant Knights, who travel about the world seeking adventure.
Eschewed, avoided. *Eschew*, avoid.
Esloyne, withdraw to a distance ; separate.
Espial, sight, spying.
Essoyne, excuse for not appearing.
Evengely, gospel.
Ewfes, efts, newts, or evets. *Upton*. Lizards. *Hughes*.
Ewghen bow, a bow of yew.
Exanimate, lifeless, dead.
Excheat, accident, or a property fallen to any one in any thing.
Expire or *Expyre*, to bring forth, to breathe forth.
Exprest, pressed out, squeezed out.
Exterpie, to extirpate, to root out.
Extreat, extraction, drawing out.
Eyas Hawke, a term in falconry, signifying a young hawk newly fledged, and fit for flight.
Eyne, *Ene*, eyes.

F.

Fade, to vanish, to perish, to go away.

Faine, doest *faine*, art desirous.

Falsed, falsified, deceived.

Fare, to go. *Faring*, going on.

Fatal read, prophetical advice. *Fatal error*, a wandering voyage ordered by the Fates.

Fay, faith, truth ; sometimes it signifies a Fairy.

Faytor, doer. *False faytor*, a deceiver.

Fealty, fealty or homage.

Fearen, to frighten.

Feculent, foul, full of dregs.

Fell, fierce, cruel ; also gall. *Felly*, fiercely, cruelly.

Fellonest, most fierce.

Feminitee, womanhood, state and dignity of a woman.

Fere, a companion. *Ferres*, companions.

Ferne, as *fleshly ferme*, fleshly prison.

Fest, feast, for the rhyme.

Fet, *Fett*, fetch.

Feutred his speare, to set his speare in his rest.

Field is often used for fight, combat, battle.

Fiaunt, warrant.

Fine, end.

Firmes his eye, keeps his eye steady and firm.

Flatling, flat.

Flight, arrow.

Flit, *Fleet*, swift. *Upton*. To fluctuate, to be in motion. *Hughes*.

Flourets, blossoms, or little flowers.

Foeman, foes.

Foile, leaf. *Golden foile*, leaf gold.

Foind, pushed.

Folke-mot, a meeting or assembly of folk or people.

Foltring-tongue, faltering, falling, or tripping.

Fon, fool. *Fond*, foolish.

Fond, did find, for the rhyme.

Fone, foes.

Forby, near to.

Fordoo, undo, destroy, ruin.

Forehent, seized, caught hold of.

Forelent, lent beforehand.

Forèsay, renounce. *Upton*. *Foresaid*, forbid. *Hughes*.

Forestall, to interrupt.

Forethink, to repine or be concerned at any thing.

Forewent, forsook, went out of their way.

Forgone, lost, neglected, forsaken.

Forlore, *Forlorne*, lost, forsaken, wretched.

Forpined, much pined, consumed.

Forray, to ravage, spoil.

Forslackt, delayed.

Forslow, delay.

Forswat, exhausted with sweat.

Forswonk, wearied, over-laboured.

Forthy, therefore, wherefore, why.

Fortilage, sort.

Forworn, much worn.

Foster, for forester.

Fouldring, thundering, blasting with lightning.

Foyzen, plenty.

Franchise, to free or set at liberty.

Franion, one of too free or loose behaviour.

Frankelin, a freeman or gentleman.

Fray, to frighten.

Freakes, whimseys, mad actions.

Frenne, stranger.

Frett, to eat, consume. It is used in another sense ; to *frett*, to adorn ; *fretted*, adorned.

Frize, a warm kind of woollen clothing.

Frory, froze, frozen.

Frounce, curl, crisp.

Frowy, frowzy, mossy, musty.

Fry of children, fry, spawn.

Furniment, furnishing, furniture.

G.

Gage, pledge, pawn, security.

Galage, a wooden shoe.

Game, 'twixt earnest and game, betwixt earnest and jest.

Gan, for began.

Garres, causes ; as, *garres thee greet*.

Gate, a way.

Gazement, gazing.

Geare, stuff, attire, furniture, equipage, dress.

Geason, uncommon, perplexing.

Gelt, a gelding. *Upton*. *Gelt*, gold. *Hughes*.

Gentillesse, the behaviour of a gentleman.

German, brother, or near kinsman.

Gerne, yawn.

Gests, deeds, actions, exploits, feats.

Giambeaux, boots, greaves, armour for the legs.

Gibe and geare, joke and jeer.

Gin, begin. *Gin*, engine, contrivance.

Giusts, justs or tournaments ; more particularly single combat on horseback with spears and swords.

Glade, a passage ; generally for a passage cut through a wood.

Glave, a sword.

Glee, mirth.

Glen, a valley.

Ghb, a curled bush of hair hanging down over the eyes.

Glitterand, glittering.

Glode, did glide, glance, or swiftly pass.

Glozing speeches, flattering, deceitful.

Gnarre, to snarl or bark.

Gondelay, properly a Venetian wherry.

Goodlyhead, goodliness.

Gore, pierce.

Gorge, throat.

Gorget, armour defending the throat.

Grange, a granary, barn, farm.

Grayle, some particles, or gravel. Also used in B. ii. C. 10. St. 53. for the sacred dish in the last supper of our Saviour.

Greave, for grove.

Gree, liking, satisfaction, pleasure.

Greet, to exclaim, cry out, complain.

Gride, *Gryde*, to strike, wound, pierce, or cut through.

Griefful, full of grief.

Griple, one that snatches greedily, a griping miser.

Groom, shepherd, herdsman.

Groynd, grunted.

Guarish, to garnish, to dress out gorgeously.

Gueld, a guildhall.

Guerdon, reward, recompense, prize.

Guilers, cheats.

Guise, *Guize*, way, fashion, manner, *Upton*. Form, habit, condition, *Hughes*.

Gyre, circling, turning round.

H.

Haberjeon, armour covering the neck and breast, *Upton*. Armour covering the head and shoulders, *Hughes*.

Habiliments, apparel, clothing.

Hable, fit, ready, able, apt, nimble.

Hacqueton, a piece of armour.

Hafendeale, in partition.

Halidom, Holy Dame; an oath by the Virgin Mary.

Han, for have.

Harbrough, harbour.

Hardy, brave, bold. *Hurdiment*, courage, boldness.

Hardyhood, *Hardyhead*, a brave state of mind.

Harrow, to lay waste, to destroy.

Harrow! an interjection and exclamation, showing distress.

Hash, a wicker basket to carry fish.

Hauberg, *Hauberque*. Vide *Haberjeon*.

Haught corage, high mind.

Haulst, embraced.

Heast, *Hest*, or *Behest*, command, precept.

Heben bow, a bow made of ebony.

Hedeguies, a sort of country dances.

Hem, them.

Hend, to take hold of.

Hent, seized.

Herbars, herbs, plants.

Herried, *Heried*, to praise, to celebrate.

Hersal, rehearsal.

Hidder and shidder, he and she.

Hie, to go, to hasten.

Hide, hastened.

Hight, named, called.

Hild, covered.

Hilding, a term of reproach.

Hold, B. ii. C. 2. St. 44. the hold of the castle is put for the castle itself.

Hole, so spelled in the 1st and 2d quartos, in the folios *whole*, B. iii. C. 12. St. 38.

Hood, condition, state. Frequently used in compounds, as knighthood, priesthood, widowhood, &c.

Hore, hoar, hoary, *Upton*. White; sometimes it signifies squalid, filthy, rough, *Hughes*.

Hostry, an inn.

Hot, *Hote*, from *Hight*, was named, called.

Housing fire, sacramental fire.

Hove, for heave.

Hoving, hovering, floating.

Humblesse, humility.

Hurlen forth, rush forth.

Hurtle, to rush with violence.

Hurting, rushing, thrusting.

Hymen to Hymen, the nuptial song at weddings, invoking the god Hymenæus.

I.

Javel, seems to signify a slandering fellow.

Idlesse, idleness.

Iesses, straps of leather fastened on the hawk's legs when held in the fist.

Impacable, so the quartos and folios ; but *Hughes implacable*.

Impe, child or offspring.

Impeach, sometimes used by Spenser in the sense of the French word *empecher*, to hinder.

Importable, not to be borne.

In, Inn, Inne, an inn, a chamber, a house.

Incontinent, immediately, instantly, forthwith.

Indigne, unworthy.

Infant, the Prince, B. ii. C. 8. St. 56, &c.

Inferd, brought on.

Infest, deadly.

Ingate, entrance.

Ingowes, ingots.

Intendement, attention, understanding, thought.

Interesse, interest.

Intreat, speak of, treat of.

Intuse, contusion, bruise.

Jollyhead, a state of jollity.

Iouisance, *Ioyaunce*, rejoicing, diversion.

Ire, Yre, wrath, anger.

K.

Keep, care, heed, custody, charge. *Keeping*, guard.

Keight, caught.

Ken, Kenn, to know, to spy, to discover.

Kend, Kent, knew, kenned.

Kerns, countrymen or boors.
Kesars, Keasars, Emperors, Cæsars, Czars.
Kest, cast.
Kestrel, a sort of hawk of the baser breed.
Kidst, dost know.
Kight, a kite.
Kilt, for killed.
Kirtle, a woman's gown.
Kond, kend, knew.
Kynd, nature. *Kyndle*, natural.
Kynded, begotten.
Kyne, cows or herds.

L.

Lad, led, did lead.
Laid, taint.
Lare, Laire, laire of a deer.
Latched, caught.
Lay, a song. *Layes*, songs, poems.
Lay, the earth or ground.
Laystall, a place to lay dung or rubbish.
Lazars, leprous persons.
Leach, surgeon or physician.
Leare, Leares, Leres, doctrine, learning, science.
Leasing, lying.
Leavd, levied, raised.
Ledden, language, dialect.
Leef, or *Lief*, willing. *As lief*, more willing.
Leese, lost.
Legierdemayne, sleight of hand.
Leman, sweetheart, concubine, mistress.
Lenger, longer.
L'Envoy, the epilogue after a copy of verses.
Lest, listen.
Lever, rather.

Leven, lightning.

Levin-brond, thunderbolt.

Lewdly, ignorantly.

Libbard, leopard.

Lich, like.

Liefe, dear. *Liefer*, *Lever*, dearer. *Liefest*, dearest.

Liege-lord, sovereign-lord. *Liege-man*, who owes allegiance to the liege-lord.

Lig, or *Liggen*, to lie.

Lignage, lineage, or descent.

Lilled out his tongue, for lolled out, &c.

Lime-hound, a blood-hound.

Limiter, one that goes about selling indulgences.

Lin, to lean, give way. Sometimes to cease or give over.

Lincolne-greene, a species of cloth manufactured at Lincoln.

Lists, ground inclosed for tilts or tournaments.

Lite, alight, get off horse.

Lived mortally, i. e. lived among mortals.

Livelod, livelihood, maintenance.

Livelyhed, liveliness, life, spirit.

Livery and seisin, law phrases.

Lone, a thing lent, a loan.

Long, belong.

Loord, as, *lazy Loord*, idle fellow.

Lordings, Sirs, Masters. A dim. of Lord.

Lore, learning, instruction.

Lore, for *Lorn*, left, lost.

Lorel, *Losel*, a liar, cheat, a loose fellow.

Lover, or *Loover*, a chimney or opening in the roof of a cottage.

Lout, to bow servilely, to crouch.

Lugs, perches.

Lusk, *Luskish*, *Luskishness*, a lazy disposition.

Lustlesse, listlessly.

Lustyhed, lustiness, vigour.

Lustlesse, weak, not lusty.

Lyte, light on, settle, fall on.

Lythe, soft.

M.

Mage, magician, enchanter.

Magnes stone, the load-stone.

Mahoune, Mahomet. By *Mahoune*, a Saracen oath.

Make, a mate, consort. To *make* (verb), to compose verses.

Malefices, evil deeds.

Malicing, bearing of malice.

Maligne, maliciously, abuse.

Maltalent, ill will, spite.

Mand, manned, furnished, filled.

Manner, behaviour, carriage.

Mantleth, displayeth his wings. A term in falconry.

Many, company, B. iii. C. 9. St. 11. &c.

Marge, margin, brim.

Mark white, the white mark.

Martelled, hammered, beat.

Mas, used for divine service.

Mated, conquered, subdued.

Maugre, in spite of, against one's will, notwithstanding.

Mayle, a coat of mail.

Mazed, stunned.

Mazer bowl, properly a bowl of maple.

Meane, means, conditions, occasion.

Meare, a meer, limit, or boundary.

Medle, to mingle.

Meed, reward, prize.

Mell, to intermeddle.

Mene, did mean, intended.

Ment, mingled.

Merciabile, merciful.

Mercifyde, pitied.

Merimake, merriment.

Mesprise, neglect, contempt, scorn.

Met, meet.

Mew, a place to mew hawks. Any place shut up.

- Mickle*, much.
Mieve, for move.
Mincing minion, finical affected darling.
Minime, a minim in music.
Miniments, toys, trifles.
Minished, for diminished.
Mirk, dark, obscure.
Mirksome air, obscure, foul.
Miscreated, created amiss, ill begotten.
Miscreant, originally signifies Infidel, or one of a wrong belief.
Missdone, for misdo, *i. e.* to do amiss.
Misfare, misfortune.
Mislecke, dislike.
Mister, manner, sort, art, mystery.
Mistereth not, needs not.
Mistrayned, wrongly trained, instructed amiss; or misled, drawn aside.
Misween, to misjudge, interpret wrongly.
Miswent, gone astray.
Mo, *Moe*, more.
Mochel, much.
Moldwarps, moles.
Mome, a stupid fellow.
Monastere, a monastery.
Mone, sorrow.
Morion, head-piece, helmet.
Mote, must, might.
Mott, did mete or measure.
Moulds, grows mouldy.
Mountenaunce, the amount of any thing, quantity, distance.
Moves, making of mouths.
Muchel, much.
Munificence, subsidies, aid, benevolence.
Mured, inclosed.
Muzd, mused.

N.

Nar, near, or nearer.

Nas, has not.

Nathless, *Natheless*, not the less, nevertheless.

Nathemore, *Nathemoe*, never the more.

Ne, neither, not.

Needments, necessities.

Nempt, named.

Nett, neat, clean.

Newell, novelty.

Newfanglenesse, a love of novelty and changes.

Nill, will not. Cont. for *ne will*.

Nimblesse, nimbleness.

Noblesse, nobility.

Nonce, for the nonce, for the occasion.

Not, *Note*, know not. Cont. for *ne wot*.

Nould, would not.

Noule, the crown of the head.

Nouriture, nurture, education.

Noursle, to nurse.

Noyance, harm.

Noyd, annoyed or hurt.

Noyous, hurtful or baleful.

O.

Obsequy, funeral rites.

Offal, refusé, dross.

Ordele, a trial by fire, water, or combat.

Overcame, came over it.

Overcraw, to crow over, to insult.

Overhent, overtook.

Overgrast, overgrown with grass.

Overraught, reaching over.

Overred, did read it over.

Overwent, overwhelmed.

Overweening, self-conceited, opinionated.

Ought, owned.

Ought the more, the more at all.

Out-well, flow out, yield out, discharge.

Out of hand, forthwith.

Out-win, get out, win the way out.

Owches, bosses, or buttons of gold.

P.

Pace, go.

Painim, pagan, infidel.

Paire, impaire, diminish.

Palfrey, a horse ; most commonly a lady's pad.

Pall, a robe.

Paled part per part, a phrase in heraldry.

Palmer, a pilgrim.

Panachaea, an universal medicine.

Pannikell, the skull, the crown of the head.

Paragon, an example, pattern ; companion, or fellow.

Paramour, a lover.

Paravaunt, peradventure, by chance.

Parbreake, vomit.

Parture, departure.

Pas, go. Also surpass, exceed.

Pase, B. iii. C. 1. St. 19. signifies here, country, land, region.

Pavone, peacock.

Pounce, a pancy, or violet.

Payne, pains, endeavour.

Peark, brisk.

Peece, a fort, a strong place, citadel, B. i. C. 10. St. 59, &c.

Peise, poise. *Paysd*, poised.

Perdie, Fr. *par Dieu*, an old oath.

Pere, companion. *Peres*, companions, equals.

Peregal, equal.

Perforce, by force.

Perling, purling, trickling down.

Perlous, perilous, dangerous.

Persaunt, piercing.

Persue, pursuing, pursuit, or chace.

Pheer, companion.

Physnomy, physiognomy.

Picturals, paintings.

Pight, placed, pitched, fixed.

Pill, to rob, to pillage.

Pine, to pine, to waste away.

Pionings, works of pioneers.

Plaine, to complain.

Plaint, complaint.

Pleasaunce, pleasure.

Plesh, for the rhyme, a plash.

Plight, circumstance, condition.

Point, armed completely, *Hughes*. *Car'd not for God or man*
a point, not at all, not a tittle, *Upton*. Armed at all
points, *ibid*.

Poize, weight.

Polaxe, or battle-axe.

Pols and pils, plunders and pillages.

Port, behaviour, carriage.

Portaunce, comportment, carriage.

Portcullis, a falling gate; a gate to let down or draw up at
pleasure.

Portesse, a breviary, or prayer-book.

Pouldred, reduced to powder.

Pousse, pease.

Poynant, poignant, sharp, piercing.

Practice paine, the cunning practice, plot, and endeavour.

Prank, *Some prank their ruffes*, i. e. exhibit forth, and proudly
show. *Prankt in reason's garb*, pompously set forth, arro-
gantly tricked out.

Preace, press, throng, crowd.

- Prest*, prepared, ready at hand. Sometimes for pressed.
Pretended, shown forth, held out.
Prick, to prick as with spurs.
Pricking on the plaine, riding on the plain.
Priefe, proof.
Prive, prove.
Prise, scuffle, fight.
Procurd, solicited, entreated.
Propense, weigh, consider, premeditate.
Protense, extension, drawing out.
Prow, brave; *Prower*, braver; *Prowest*, bravest.
Puissaunce, valour, power, might. *Puissant*, powerful, mighty.
Purfled, flourished with a needle, *Hughes*. Embroidered or decorated as with embroidery, *Upton*.
Purpose, discourse, talk, words.
Purway, provide.
Puttockes, bitterns, kites. So Gloss. to Chaucer.
Pyned ghost. Vide *Pine*.
Pyonings. Vide *Pionings*.

Q.

- Quadrate*, a square.
Quaid, subdued. Perhaps instead of quailed or quelled.
Quaile, to subdue, to quell, *Upton*. *Quail*, to languish, *Hughes*.
Quaint, nice, curious.
Quarle, B. ii. C. 11. St. 33. contracted from *Quarrel*, shaft, arrow.
Quarrey, prey.
Quart, the western division; the fourth part.
Quayd. Vide *Quaid*.
Queem, or *Queam*, please.
Queint, quenched.
Queint elect, quaintly or oddly chosen.
Quell, sometimes used for *to die*.
Quest, adventure, exploit.
Quich, to quicken, to stir.

Quight, to deliver, to free.

Quip, taunt, flout.

Quite, to requite.

Quited, requited, returned.

Quook, did quake, did shake, did tremble.

R.

Race. Vide *Rast*.

Rad, for did read; or guessed.

Raft, *Reft*, bereft, bereaved, *Upton*. Rent, tore, *Hughes*.

Raid. Vide *Ray*.

Raile, adowne their sides did raile, i. e. flow or run along.

Raine, region. *Rayne*, rule or kingdom.

Ramp, to paw, or fly out, like a mad horse.

Rank, in order.

Ransackt, plundered, trifled, violated.

Rapt, in rapture.

Rash, mailes did rash, did break, did shiver in pieces.

Rast, *Razed*, erased, effaced.

Rathe, early.

Raught, reached, did reach.

Ravin, rapine, spoil, ravening.

To *Ray*, discolour, beray.

Ray, for *Aray*, ornament, furniture. Also for in ray, in array, in order and rank.

Read, *Reed*, to advise, warn, pronounce, declare, interpret, guess, divine. Likewise counsel, advice, prophecy.

Reave, to bereave, or take away violently.

Reedifyde, rebuild.

Rebut, rebound, recoil, repel.

Reck, care, reckon, account.

Reclayme, call back.

Recoure, recover.

Recule, *Recuile*, to recoil, go back, or give way.

- Recreant*, out of hope, untrusty, cowardly.
Redoubted, revered, honoured, feared.
Redounding tears, abounding and flowing over.
Regiment, rule, government.
Relate, bring back.
Relent his pace, to slacken, to stay.
Reliven, to live again.
Remercied, thanked.
Rencounter, accidental fight, or adventure.
Renforst, reinforced.
Renfierst, reinforced, again made fierce and bold.
Renns, for runs.
Renverst, turn'd upside down, overturned.
Replevie, to redeem, to recover by a replevy.
Reprieve, reproof.
Reprize, to make reprisals.
Reseized, reinstated, in possession again.
Resiant, lodged, placed, resident.
Retrate, *Retrait*, picture, portrait; air of the face. Also retreat, fall back, give ground.
Retyrd, drawn out.
Reverse, recal, return.
Reverst, dress again, to clothe again.
To *Rew*, rue, pity. *Rew*, a row. In a *Rew*, in a row.
Ribauld, a debauched fellow.
Rife, frequent; fully, abundantly.
Rift, gap, cleft, chink, or crack.
To *Rive*, to cleave asunder. *Riven*, rent, split, torn asunder.
Rode, inroad.
Ronts, young bullocks.
Roode, a cross.
Rosiere, a rose-tree.
Rote, harp, or crowd.
Rove, *didst rove*, i. e. didst shoot thy roving arrows.

Roundell, a round bubble.

Royne, to bite or gnaw.

Rue. Vide *Rew*.

Ruffs, ornaments for the neck, of plain or *ruffled* muslin or cambric.

Ruinate, brought to ruin, overthrown.

Ruing, pitying. *Ruefully*, pitifully.

Ruth, pity.

Rybauld. Vide *Ribauld*.

Ryfe. Vide *Rife*.

Ryved. Vide *Rive*.

S.

Sad, grave

Safe her, her excepted.

Salewd, saluted.

Saliaunce, sally, or assault.

Salve his hurts, to cure, to remedy.

Salved, saluted.

Sam, same; sometimes it signifies together.

Samite, satin.

Say, a thin sort of silk stuff. *A sword of better say*, of better proof, assay.

Scarmoges, skirmishings.

Scath, harm, mischief.

Scatterlings, scattered rovers or ravagers.

Scerne, discern.

Sclave, slave.

Sclauanders, slanders.

Scord, marked, engraved.

Score, reckoning.

Scorse, exchange.

Scrine, *Scryne*, chest, coffer.

Scruze, squeeze out, press out.

Scryde, descried.

- Sdaine*, disdain. *Sdeigned*, disdained.
Seare, dry, consumed, burning, parching.
See, seat, habitation.
Seely, silly.
Selcouth, uncommon.
Sele, a seal-fish.
Select shapes, chosen, elegant.
Sell, saddle.
Semblaunt, show, pretence, appearance.
Seminary, a nursery.
Seneschall, a president, governor, or steward.
Sens, used for since.
Sent, the scent, the smelling out.
Sew, follow. *Sewing*, following. *Sewde*, followed.
Shallop, a boat.
Shawmes, musical instruments, Psalm xcvi. 7. *Shawm*, is
 thought to signify a hautboy.
Sheene, B. ii. C. 1. St. 10.
Shend, to disgrace, to blame, to spoil.
Shere, pure, clear.
 To *Shrieve*, to act the part of a confessor. *Shrift*, or *Shriwing*,
 confession.
Shright, shrieked. *Shrightes*, shriekings.
Shrill, to sound shrilly.
 To *Shroud*, to shelter. *Shrouded in sleep*, covered, sheltered.
Shyne, shining, brightness.
Sib, related, of kin.
Sich, for such.
Siege, seat, bench, throne.
Sient, a graff, sprig, or young shoot.
Sight, sighed.
Sike, such.
Siker, sure, surely.
Sikerness, sureness, safety.

- Simpless*, simplicity.
Sin, used for since.
Singulfes, *Singults*, sighs, sobbings.
Sit, *sits not*, suits not. *Ill it sits*, it ill agrees, ill becomes.
Sith, since that.
Sithes, times.
Sithens, since that time.
To Slug, to grow sluggish.
Smouldry, hot, sweltering.
Snar, to snarl.
Snarled haire, *i. e.* intangled, as a skein of silk.
Sneb, to snub or check.
Snubbes, knobs or knots in wood.
Sods, turfs, clods of earth.
Sold, salary, hire ; a soldier's pay.
Somme, the sum, substance.
Soote, sweet, or sweetly.
Soothlich, soothly, true.
Sort, company. *In sort*, in such sort or manner.
Soucing, plunging, falling.
Souldan, *Soudan*, *Soldan*, a king, tyrant, sovereign.
Sovenauunce, remembrance, recollection.
Sowndes, inlets of the sea between headlands.
Sowne, sound. *With shrieking sowne*, B. iii. C. 4. St. 30.
Soyle, the prey, the soiled beast.
Space, walk about, range about.
Spalles, shoulders.
Sperre the gate, bar or shut the gate.
Spersed air, for dispersed air.
Spill, to spoil, to destroy.
Spilt, shed, scattered over.
Spire, to breathe.
Sprent, sprinkled.
Springal, a youth, a stripling.

Spyals, espials, spies.

Spyre, it doth spire forth, or grow up to the fairest flower.

Stadle, staff.

Stales, incitements, devices, tricks.

Stank, weary or faint.

Starke, stiff with cold.

Star-read, doctrine of the stars ; astronomy.

Steane, for stone.

Sted, place, seat, station, situation.

Stecme, smoke. *Steemed*, had exhaled.

Steemed, esteemed.

Stent, stint, stay, stop.

Stept, steeped, soaked, wetted.

Sterne, tail.

Sterve, to perish, to die.

Steven, sound, noise.

Stire, stir or move.

Stole, a garment, a matron's robe.

Stond, stand, station.

Stonied, astonished, or stunned.

Stoond. Vide *Stonied*.

Stound, *Stownd*, space, moment, season, hour, time.

Stoup, in falconry, when the hawk on wing strikes at the fowl.

Stour, *Stowre*, fight, stir, trouble, misfortune, fit.

Straine, *Strene*, race, descent, family, origin.

Strayt, B. ii. C. 7. St. 40.

Stresse, distress.

To *Stye*, to ascend, to mount up.

Subverst, subverted, overthrown.

Successe, succession.

Suffused eyes, bedewed, suffused with tears.

Suppressing, keeping under.

Supprest, ravished.

Surbet, wearied.

Surcease, stop.

Surquedry, pride, presumption.

Sute, suit, petition, request.

Swart, swarthy, black.

Swarving, swerving, giving way, going from.

Sway, management, direction, rule, motion.

Sweath-bands, swathe or swaddling-bands.

Swelt, burnt, suffocated with heat, fainted.

Swerved, moved, wandered out of his place.

Swinck, labour.

Swound, a swoon or fainting fit.

T.

Targe, a buckler or shield.

Tassel, *Tossel*, a twisted or bushy ornament of silk, gold, or silver.

Tassel gent, a gentle, tame male hawk.

Teade, a torch.

Teene, *Tine*, *Tyne*, trouble, mischief, injury.

Tenor, the middle part next the base.

Thee, thrive, prosper. *Well mote ye thee*, B. ii. C. 1. St. 33.

Thewes, manners, qualifications, customs.

Thilk, this, that.

Tho, then.

Thrall'd, enslaved.

Thralls, slaves.

Thrill, to pierce through.

Throw that last bitter throw, pain, pangs. *So mighty throwes*, strokes, blows. *To sleep'athrowe*, a small while or space.

Thrust, *Thirstie*, thirst.

Tickle, slippery, unstable, ticklish.

Tide, a while, time, season, an hour.

Tight, tide.

Tind, kindled, excited.

Tire, rank, row, as a tire of ordnance.

Tort, wrong, injury.

Totty, dizzy, tottering.

Tousd, tugged and hauled about.

Tract, *by tract*, by tracing, by tract and footing.

Trade, tread, trace, or footstep. Do *Trade*, do walk.

Train, *Trayn*, the train or tail. Likewise used for treachery, deceit.

Tramels, nets.

Translated, turned them to.

Transmew, to transform, transmute.

Transverse, awry, out of order.

Trast, followed as by tract or footing.

Traveile, labour.

Treachour. *Treachetour*, traitor.

Treague, a truce, cessation of arms; agreement.

Treen, of a tree, wooden.

Trenchand, *Trenchant*, cutting, sharp.

Troad, path, footing.

Trow, believe, imagine, conceive.

To *Truss*, a term in falconry, when the hawk raises his prey aloft, and then descends with it to the ground.

Turnament, *Turneyment*, *Turney*, a sort of single combat on horseback, commonly with lances.

Turribant, a turban.

Tway, two; *in Tway*, in two. *His Twaine*, his couple.

Tweght, twit, upbraid.

Twitin, to blame, to upbraid.

Twyfold, twofold.

V. U.

Vaded, gone.

Valaw, value, worth, valour.

Vantage, profit.

Vauncing, advancing.

Vaunt, to boast.

Velleneg, rather *villineg*, the meanest and lowest of tenure.

Venerg, hunting of wild beasts, B. i. C. 6. St. 22.

Venger, revenger.

Ventayle, the fore part of the helmet, to give vent or air to the face by lifting up.

Venteth into the wind, snuffs the wind.

Vere the maine shete, turn, shift.

Vetchy bed, (Shep. Cal.) bed of pease straw.

Vilde, vile.

Virelays, a kind of songs.

Visnomie, physiognomy, visage, aspect.

Umbriere, the visor of the helmet.

Uncouth, unusual, strange, harsh; odd, deformed.

Underfong, attempt by unfair and indirect means.

Undertime, the afternoon, towards the evening, B. iii. C. 7. St. 13.

Undight, not light, disordered; loosened, untied.

Unneath, difficult, scarcely, with difficulty. Sometimes it signifies almost.

Unhelpe, to discover, to bewray.

Unherst, took them from the herse or temporary monument where they were usually hanged, B. v. C. iii. St. 37.

Untempt, unadorned, or void of grace or elegance.

Unkend, not known.

Unlich, unlike.

Unpurvaide, unprovided, not furnished.

Unrest, disquiet, uneasiness.

Unsoot, unsweet.

Unwares, unexpectedly, incautiously, unwarily.

Unweeting, unknowing, unawares, ignorant.

Unwist, not thought of, unknown.

Upbrast, burst open.

Upbrayes, upbraidings, reproaches.

Upwreaked, unrevenged.

W.

- Wage*, a pledge; likewise reward, wages.
Waift, a stray.
War, worse.
War-hable, able or powerful in war.
Ware, wary, cautious. *Ware*, did wear.
Wareless, stupefied.
War-old, old in war or strife.
Warray, to make war upon, to harass with war.
Warriouresse, a woman-warrior, an Amazon.
Watchet, pale blue.
Waves, waves, *Upton*. *Waves*, waves, perhaps for woes, *Hughes*.
Way, weigh, value, esteem.
Wayment, to bewail, lament.
Wayne, *Waine*, chariot.
Weal-away, *Wele-away*, alas!
Ween, *Weenen*, imagine, judge.
Weet, to know. *Weeten*, to wit.
Weetless, unknowing.
Wefte, wafted. *Wefte*, waved, avoided, put off.
Weft (noun) a stray; whatever wanders and is lost.
Well, did well, spring, flow. To *Weld*, to move, to wield, to govern.
Wele, weal, welfare.
Welke, to set, decrease, wither; to grow faint.
Welkin, the sky, firmament.
Welter, to wallow.
Wend, to go. *Wend*, for.
Wened, imagine.
Went, way, journey, *Upton*. Going, course, *Hughes*.
To *west*, to set in the west.
Wex, to increase, to grow.
Whally, full of whales.
Whatso, whatsoever.
Whenso, whensoever.

Whilome, Whylome, formerly, some while ago.

Whist, hushed, silenced.

Whit, a little part.

Whot, hot.

Whyleare, erewhile, sometime before.

Wicked herbes, noxious, poisonous.

Wield, Weld, manage, handle, govern, direct, turn, sway, &c.

Wight, creature, person.

Wightly, quickly.

Wimble, shifting to and fro.

Wimpled, folded over like a veil.

Wise, guise, appearance.

To *Wis*, to know. *Wist*, thought, knew.

Wite, blame, reproach.

Withhault, withholden, withdrew.

Woe begonne, far gone in woe, overwhelmed.

Wonne, is used in two senses ; in the first, for to overcome, gain the victory, from *to win*. In the second place, for to dwell, to inhabit, from the German *women*.

Won, to use, to be wont.

Wont, custom, manner.

Woo, to court, or win by courting.

Wood, mad. *Woodness*, madness.

Wot, to know. *Wotest*, knowest.

Wowed, wooed, for the rhyme.

Woxed, waxed.

Wrast, wrest, for the rhyme.

Wreake, to revenge. *Wroke*, revenged.

Wreakful, revengeful.

Wrest, wrist.

Wrized, wrinkled.

Wroken, wreaked, revenged.

Whyle, beguile.

Whyte. Vide *Wite*.

Y.

- Ybet*, beaten.
Ybent, bent, inclined, addicted.
Yblent, blinded, or confounded.
Ybrent, burnt.
Yclad, clad, clothed.
Ycleped, called, named.
Ydlesse, idleness.
Ydrad, *Ydred*, dreaded, feared.
Yearne, earn, get, procure.
Yede, *Yeed*, *Yeade*, to go.
Yeoman, sometimes signifies servant.
Yerks, yerks, jerks, lashes.
Yeven, given.
Yfere, in company, together.
Yfostered, fostered, nourished, brought up.
Yfraught, freighted, loaden.
Yfretted, the same as fretted.
Ygoe, gone.
Yit, yet; for the rhyme.
Ylike, alike.
Ymagery, images, figures.
Ymolt, molten, melten.
Ympe, *Impe*, offspring.
Ympt, grafted on, fixed on as a graff.
Yod. Vide *Yeed*.
Yold, yielded.
Yond, beyond.
Yore, of yore, anciently, formerly.
Younth, youth.
Younker, a lusty young man.
Ypaid. Vide *Apaid*.
Ypent, pent up, or folded like sheep.

Ypight, placed.

Yplaste, placed.

Yplight, plighted.

Yrapt, rapt in ecstasy.

Yre, ire, anger.

Yrent, rent.

Yrived, rived, riven.

Yroke, *Ywreaken*, *Ywroken*, wreaked, revenged.

Ysame, collected together.

Yshend, to spoil, to disgrace.

Ywis, *Iwis*, truly, indeed ; to my own knowledge. Sometimes
used expletively, sometimes ironically.

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